VAGUE



20:TELEVISIONARIES:£2.50



FESTIVAL OF PLAGIARISM

THE FESTIVAL OF PLAGIARISM 1988 – EVENTS

January 7th to January 23rd: "Hoardings" an installation by Ed Baxter, Simon Dickason & Andy Hopton at Bedford Hill Gallery, 50 Bedford Hill, Balham, London SW12 9RH. Monday to Friday 1pm to 7pm, Saturday 10am to 7pm. Private View January 7th from 7pm onwards.

January 9th; mystery events on the circle line of the London Underground system. Guerilla performances all day. Catch them if you can!

January 14th to January 28th "Iconoclasm" installations by Malcolm Dickson & Gordon Muir at The Crypt, St. Georges Church, Bloomsbury Way, London WC1. Monday to Saturday Noon to 7pm. Private View 14th January 7pm onwards.

January 16, 17, 23 & 28th "Xerography & Other Ephemera From The Eternal Network", an installation by Miekal And & Elizabeth Was plus a group show, at Reality Studios, 34 Cotesbach Road, Clapton, London E5. Weekends only Noon to 8pm.

January 28th to February 28th: "Karen Eliot – Apocrypha" a group show by various people who will all be using the name Karen Eliot, at Community Copy Art, Culross Buildings, Battle Bridge Road, Kings Cross, London NW1. Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday Noon to 6pm, Saturday 11am to 4pm.

January 30th: National Home Taping Day – help kill the music industry by making up a cassette of far out sounds for a friend.

February 1st to February 12th. "Plagiarism – Sweet Revulsion" an exhibition of book binding, performance and more by Jeni Briggs, Anni Munday Karen Strang & others at The Gallery, St. James's Picadilly, London W1. Monday to Saturday 11am to 4pm.

February 4th to February 28th: "There Is No Natural Religion". images by Graham Harwood pasted directly onto the walls of the Wren Cafe, St. James's Picadilly, London W1. Monday to Saturday 11am to 4pm.

February 5, 6, & 7th: 48 hours of plagiarism in San Francisco organised by Steve Perkins from 135 Cole Street.

February 7th at Noon: Performance by Shaun Caton, assemble outside Lambeth North tube station to be led to the site of the event.

February 9th to March 1st: "Work" by Krystyna Borkowska & Andrzej Borkowski at the Escape Gallery and Coffee House, 141–143 Greenwhich South Street, Greenwich, London SE10. Monday to Saturday 10am to 10pm. Sunday Noon to 10pm. Private View February 9th, 7.30pm onwards.

February 11th to March 3rd: "Humanity In Ruins" an installation by Karen Eliot at Central Space, 23–29 Faroe Road, Shepherds Bush, London W14. Wednesday to Monday 10am to 6pm. Private View February 11th, 7pm onwards.

February 16th at 7.30pm. "Disconcerted States Of Mind" (1987) video recreations of futurist events directed by Simon Anderson; "AIDS" (1986) video by Ralph Rumney; "Recycled Arts" (1986) slide/tape presentation of work by Alessandro Aiello at Community Copy Art, Culross Buildings, Battle Bridge Road, Kings Cross, London NW1.

February 23rd at 7.30pm: "Flux Events" (1982) video recreations of fluxus performance directed by Simon Anderson; "Two Men & A Door" (1987) a video by Ralph Rumney at Community Copy Art, Culross Buildings, Battle Bridge Road, Kings Cross, London NW1.

February 26, 27, 28th weekend of music at London Musicians Collective, 42 Gloucester Avenue, Chalk Farm, London NW1.

Throughout the festival John Berndt will be re-enacting famous crimes and Richard Barnbrook will be installing paintings on the outside of the most unlikely buildings. For obvious reasons we cannot publicise the times and places of these events in advance.

JAN/FEB 1988

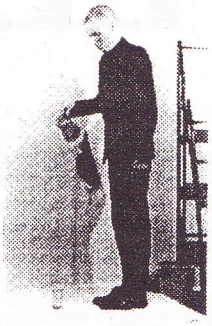


VAGRUNTS
THE SPECTACULAR TIMERS





SMILE



CRETINISATION

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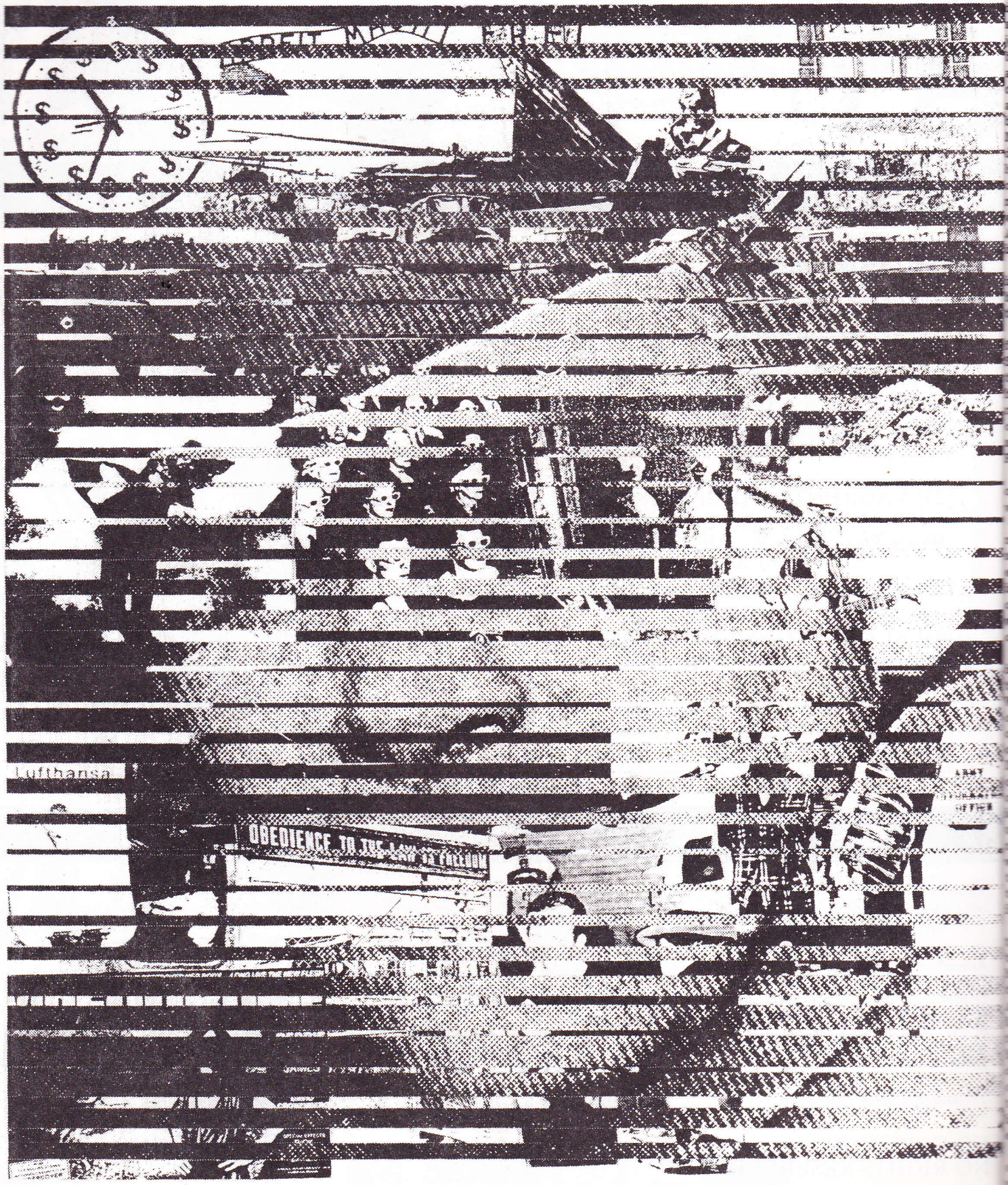
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1988

To the friends who lent me money and kept me mercifully unemployed. No one can function without them. Again, thanks.

TELEVISIONARIES



GENERATION ZERO

RELENTLESS pursuit, scanners homing in, an injection of amphetamines, the chattering of data, picking up heat emissions, termination, sequence; the mass media closes in on the object, seizes it, immobilizes it, and breaks its back, wraps itself around it, changes into stone and petrifies its object along with itself. Crouched in death-cool machine dreams; it is blind and deaf, bloodless, gibbering, crunching dried bones and craving to be so full of blood. Mabuse like, shadowless, the stench of slow death, malaria, nightmares — cameras furiously rolling, recording, transferring, not a breath of life; a deep silence separates it from the moment it recuperates, fees off; it falls into the void, eternally, and drags its prey down with it. Any reality, once described is struck off the inventory.

All the mysteries which lead anarchist theory into mysticism find their rational solution in human practice and in the understanding of that practice.

Tom Vague was beyond compromising. His frustration with the miseries around him in Stoke Newington had transformed itself into the rage of kulture terror. He sought out the heart of the machine so that he might destroy it, energised by the negative rush, aware of its source and its purpose - the community in struggle, his desire for equality and an end to Power relations.

"He remembered when he used to be the chairman of the board, but that was when the world was young and long before the war."

"We are the hollow men, we are the stuffed men, leaning together headpiece filled with straw. Alas! Our dried voices, when we whisper together are quiet and meaningless as wind in dry grass or rats' feet over broken glass, in our dry cellar.....Shape without form, shade without colour, paralysed force, gesture without motion..."

The contemplative side of the old materialism, which is marxist cum closet hegelian doing the schopenhauer to the sound of 'the wordl as Will and Representation' accompanied by explosions, free of charge, from a third generation of the 'Socialist Patients Kollektiv"; while they chant the chorus section — "Kill, Kill, Kill, for Inner Peace and Mental Health". This system of hallucinatory separate thought which conceives the world as representation, as abstraction and not activity cum practice — and which ultimately idealises matter — is fulfilled in the mass media delusions of consumer capitalism, where concrete things are automatically..(At this point the handwriting — which is shakey throughout the original manuscript — becomes illegible for several pages).

.....The clinic is the ideal enviroment for the transmission of subliminals, for the Cadre, for the Clique, for numerous other individuals hanging around with recuperative purposes; it's the cafe, it's the pub, it's 'the welcome to Auschwitz, and have a nice day'; anywhere becomes the clinic in a mass media society, the thing in Room 101. The media obliterates the boundaries between self and the world, by duplicating everything in the abscence-presence of consumption, making no distinction between true and false — and in its ever renewed organisation of appearances, anywhere is always everywhere.

"The American landscape, particularly as perceived through the mass media — through advertising, consumer goods and so on — has it begun to fragment or is it still basically one landscape?"

There was that feeling again — that the mass media was some predatory structure shifting to track him in his course through it, in a journey across the dark side of the sun, the diameter of his own paranoia. The guy following him, that second footfall a split second behind his own, was merely a part of the thing, one limb, an obscene probe. The whole, he knew was much larger, incredibly huge and it was watching him — moving around him constantly, wit the vast and invisible mechanisms of electronic sureillance."

Already he knew that Bradley was trying to recruit him into his misery disguised as a conspiracy. But was he unconsciously giving away the secrets of his empty formulations? Did they realise that his bizzare use of language was simply a ruse to cover the fact that he had nothing of interest to say? And where did the Illuminati fit in? Possibly they had authorised the subliminal messages.....and were responsible for the secret transmissions down the passage of time.....

"The urban landscapes that surround us may have very different meanings by the time that they reach the central nervous system."

These 'communications' stand in oppostion to the transmissions of the mass media, they are an attempt to decode the language of capitalism; these fields extend through time and space — communicating wherever/everywhere, instinctively. It is a memory, like a race memory, and the linking of thought and action to form new connections. Leaping through channels of dna consciousness across time and space, by means of the decoder.....tactics by rioters throughout the country, recognised by the military thinkers as strategic/logistic/brilliant — by every and anyone — which were instantaneously practised without any prior experience.....it all comes from autonomous exression. One becomes an anarchist in so far as people individually and collectively are able to organise themselves without bureaucratic organisations and with a bare minimium of rules. Anarchism is like going on a mystery tour, but it's much more than a journey, its seizing control of your own life.

In the summer of '81 in Upper Parliament Street in Toxteth, Liverpool 8, you could hear the humming, like it was all over, everywhere, tangible, tactile, everyone just knew what was going to be required of them, what had to be done — regardless of the risk of personal injury or loss — they just did what they had to do. In such a moment, people, masses of individuals, go beyond their usual motives for movement and action — the exhileration of seeing people who you would normally hate, whether scallies, blacks, whites, chinese, students — just rushing to help out and join in, confirms the whole sense of rediscovered community at last expressing a sense of solidarity and non-physical love.. The interrelationships change, survivalist preoccupations lose their grip. The possibility of incredible encounters and the steeling of the Will to stand what may have to be done — people in such a community in struggle are moral people who have found the strength to utilise primordial instincts to do what is necessary.....Friendships are made instantaneously on the barricades and at the loot-ins, where you can ask someone for a cigarette and be handed a box of 500. With this gesture the commodity is subverted into the gift. The riot deterritorialises the space of consumer society, it reverses the backdoor pacification programme which comes through attempts to 'gentrigy' potentially explosive areas and zones. When Barratts bought up a deserted housing block bordering Grove Street behind the university in Liverpool, several members of the community on the housing lists, immediately set some of the sections on fire, to remind the liberal dominated City Council that Barratts were going to have to build a fortress to protect the rich bastards who moved in.

During the riots of 1981 and 1985 the flaming buildings became the most immediate critique of urban geography ever made in this country. Abandoned tower blocks are not accidents but the result of peoples refusal to live in them.

The riot is not romantic, it is deadly serious. The cops are busy video taping the event and probably preparing a cocktail of CS gas, rubber bullets, water cannons, baton/landrover charges, snatch squads &c. The courts will throw riotous affray at you and it could mean being sent down for a few years. All this is designed to create inhibitions — FEAR — while they pile on the intolerable. Enterprise society means the survival of the most selfish, most ruthless, least caring, exploiters. But they can pass as many laws as they like because if things get much worse in the inner cities, they're only going to be able to implement them in the suburbs and country, with the rest of the country a battle zone.

In a riot you do the 'mad dog' — everyone does — you get some incredible individual moments and close-shaves; but increasingly the 'mad dog' is the only rational that the poor of the inner cities know.

"A nihilist is someone who takes the distinction between surviving and living seriously. If living is impossible, why survive? Once you are in that void, everything breaks up. The horrors. Past and future explode; the present is ground zero."

"Sometimes reality becomes too complex, fiction gives it form."

"The repressed share the psychoses and neuroses of the caged. As the caged run when released, the repressed explode when confronted with their condition."

"When was the last time you had sex with a stranger?"

"Everything has been said before."

"In the media, history must always repeat itself, not in the same mode, but always in the same images."

"When the world crashes in, into my living room. Television made me what I am. People like to put television down, but we are just good friends."

"It's a beautiful thing the destruction of words."

"We tend to take on the worst aspects of those we oppose."

"I now have definite proof that the whole anarchist movement is an Illuminati-Makhnovist conspiracy being controlled from London...codename CLASS WAR...they are replacing people with their exact left-handed doubles, doppelgangers who can be subliminally triggered into random acts of chaos and madness with coded Rorschach images..."

This text is not definitive, it is aimed at being utilised, cannibalised, improved, changed, adapted, evolved, criticised, cut-up, rearranged, overhauled, rewritten, whatever becomes necessary in the moment.

Mark Downham (first draft).
Bob Jones (Second draft — re-write/re-edit).

No one should ever work.

Work is the source of nearly all the misery in the world. Almost any evil you'd care to name comes from working or from living in a world designed for work. In order to stop suffering, we have to stop working.

That doesn't mean we have to stop doing things. It does mean creating a new way of life based on play; in other words, a *ludic* revolution. By "play" I mean also festivity, creativity, conviviality, commensality, and maybe even art. There is more to play than child's play, as worthy as that is. I call for a collective adventure in generalized joy and freely interdependent exuberance. Play isn't passive. Doubtless we all need a lot more time for sheer sloth and slack than we ever enjoy now, regardless of income or occupation, but once recovered from employment-induced exhaustion nearly all of us want to act. Oblomovism and Stakhanovism are two sides of the same debased coin.

The ludic life is totally incompatible with existing reality. So much the worse for "reality," the gravity hole that sucks the vitality from the little in life that still distinguishes it from mere survival. Curiously — or maybe not — all the old ideologies are conservative because they believe in work. Some of them, like Marxism and most brands of anarchism, believe in work all the more fiercely because they believe in so little else.

Liberals say we should end employment discrimination. I say we should end employment. Conservatives support right-to-work laws. Following Karl Marx's wayward son-in-law Paul Lafargue I support the right to be lazy. Leftists favor full employment. Like the surrealists — except that I'm not kidding — I favor full *un*employment. Trotskyists agitate for permanent revolution. I agitate for permanent revelry. But if all the ideologues (as they do) advocate work — and not only because they plan to make other people do theirs — they are strangely reluctant to say so. They will carry on endlessly about wages, hours, working conditions, exploitation, productivity, profitability. They'll gladly talk about anything but work itself. These experts who offer to do our thinking for us rarely share their conclusions about work, for all its saliency in the lives of all of us. Among themselves they quibble over the details. Unions and management agree that we ought to sell the time of our lives in exchange for survival, although they haggle over the price. Marxists think we should be bossed by bureaucrats. Libertarians think we should be bossed by businessmen. Feminists don't care which form bossing takes so long as the bosses are women. Clearly these ideology-mongers have serious differences over how to divvy up the spoils of power. Just as clearly, none of them have any objection to power as such and all of them want to keep us working.

You may be wondering if I'm joking or serious. I'm joking *and* serious. To be ludic is not to be ludicrous. Play doesn't have to be frivolous, although frivolity isn't triviality: very often we ought to take frivolity seriously. I'd like life to be a game — but a game with high stakes. I want to play *for keeps*.

The alternative to work isn't just idleness. To be ludic is not to be quaaludic. As much as I treasure the pleasure of torpor, it's never more rewarding than when it punctuates other pleasures and pastimes. Nor am I promoting the managed time-disciplined safety-valve called "leisure"; far from it. Leisure is nonwork for the sake of work. Leisure is the time spent recovering from work and in the frenzied but hopeless attempt to forget about work. Many people return from vacation so beat that they look forward to returning to work so they can rest up. The main difference between work and leisure is that at work at least you get paid for your alienation and enervation.

I am not playing definitional games with anybody. When I say I want to abolish work, I mean just what I say, but I want to say what I mean by defining my terms in non-idiosyncratic ways. My minimum definition of work is *forced labor*, that is, compulsory production. Both elements are essential. Work is production enforced by economic or political means, by the carrot or the stick. (The carrot is just the stick by other means.) But not all creation is work. Work is never done for its own sake, it's done on account of some product or output that the worker (or, more often, somebody else) gets out of it. This is what work necessarily is. To define it is to despise it. But work is usually even worse than its definition decrees. The dynamic of domination intrinsic to work tends over time toward elaboration. In advanced work-riddled societies, including all industrial societies whether capitalist or "Communist," work invariably acquires other attributes which accentuate its obnoxiousness.

Usually — and this is even more true in "Communist" than capitalist countries, where the state is almost the only employer and everyone is an employee — work is employment, *i.e.*, wage-labor, which means selling yourself on the installment plan. Thus 95% of Americans who work, work for somebody (or some*thing*) else. In the USSR or Cuba or Yugoslavia or any other alternative model which might be adduced, the corresponding figure approaches 100%. Only the embattled Third World peasant bastions — Mexico, India, Brazil, Turkey — temporarily shelter significant concentrations of agriculturists who perpetuate the traditional arrangement of most laborers in the last several millennia, the payment of taxes (= ransom) to the state or rent to parasitic landlords in return for being otherwise left alone. Even this raw deal is beginning to look good. *All* industrial (and office) workers are employees and under the sort of surveillance which ensures servility.

But modern work has worse implications. People don't just work, they have "jobs." One person does one productive task all the time on an or-else basis. Even if the task has a quantum of intrinsic interest (as increasingly many jobs don't) the monotony of its obligatory exclusivity drains its ludic potential. A "job" that might engage the energies of some people, for a reasonably limited time, for the fun of it, is just a burden on those who have to do it for forty hours a week with no say in how it should be done, for the profit of owners who contribute nothing to the project, and with no opportunity for sharing tasks or spreading the work among those who actually have to do it. This is the real world of work: a world of bureaucratic blundering, of sexual harassment and discrimination, of bonehead bosses exploiting and scapegoating their subordinates who — by any rational-technical criteria — should be calling the shots. But capitalism in the real world subordinates the rational maximization of productivity and profit to the exigencies of organizational control.

The degradation which most workers experience on the job is the sum of assorted indignities which can be denominated as "discipline." Foucault has complexified this phenomenon but it is simple enough. Discipline consists of the totality of totalitarian controls at the workplace — surveillance, rotework, imposed work tempos, production quotas, punching in- and out-, etc. Discipline is what the factory and the office and the store share with the prison and the school and the mental hospital. It is something historically original and horrible. It was beyond the capacities of such demonic dictators of yore as Nero and Genghis Khan and Ivan the Terrible. For all their bad intentions they just didn't have the machinery to control their subjects as thoroughly as modern despots do. Discipline is the distinctively diabolical modern mode of control, it is an innovative intrusion which must be interdicted at the earliest opportunity.

Such is "work." Play is just the opposite. Play is always voluntary. What might otherwise be play is work if it's forced. This is axiomatic. Bernie de Koven has defined play as the "suspension of consequences." This is unacceptable if it implies that play is inconsequential. The point is not that play is without consequences. This is to demean play. The point is that the consequences, if any, are gratuitous. Playing and giving are closely related, they are the behavioral and transactional facets of the same impulse, the play-instinct. They share an aristocratic disdain for results. The player gets something out of playing; that's why he plays. But the core reward is the experience of the activity itself (whatever it is). Some otherwise attentive students of play, like Johan Huizinga (*Homo Ludens*), *define* it as game-playing or following rules. I respect Huizinga's erudition but emphatically reject his constraints.There are many good games (chess, baseball, Monopoly, bridge) which are rule-governed but there is much more to play than game-playing.

Conversation, sex, dancing, travel — these practices aren't rule-governed but they are surely play if anything is. And rules can be *played with* at least as readily as anything else.

Work makes a mockery of freedom. The official line is that we all have rights and live in a democracy. Other unfortunates who aren't free like we are have to live in police states. These victims obey orders or-else, no matter how arbitrary. The authorities keep them under regular surveillance. State bureaucrats control even the smaller details of everyday life. The officials who push them around are answerable only to higher-ups, public or private. Either way, dissent and disobedience are punished. Informers report regularly to the authorities. All this is supposed to be a very bad thing.

And so it is, although it is nothing but a description of the modern workplace. The liberals and conservatives and libertarians who lament totalitarianism are phonies and hypocrites. There is more freedom in any moderately de-Stalinized dictatorship than there is in the ordinary American workplace. You find the same sort of hierarchy and discipline in an office or factory as you do in a prison or monastery. In fact, as Foucault and others have shown, prisons and factories came in at about the same time, and their operators consciously borrowed from each other's control techniques. A worker is a part-time slave. The boss says when to show up, when to leave and what to do in the meantime. He tells you how much work to do and how fast. He is free to carry his control to humiliating extremes, regulating, if he feels like it, the clothes you wear or how often you go to the bathroom. With a few exceptions he can fire you for any reason, or no reason. He has you spied on by snitches and supervisors, he amasses a dossier on every employee. Talking back is called "insubordination," just as if a worker is a naughty child, and it not only gets you fired, it disqualifies you for unemployment compensation. Without necessarily endorsing it for them either, it is noteworthy that children at home and in school receive much the same treatment, justified in their case by their supposed immaturity. What does this say about their parents and teachers who work?

The demeaning system of domination I've described rules over half the waking hours of a majority of women and the vast majority of men for decades, for most of their lifespans. For certain purposes it's not too misleading to call our system democracy or capitalism or — better still — industrialism, but its real names are factory fascism and office oligarchy. Anybody who says these people are "free" is lying or stupid. You are what you do. If you do boring, stupid monotonous work, chances are you'll end up boring, stupid and monotonous. Work is a much better explanation for the creeping cretinization all around us than even such significant moronizing mechanisms as television and education. People who are regimented all their lives, handed off to work from school and bracketed by the family in the beginning and the nursing home at the end, are habituated to hierarchy and psychologically enslaved. Their aptitude for autonomy is so atrophied that their fear of freedom is among their few rationally grounded phobias. Their obedience training at work carries over into the families *they* start, thus reproducing the system in more ways than one, and into politics, culture and everything else. Once you drain the vitality from people at work, they'll likely submit to hierarchy and expertise in everything. They're used to it.

We are so close to the world of work that we can't see what it does to us. We have to rely on outside observers from other times or other cultures to appreciate the extremity and the pathology of our present position. There was a time in our own past when the "work ethic" would have been incomprehensible, and perhaps Weber was on to something when he tied its appearance to a religion, Calvinism, which if it emerged today instead of four centuries ago would immediately and appropriately be labeled a cult. Be that as it may, we have only to draw upon the wisdom of antiquity to put work in perspective. The ancients saw work for what it is, and their view prevailed, the Calvinist cranks notwithstanding, until overthrown by industrialism — but not before receiving the endorsement of its prophets.

Let's pretend for a moment that work doesn't turn people into stultified submissives. Let's pretend, in defiance of any plausible psychology and the ideology of its boosters, that it has no effect on the formation of character. And let's pretend that work isn't as boring and tiring and humiliating as we all know it really is. Even then, work would *still* make a mockery of all humanistic and democratic aspirations, just because it usurps so much of our time. Socrates said that manual laborers make bad friends and bad citizens because they have no time to fulfill the responsibilities of friendship and citizenship. He was right. Because of work, no matter what we do we keep looking at our watches. The only thing "free" about so-called free time is that it doesn't cost the boss anything. Free time is mostly devoted to getting ready for work, going to work, returning from work, and recovering from work. Free time is a euphemism for the peculiar way labor as a factor of production not only transports itself at its own expense to and from the workplace but assumes primary responsibility for its own maintenance and repair. Coal and steel don't do that. Lathes and typewriters don't do that. But workers do. No wonder Edward G. Robinson in one of his gangster movies exclaimed, "Work is for saps!"

Both Plato and Xenophon attribute to Socrates and obviously share with him an awareness of the destructive effects of work on the worker as a citizen and as a human being. Herodotus identified contempt for work as an attribute of the classical Greeks at the zenith of their culture. To take only one Roman example, Cicero said that "whoever gives his labor for money sells himself and puts himself in the rank of slaves." His candor is now rare, but contemporary primitive societies which we are wont to look down upon have provided spokesmen who have enlightened Western anthropologists. The Kapauku of West Irian, according to Posposil, have a conception of balance in life and accordingly work only every other day, the day of rest designed "to regain the lost power and health." Our ancestors, even as late as the eighteenth century when they were far along the path to our present predicament, at least were aware of what we have forgotten, the underside of industrialization. Their religious devotion to "St. Monday" — thus establishing a *de facto* five-day week 150-200 years before its legal consecration — was the despair of the earliest factory owners. They took a long time in submitting to the tyranny of the bell, predecessor of the time clock. In fact it was necessary for a generation or two to replace adult males with women accustomed to obedience and children who could be molded to fit industrial needs. Even the exploited peasants of the *ancien regime* wrested substantial time back from their landlords' work. According to Lafargue, a fourth of the French peasants' calendar was devoted to Sundays and holidays, and Chayanov's figures from villages in Czarist Russia — hardly a progressive society — likewise show a fourth or fifth of peasants' days devoted to repose. Controlling for productivity, we are obviously far behind these backward societies. The exploited *muzhiks* would wonder why any of us are working at all. So should we.

To grasp the full enormity of our deterioration, however, consider the earliest condition of humanity, without government or property, when we wandered as hunter-gatherers. Hobbes surmised that life was then nasty, brutish and short. Others assume that life was a desperate unremitting struggle for subsistence, a war waged against a harsh Nature with death and disaster awaiting the unlucky or anyone who was unequal to the challenge of the struggle for existence. Actually, that was all a projection of fears for the collapse of government authority over communities unaccustomed to doing without it, like the England of Hobbes during the Civil War. Hobbes' compatriots had already encountered alternative forms of society which illustrated other ways of life — in North America, particularly — but already these were too remote from their experience to be understandable. (The lower orders, closer to the condition of the Indians, understood it better and often found it attractive. Throughout the seventeenth century, English settlers defected to Indian tribes or, captured in war, refused to return. But the Indians no more defected to white settlements than Germans climb the Berlin Wall from the west.) The "survival of the fittest" version — the Thomas Huxley version — of Darwinism was a

better account of economic conditions in Victorian England than it was of natural selection, as the anarchist Kropotkin showed in his book *Mutual Aid, A Factor of Evolution.* (Kropotkin was a scientist — a geographer — who'd had ample involuntary opportunity for fieldwork whilst exiled in Siberia: he knew what he was talking about.) Like most social and political theory, the story Hobbes and his successors told was really unacknowledged autobiography.

The anthropologist Marshall Sahlins, surveying the data on contemporary hunter-gatherers, exploded the Hobbesian myth in an article entitled "The Original Affluent Society." They work a lot less than we do, and their work is hard to distinguish from what we regard as play. Sahlins concluded that "hunters and gatherers work less than we do; and, rather than a continuous travail, the food quest is intermittent, leisure abundant, and there is a greater amount of sleep in the daytime per capita per year than in any other condition of society." They worked an average of four hours a day, assuming they were "working" at all. Their "labor," as it appears to us, was skilled labor which exercised their physical and intellectual capacities; unskilled labor on any large scale, as Sahlins says, is impossible except under industrialism. Thus it satisfied Friedrich Schiller's definition of play, the only occasion on which man realizes his complete humanity by giving full "play" to both sides of his twofold nature, thinking and feeling. As he put it: "The animal *works* when deprivation is the mainspring of its activity, and it *plays* when the fullness of its strength is this mainspring, when superabundant life is its own stimulus to activity." (A modern version — dubiously developmental — is Abraham Maslow's counterposition of "deficiency" and "growth" motivation.) Play and freedom are, as regards production, coextensive. Even Marx, who belongs (for all his good intentions) in the productivist pantheon, observed that "the realm of freedom does not commence until the point is passed where labor under the compulsion of necessity and external utility is required." He never could quite bring himself to identify this happy circumstance as what it is, the abolition of work — it's rather anomalous, after all, to be pro-worker and anti-work — but we can.

The aspiration to go backwards or forwards to a life without work is evident in every serious social or cultural history of pre-industrial Europe, among them M. Dorothy George's *England in Transition* and Peter Burke's *Popular Culture in Early Modern Europe.* Also pertinent is Daniel Bell's essay, "Work and Its Discontents," the first text, I believe, to refer to the "revolt against work" in so many words and, had it been understood, an important correction to the complacency ordinarily associated with the volume in which it was collected, *The End of Ideology.* Neither critics nor celebrants have noticed that Bell's end-of-ideology thesis signalled not the end of social unrest but the beginning of a new, uncharted phase unconstrained and uninformed by ideology. It was Seymour Lipset (in *Political Man*), not Bell, who announced at the same time that "the fundamental problems of the Industrial Revolution have been solved," only a few years before the post- or meta-industrial discontents of college students drove Lipset from UC Berkeley to the relative (and temporary) tranquillity of Harvard.

As Bell notes, Adam Smith in *The Wealth of Nations,* for all his enthusiasm for the market and the division of labor, was more alert to (and more honest about) the seamy side of work than Ayn Rand or the Chicago economists or any of Smith's modern epigones. As Smith observed: "The understandings of the greater part of men are necessarily formed by their ordinary employments. The man whose life is spent in performing a few simple operations... has no occasion to exert his understanding... He generally becomes as stupid and ignorant as it is possible for a human creature to become." Here, in a few blunt words, is my critique of work. Bell, writing in 1956, the Golden Age of Eisenhower imbecility and American self-satisfaction, identified the unorganized, unorganizable malaise of the 1970's and since, the one no political tendency is able to harness, the one identified in HEW's report *Work in America,* the one which cannot be exploited and so is ignored. That problem is the revolt against work. It does not figure in any text by any laissez-faire economist — Milton Friedman, Murray Rothbard, Richard Posner — because, in their terms, as they used to say on *Star Trek*, "it does not compute."

If these objections, informed by the love of liberty, fail to persuade humanists of a utilitarian or even paternalist turn, there are others which they cannot disregard. Work is hazardous to your health, to borrow a book title. In fact, work is mass murder or genocide. Directly or indirectly, work will kill most of the people who read these words. Between 14,000 and 25,000 workers are killed annually in this country on the job. Over two million are disabled. Twenty to twenty-five million are injured every year. And these figures are based on a very conservative estimation of what constitutes a work-related injury. Thus they don't count the half million cases of occupational disease every year. I looked at one medical textbook on occupational diseases which was 1,200 pages long. Even this barely scratches the surface. The available statistics count the obvious cases like the 100,000 miners who have black lung disease, of whom 4,000 die every year, a much higher fatality rate than for AIDS, for instance, which gets so much media attention. This reflects the unvoiced assumption that AIDS afflicts perverts who could control their depravity whereas coal-mining is a sacrosanct activity beyond question. What the statistics don't show is that tens of millions of people have their lifespans shortened by work — which is all that homicide means, after all. Consider the doctors who work themselves to death in their 50's. Consider all the other workaholics.

Even if you aren't killed or crippled while actually working, you very well might be while going to work, coming from work, looking for work, or trying to forget about work. The vast majority of victims of the automobile are either doing one of these work-obligatory activities or else fall afoul of those who do them. To this augmented body-count must be added the victims of auto-industrial pollution and work-induced alcoholism and drug addiction. Both cancer and heart disease are modern afflictions normally traceable, directly or indirectly, to work.

Work, then, institutionalizes homicide as a way of life. People think the Cambodians were crazy for exterminating themselves, but are we any different? The Pol Pot regime at least had a vision, however blurred, of an egalitarian society. We kill people in the six-figure range (at least) in order to sell Big Macs and Cadillacs to the survivors. Our forty or fifty thousand annual highway fatalities are victims, not martyrs. They died for nothing — or rather, they died for work. But work is nothing to die for.

Bad news for liberals: regulatory tinkering is useless in this life-and-death context. The federal Occupational Safety and Health Administration was designed to police the core part of the problem, workplace safety. Even before Reagan and the Supreme Court stifled it, OSHA was a farce. At previous and (by current standards) generous Carter-era funding levels, a workplace could expect a random visit from an OSHA inspector once every 46 years.

State control of the economy is no solution. Work is, if anything, more dangerous in the state-socialist countries than it is here. Thousands of Russian workers were killed or injured building the Moscow subway. Stories reverberate about covered-up Soviet nuclear disasters which make Times Beach and Three-Mile Island look like elementary-school air-raid drills. On the other hand, deregulation, currently fashionable, won't help and will probably hurt. From a health and safety standpoint, among others, work was at its worst in the days when the economy most closely approximated laissez-faire. Historians like Eugene Genovese have argued persuasively that — as antebellum slavery apologists insisted — factory wage-workers in the Northern American states and in Europe were worse off than Southern plantation slaves. No rearrangement of relations among bureaucrats and businessmen seems to make much difference at the point of production. Serious

enforcement of even the rather vague standards enforceable in theory by OSHA would probably bring the economy to a standstill. The enforcers apparently appreciate this, since they don't even try to crack down on most malefactors.

What I've said so far ought not to be controversial. Many workers are fed up with work. There are high and rising rates of absenteeism, turnover, employee theft and sabotage, wildcat strikes, and overall goldbricking on the job. There may be some movement toward a conscious and not just visceral rejection of work. And yet the prevalent feeling, universal among bosses and their agents and also widespread among workers themselves is that work itself is inevitable and necessary.

I disagree. It is now possible to abolish work and replace it, insofar as it serves useful purposes, with a multitude of new kinds of free activities. To abolish work requires going at it from two directions, quantitative and qualitative. On the one hand, on the quantitative side, we have to cut down massively on the amount of work being done. At present most work is useless or worse and we should simply get rid of it. On the other hand — and I think this the crux of the matter and the revolutionary new departure — we have to take what useful work remains and transform it into a pleasing variety of game-like and craft-like pastimes, indistinguishable from other pleasurable pastimes, except that they happen to yield useful end-products. Surely that shouldn't make them *less* enticing to do. Then all the artificial barriers of power and property could come down. Creation could become recreation. And we could all stop being afraid of each other.

I don't suggest that most work is salvageable in this way. But then most work isn't worth trying to save. Only a small and diminishing fraction of work serves any useful purpose independent of the defense and reproduction of the work-system and its political and legal appendages. Twenty years ago, Paul and Percival Goodman estimated that just five percent of the work then being done — presumably the figure, if accurate, is lower now — would satisfy our minimal needs for food, clothing, and shelter. Theirs was only an educated guess but the main point is quite clear: directly or indirectly, most work serves the unproductive purposes of commerce or social control. Right off the bat we can liberate tens of millions of salesmen, soldiers, managers, cops, stockbrokers, clergymen, bankers, lawyers, teachers, landlords, security guards, ad-men and everyone who works for them. There is a snowball effect since every time you idle some bigshot you liberate his flunkeys and underlings also. Thus the economy *implodes*.

Forty percent of the workforce are white-collar workers, most of whom have some of the most tedious and idiotic jobs ever concocted. Entire industries, insurance and banking and real estate for instance, consist of nothing but useless paper-shuffling. It is no accident that the "tertiary sector," the service sector, is growing while the "secondary sector" (industry) stagnates and the "primary sector" (agriculture) nearly disappears. Because work is unnecessary except to those whose power it secures, workers are shifted from relatively useful to relatively useless occupations as a measure to assure public order. Anything is better than nothing. That's why you can't go home just because you finish early. They want your *time*, enough of it to make you theirs, even if they have no use for most of it. Otherwise why hasn't the average work week gone down by more than a few minutes in the last fifty years?

Next we can take a meat-cleaver to production work itself. No more war production, nuclear power, junk food, feminine hygiene deodorant — and above all, no more auto industry to speak of. An occasional Stanley Steamer or Model-T might be all right, but the auto-eroticism on which such pestholes as Detroit and Los Angeles depend is out of the question. Already, without even trying, we've virtually solved the energy crisis, the environmental crisis and assorted other insoluble social problems.

Finally, we must do away with far and away the largest occupation, the one with the longest hours, the lowest pay and some of the most tedious tasks around. I refer to *housewives* doing housework and child-rearing. By abolishing wage-labor and achieving full unemployment we undermine the sexual division of labor. The nuclear family as we know it is an inevitable adaptation to the division of labor imposed by modern wage-work. Like it or not, as things have been for the last century or two it is economically rational for the man to bring home the bacon, for the woman to do the shitwork to provide him with a haven in a heartless world, and for the children to be marched off to youth concentration camps called "schools," primarily to keep them out of Mom's hair but still under control, but incidentally to acquire the habits of obedience and punctuality so necessary for workers. If you would be rid of patriarchy, get rid of the nuclear family whose unpaid "shadow work," as Ivan Illich says, makes possible the work-system that makes *it* necessary. Bound up with this no-nukes strategy is the abolition of childhood and the closing of the schools. There are more full-time students than full-time workers in this country. We need children as teachers, not students. They have a lot to contribute to the ludic revolution because they're better at playing than grown-ups are. Adults and children are not identical but they will become equal through interdependence. Only play can bridge the generation gap.

I haven't as yet even mentioned the possibility of cutting way down on the little work that remains by automating and cybernizing it. All the scientists and engineers and technicians freed from bothering with war research and planned obsolescence should have a good time devising means to eliminate fatigue and tedium and danger from activities like mining. Undoubtedly they'll find other projects to amuse themselves with. Perhaps they'll set up world-wide all-inclusive multi-media communications systems or found space colonies. Perhaps. I myself am no gadget freak. I wouldn't care to live in a pushbutton paradise. I don't want robot slaves to do everything; I want to do things myself. There is, I think, a place for labor-saving technology, but a modest place. The historical and pre-historical record is not encouraging. When productive technology went from hunting-gathering to agriculture and on to industry, work increased while skills and self-determination diminished. The further evolution of industrialism has accentuated what Harry Braverman called the degradation of work. Intelligent observers have always been aware of this. John Stuart Mill wrote that all the labor-saving inventions ever devised haven't saved a moment's labor. Karl Marx wrote that "it would be possible to write a history of the inventions, made since 1830, for the sole purpose of supplying capital with weapons against the revolts of the working class." The enthusiastic technophiles — Saint-Simon, Comte, Lenin, B.F. Skinner — have always been unabashed authoritarians also; which is to say, technocrats. We should be more than sceptical about the promises of the computer mystics. *They* work like dogs; chances are, if they have their way, so will the rest of us. But if they have any particularized contributions more readily subordinated to human purposes than the run of high tech, let's give them a hearing.

What I really want to see is work turned into play. A first step is to discard the notions of a "job" and an "occupation." Even activities that already have some ludic content lose most of it by being reduced to jobs which certain people, and only those people are forced to do to the exclusion of all else. Is it not odd that farm workers toil painfully in the fields while their air-conditioned masters go home every weekend and putter about in their gardens? Under a system of permanent revelry, we will witness the Golden Age of the dilettante which will put the Renaissance to shame. There won't be any more jobs, just things to do and people to do them.

The secret of turning work into play, as Charles Fourier demonstrated, is to arrange useful activities to take advantage of whatever it is that various people at various times in fact enjoy

doing. To make it possible for some people to do the things they could enjoy it will be enough just to eradicate the irrationalities and distortions which afflict these activities when they are reduced to work. I, for instance, would enjoy doing some (not too much) teaching, but I don't want coerced students and I don't care to suck up to pathetic pedants for tenure.

Second, there are some things that people like to do from time to time, but not for too long, and certainly not all the time. You might enjoy baby-sitting for a few hours in order to share the company of kids, but not as much as their parents do. The parents meanwhile, profoundly appreciate the time to themselves that you free up for them, although they'd get fretful if parted from their progeny for too long. These differences among individuals are what make a life of free play possible. The same principle applies to many other areas of activity, especially the primal ones. Thus many people enjoy cooking when they can practice it seriously at their leisure, but not when they're just fuelling up human bodies for work.

Third — other things being equal — some things that are unsatisfying if done by yourself or in unpleasant surroundings or at the orders of an overlord are enjoyable, at least for awhile, if these circumstances are changed. This is probably true, to some extent, of all work. People deploy their otherwise wasted ingenuity to make a game of the least inviting drudge-jobs as best they can. Activities that appeal to some people don't always appeal to all others, but everyone at least potentially has a variety of interests and an interest in variety. As the saying goes, "anything once." Fourier was the master at speculating how aberrant and perverse penchants could be put to use in post-civilized society, what he called Harmony. He thought the Emperor Nero would have turned out all right if as a child he could have indulged his taste for bloodshed by working in a slaughterhouse. Small children who notoriously relish wallowing in filth could be organized in "Little Hordes" to clean toilets and empty the garbage, with medals awarded to the outstanding. I am not arguing for these precise examples but for the underlying principle, which I think makes perfect sense as one dimension of an overall revolutionary transformation. Bear in mind that we don't have to take today's work just as we find it and match it up with the proper people, some of whom would have to be perverse indeed. If technology has a role in all this it is less to automate work out of existence than to open up new realms for re/creation. To some extent we may want to return to handicrafts, which William Morris considered a probable and desirable upshot of communist revolution. Art would be taken back from the snobs and collectors, abolished as a specialized department catering to an elite audience, and its qualities of beauty and creation restored to integral life from which they were stolen by work. It's a sobering thought that the Grecian urns we write odes about and showcase in museums were used in their own time to store olive oil. I doubt our everyday artifacts will fare as well in the future, if there is one. The point is that there's no such thing as progress in the world of work; if anything it's just the opposite. We shouldn't hesitate to pilfer the past for what it has to offer, the ancients lose nothing yet we are enriched.

The reinvention of daily life means marching off the edge of our maps. There is, it is true, more suggestive speculation than most people suspect. Besides Fourier and Morris — and even a hint, here and there, in Marx — there are the writings of Kropotkin, the syndicalists Pataud and Pouget, anarcho-communists old (Berkman) and new (Bookchin). The Goodman brothers' *Communitas* is exemplary for illustrating what forms follow from given functions (purposes), and there is something to be gleaned from the often hazy heralds of alternative/appropriate/intermediate/convivial technology, like Schumacher and especially Illich, once you disconnect their fog machines. The situationists — as represented by Vaneigem's *Revolution of Everyday Life* and in the *Situationist International Anthology* — are so ruthlessly lucid as to be exhilarating, even if they never did quite square the endorsement of the rule of the workers' councils with the abolition of work. Better their incongruity, though, than any extant version of leftism, whose devotees look to be the last champions of work, for if there were no work there would be no workers, and without workers, who would the left have to organize?

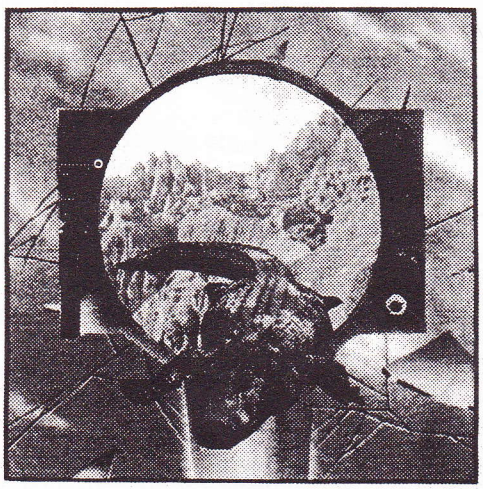
So the abolitionists would be largely on their own. No one can say what would result from unleashing the creative power stultified by work. Anything can happen. The tiresome debater's problem of freedom vs. necessity, with its theological overtones, resolves itself practically once the production of use-values is coextensive with the consumption of delightful play-activity.

Life will become a game, or rather many games, but not — as it is now — a zero/sum game. An optimal sexual encounter is the paradigm of productive play. The participants potentiate each other's pleasures, nobody keeps score, and everybody wins. The more you give, the more you get. In the ludic life, the best of sex will diffuse into the better part of daily life. Generalized play leads to the libidinization of life. Sex, in turn, can become less urgent and desperate, more playful. If we play our cards right, we can all get more out of life than we put into it; but only if we play for keeps.

No one should ever work. Workers of the world... *relax*!

THE ABOLITION OF WORK

and other essays



BY BOB BLACK

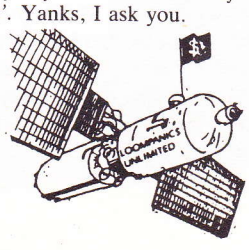
In order to be a televisionary the abolition of work is an essential prerequisite - *We dont work, we dont take speed, we just watch TV!* - and Bob Black, like the true Bob, has devoted his life to it (or the abolition of it). This text is his definitive work on er... work and sums up everything *VAGUE* stands for. If you don't agree with it, go back and read it again before proceeding any further with this issue.

After that, if you want more of the same send $5.95 to *LOOMPANICS UNLIMITED*, PO Box 1197, Port Townshend, WA 98368, USA.

That should get you Bob's first collection of stuff (*'THE ABOLITION OF WORK AND OTHER ESSAYS'*) - introduced by Dr.Ivan Stang of the *Sub-Genius Foundation*, it covers Bob's career from *'THE LAST INTERNATIONAL'*(1977-1983) - some of which has previously appeared in *Vague;* Bob's finest hour at the *Gorilla Grotto*, San Francisco, where he first aired *'Abolition'; 'Circle-A Deceit'* - Bob's other passion, *'Processed World'* baiting; more recent gems, *'Feminism as Fascism', 'Left Rites', 'Lying in State', 'Anarchism and other impediments to Anarchy';* and much, much more!

Then you could do worse than check out the *Loompanics Catalogue* itself. Titles include: *'How to dissappear completely and never be found', 'Covert Surveillance and Electronic Penetration', 'Mind Control in the US', 'How to investigate your friends and enenies', 'Dead Clients don't pay', 'The Poor Man's James Bond', 'Get Even', 'I Hate You!', 'Make 'Em Pay', 'Gunrunning for Fun and Profit', 'Homemade Guns and Homemade Ammo', 'Silencers, Snipers and Assassins', 'CIA Improvised Sabotage Devices', 'Mini-manual of the Urban Guerrilla', 'How to Kill. Vol. 1 to 6', 'Physical Interrogation Techniques', 'How to start your own country', 'Where there is no dentist', 'How to rip off a drug dealer', 'Paedophilia: the Radical Case', 'The Occult Technology of Power', 'Who says Paranoia isn't 'in' anymore?'...*

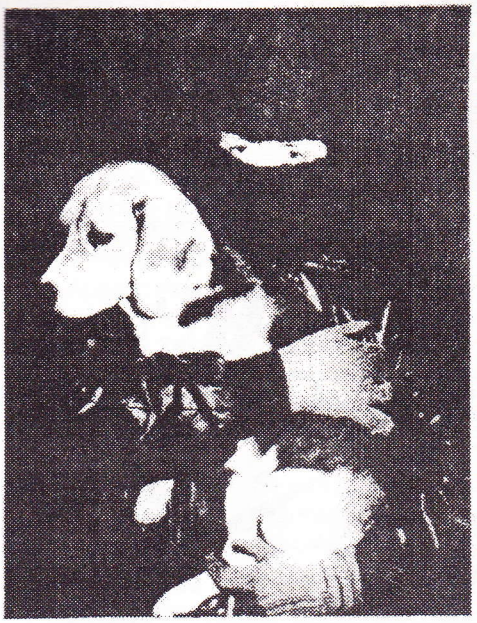
Infact everything from *'The Revolution of Everyday Life'* to *'The Hoax of the 20th Century'*. Yanks, I ask you.



ONCE UPON A TIME IN
THE WASTE
A GUIDE TO THE BIZARRE NEW CREATURES
IN THE NUCLEAR SWIMMING POOL...

ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE WASTE







As the battleship grey skies filter out the dying rays of a burnt empire, the eerie glow of an alpha-particle illuminated landscape emerges.

As the good ship Britannia Waste Disposal and Warfare Inc. rocks at its beached moorings and in the hold a host of blind salamanders begin to slide around their unfamiliar surroundings, here is a pocket guide to the mysterious new mutants who are thriving on the rump of the New bankruptcy...

PART 1 : ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI COMES HOME TO ROOST
(Patron Saint of Thatcher and animal lovers.)

Diverse though *'Animal Rights'* support is, we feel that the movement represents the most worrying development on the modern political scene.

In an economy buoyant on a staggering credit bubble and industrially in the red for the first time since the late 1500's, Britain may well be heading for social disaster; the riots, miners' strike and violence of the printers' strike have already paved the way towards a possible civil war equivalent to that in Northern Ireland.

The mainland groups most prepared for such a scenario are undoubtedly the animal rights ones, they revel in para-military style operations and training, and have an efficient contact and safe-house network.

The recent trial which sentenced their office-worker spokesman Ronnie Lee to 10 years imprisonment has elevated the ALF to the status of the 80's *Angry Brigade*, but has apparently only strengthened the resolve of the gangs to continue.

The most frightening aspect of the Animals Rights movement is its almost complete acceptance within *alternative* political circles, the absence of any dissent or critique of their views. Many feel that *'Animal Rights'* is irrelevant and not worth discussing as a political factor. We contend that since the Ronnie Lee trial the ALF are now a valid terrorist group. It is no longer good enough to ignore the Monty Pythonesque photos of balaclava-clad guerrillas clutching kittens. Animal Rights activists have the *Blue Peter* image of eccentric cranks who care for animals, infact they are dangerous fanatics who represent perhaps the closest thing to popular armed fascism this country has ever seen.

That may seem like an overstatement but apart from the fact that neo-nazis, including the NF and BM have similar animal policies on vivisection and hunting (as did the original nazis), they have nowhere near the organisation and popular acceptance that the ALF do. In the ALF it is possible to hate blindly and be socially acclaimed for doing so.

The possible window into overt racism (on the Halal and Kosher meat preparation issue which animal rights groups have tried to prevent Islington Council from condoning) should not cloud the underlying irrelevance and insanity of ascribing rights to animals at all.

'Animal Rights' originated before the French Revolution when the aristocrats, amused at the new concept of human rights, announced that if creatures as lowly as peasants thought they were entitled to rights then so should their equals, the livestock, and their betters, the Court pets!

The same arrogance was to produce the revolution-causing taunt that peasants should eat cake. In the next century animal rights provided the ultimate Victorian value, espoused by the rising middle classes, which was to make us a nation of animal lovers. The degradation of mothers and infants in workhouses and factories was to prompt one foreigner to state Britain cared more for its pets than its children.

So far, the only political party to include animal rights as a major tenet of its programme, and act upon it in law, has been the National Socialists of Germany in 1933.

The Left has suffered badly in the 80's, damaged by the Iranian Revolution, which proved that a popular rightwing uprising could occur (supposedly impossible) and discredited by the collapse of the *'Winter of Discontent'*, and worst of all the abandonment of Kampuchea by the Khmer Rouge, revealing that the New Left could equal the Old Right in atrocity and genocide (also thought impossible), the Left entered the 80's with a lot to re-evaluate. By and large it failed, Thatcher and Reagan set the climate in which right-wing thought has flourished while the Left has gone completely on the defensive, increasingly bankrupt in theory. It was in this atmosphere of malaise that the anarchist movement grew in Britain, relying on distant xeroxed images of far off 60's and 70's to provide legitimacy under the umbrella of *ideological soundness*, an almost totally meaningless expression by now. As no one addressed themselves to the problems of the New Bankruptcy, the radical left drifted instead into a vacant nihilism to provide its slogans, caring more about sports wear style or clinging to tired images such as pirate radio. It is this vacant nihilism which is now beginning to harden into recognisable groups spurred on by Britain's decline.

We hold as self-evident that

(i) Animal Rights are the antithesis of Human Rights, that attacks on medical research and scientists have already caused human suffering because of destroyed work.

(ii) That the Animal Rights movement is identical politically to the Abortion Clinic bombers in America. (The Extreme Christian Right.)

(iii) The use of Situationist theory in some ALF literature is a sop equal to the Strasserite socialism of the neo-nazis. (Sit. theory being redundant.)

(iv) That discrediting the animal rights movement, which exerts a strangle hold on all alternative politics, is a prerequisite to creating a new and positive rebellion.

(v) That animal activists are bourgeois politics thrown up by a radical bourgeois government. *i.e.* They are the nearest thing to Thatcher Youth.

(vi) That the Animal Liberation Front is a Nazi Front.

Please discuss this issue. It is urgent that the assumptions of the alternative political movement are challenged.

OUR BIGGEST HOAX USED TO BE THE LIVES WE WERE LIVING.
NOW IT IS THE CRITICISM OF THOSE LIVES.

TWICE UPON A TIME IN THE WASTE

We're still aboard the radioactive hulk of the doomed passenger ferry 'GREAT BRITAIN', Thatcher's herald of free enterprise. In this episode we are going to browse through the early entries in the log to see if we can find out who steered us into this mess. Could it be that the group of building merchants who've been up at the bar the whole journey aren't passengers after all... but the crew!?

ENGLAND - THE MINIATURE THEME-PARK OF REVOLUTION

You are standing on a small, damp, rain-swept atlantic island, where the whole world comes for its bad ideas.

The rich countries of the Earth are divided between democracy and communism, so let's look at Britain where in a roundabout way they got the idea for both.

Parliamentary democracy; with rival parties vying to form a govt. has seen its steadiest development as a system in Britain. Through the centuries civil wars with both monarchy and mob have established Parliament as the centre of the political structure. Post-revolutionary nations, such as America and France, were able to streamline this model for their own use, in Britain the continuing presence of royalty, the Lords, the City, a lack of written constitution and an antiquated electoral system all helped to keep our 'democracy' essentially medieval.

So, what of Communism and the one-party state? Here too, the primitive model came from Britain (even supplied with its own fore-runner of the hammer and sickle) and here too that model is still functioning, though its members do not often identify with their post-revolutionary cousins in the Soviet bloc...

In Russia a Communist Party official holds considerable power, he or she must work hard and take responsibility for the administration of their district. They must take the blame for any problems. However these *pillars of the community* have a less worthy side to their nature, a party official expects and gets lavish perks that ordinary russians are denied, can get luxuries in abundance and can ensure that his or her friends benefit from business and govt. contracts... Does that latter part sound familiar? Yes, the equivalent to the 'Communist Party' in Britain is the Freemasons.

The Masons are constantly referred to as a secret society, which they aren't. Much is made of the 'magic' rituals which accompany their meetings, certainly they do perform strange ceremonies, but then the State opening of Parliament (and most of the running of this country) looks just as ludicrously archaic and bizarre to any modern democrat.

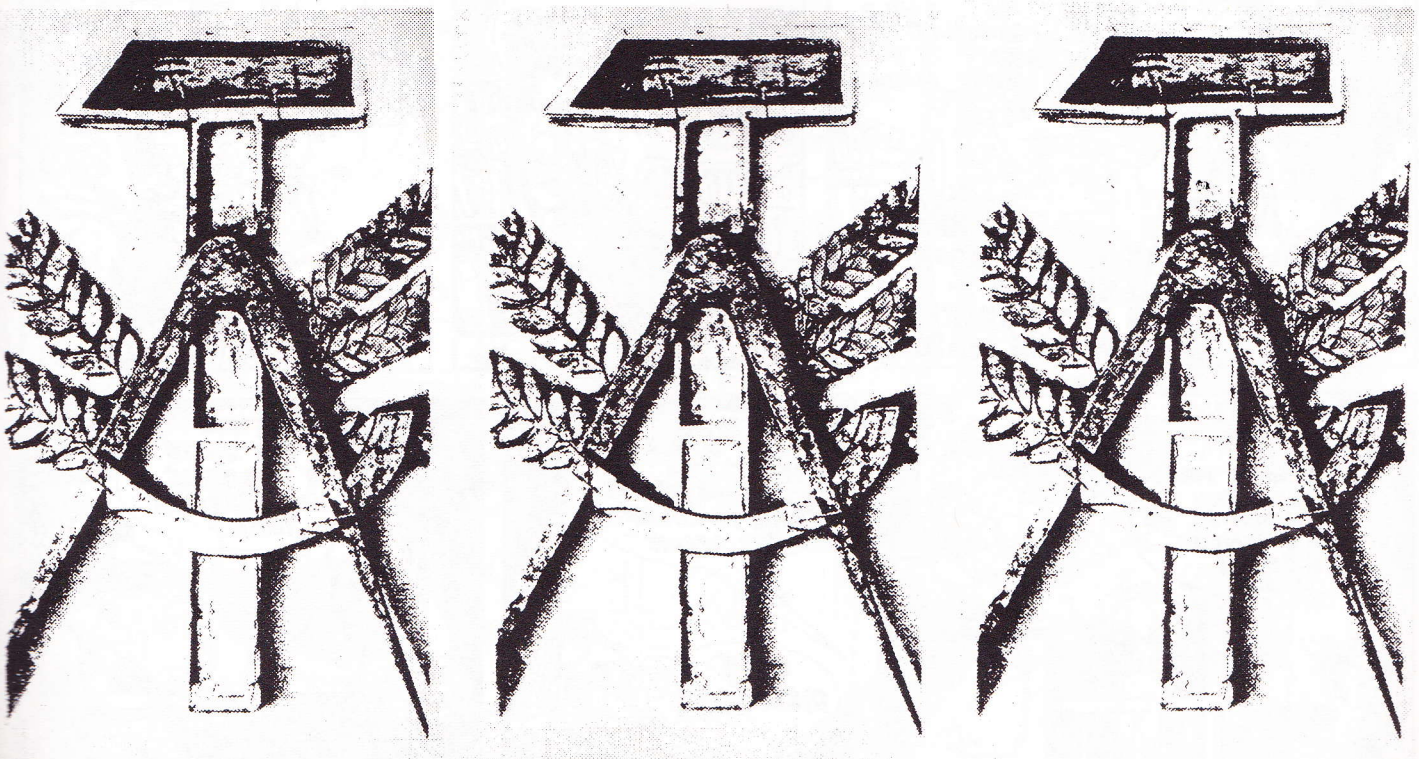
The aura of mystery and occultism which opponents attach to the Masons is positively thrived on by them. But mystic philosophy was common amongst the trade guilds of the middle ages from which Freemasonry evolved, it was the everyday outlook of working people as socialism was to be centuries later, what the masons call their 'religious tradition' is simply a distorted version of what was once the education, safety and standards policy of an early trade union. Both the masons and the Communist Parties began as workers' organisations to fight for and protect their members, and to also change society. Both were later to become cliques for careerists and self-promotion,and both have ended up looking like fake religions.

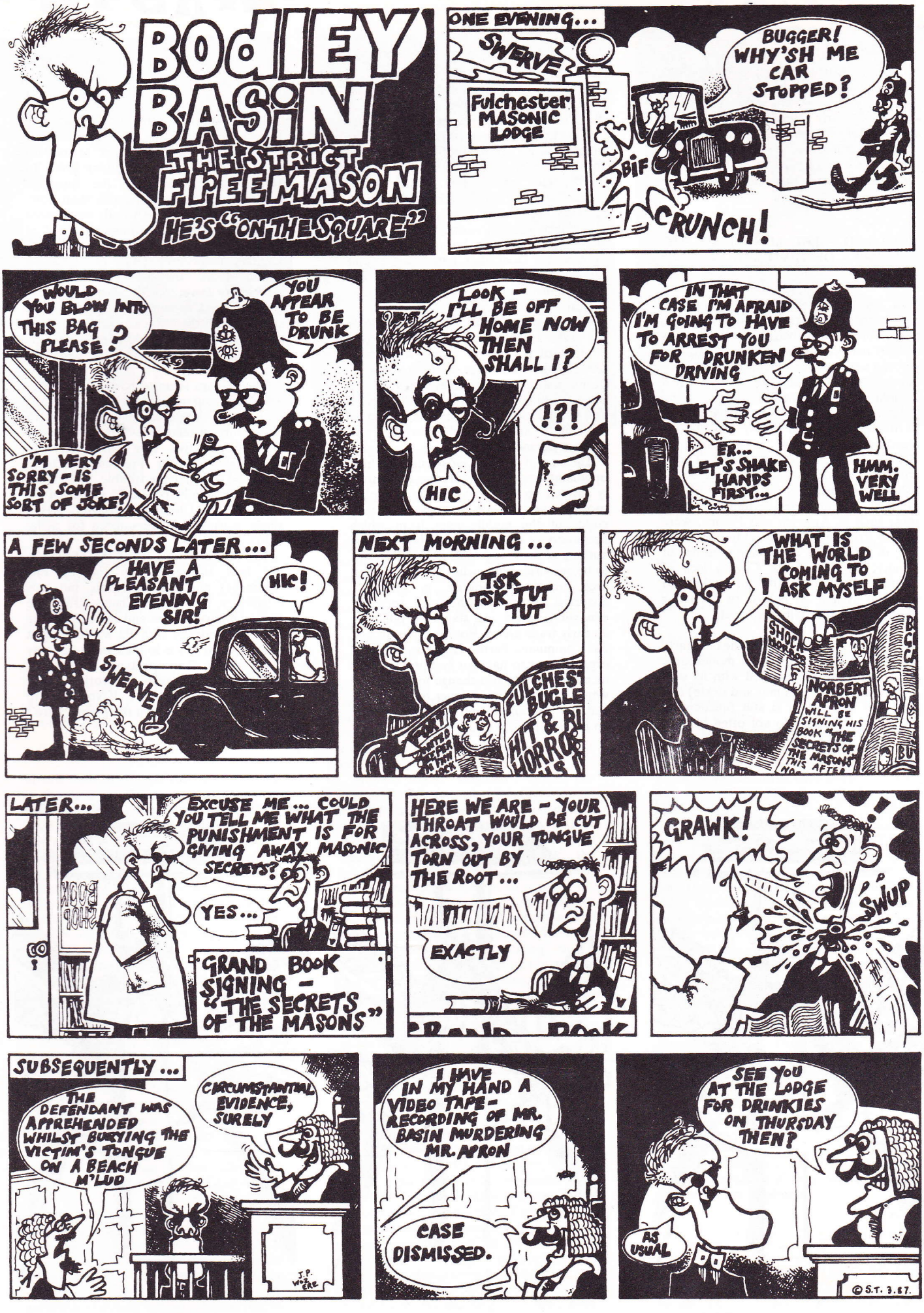
THE HERALD OF FREE-MASONRY

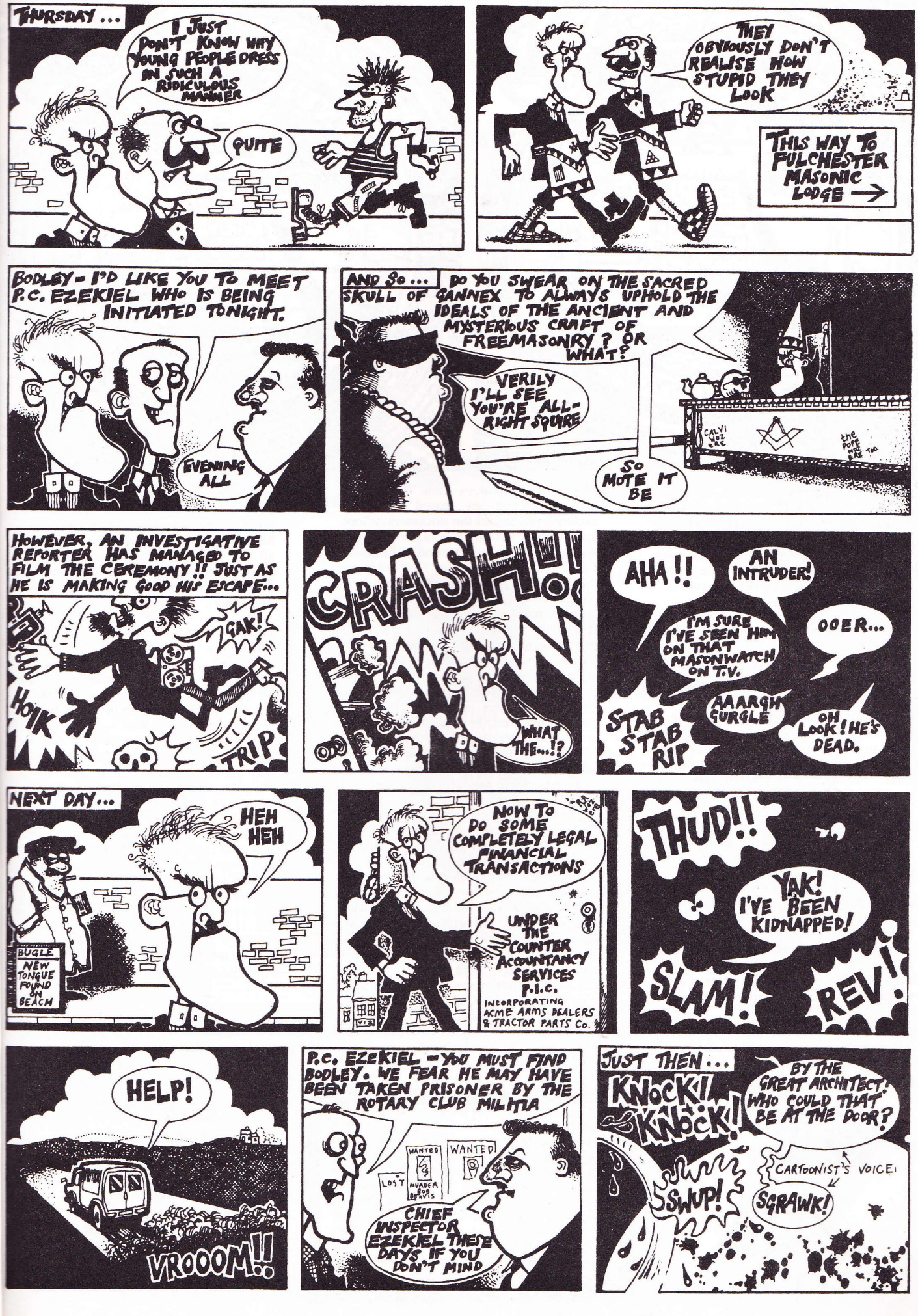
The main similarity between Soviet Party officials and our own Freemasons is their corruption. A hallmark of modern states is some degree of open govt. In Russia the officials are the supposed representatives of the people, their corruption therefore is not wholly unnnoticed by the citizens. In Britain, the land of official secrets, where most of our rudimentary democracy takes place behind closed doors, the Masons maintain a favourably lower profile. When attacked they are quick to point to the charity work they do. But then at least the Communist Party officials have to do a lot of genuine work for their community and carry the can when it fails.

The Masons seem to have been able to shirk the responsibilities of their power, perhaps we should be demanding they do more work instead of less. If Party bosses were as secretive, lazy and wholly unaccountable as our Freemasons, there would be considerable trouble. Several CP officials had to be publically sacked in the wake of the Chernobyl disaster, has a single mason been denounced for Sellafield?

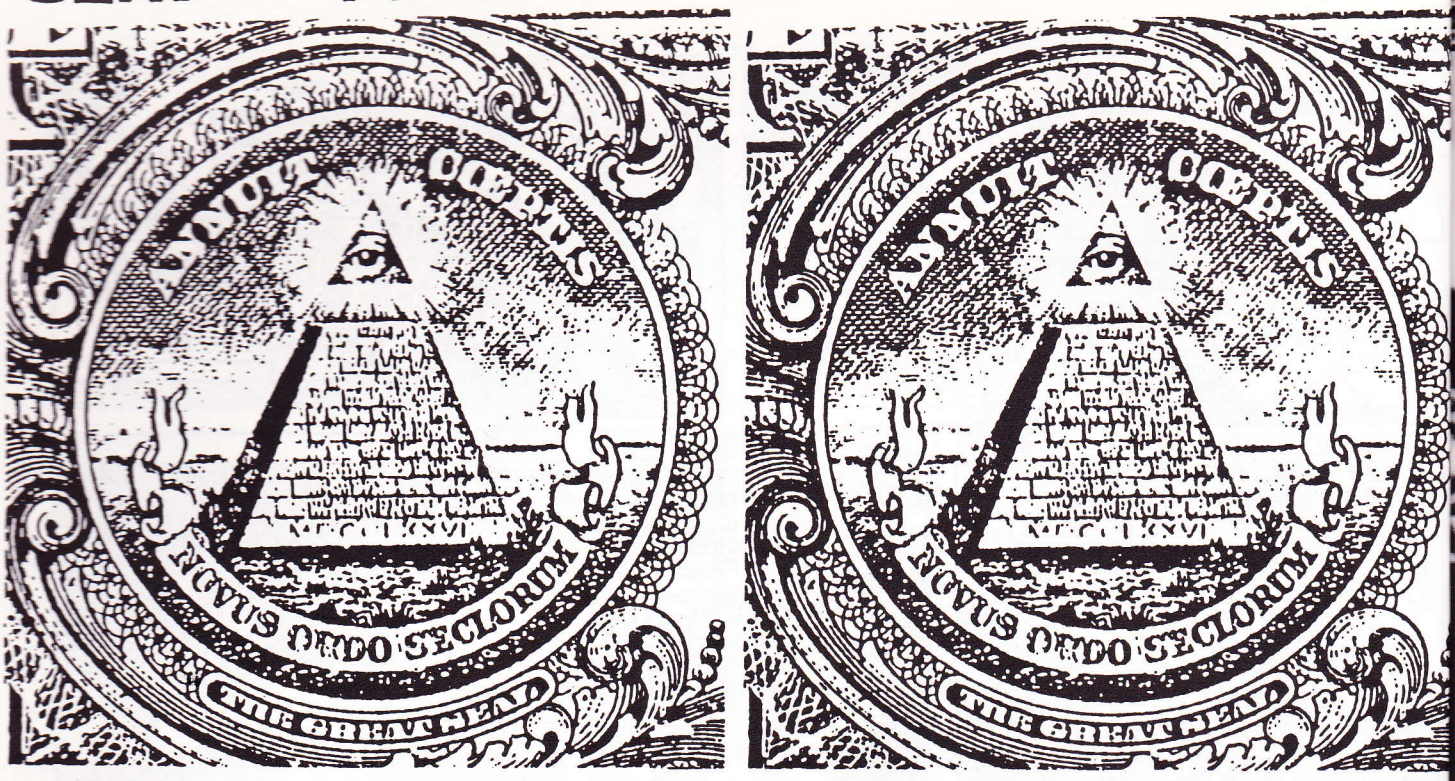
The real question about the Masons is not how sinisterly they roll up one trouser-leg and pray to Nubis, but how effectively their power cuts across the Parliamentary parties and ministries. The Italian experience with P2 would suggest quite a lot. If this is so then we're not only living under the archetypal 'Mother of Parliaments' but under the world's oldest one-party system as well. If you want to know how to burn down the planet, here's where it's got to start!




BODLEY BASIN
THE STRICT FREEMASON
HE'S "ON THE SQUARE"
ONE EVENING...
SWERVE
Fulchester MASONIC LODGE
BIF
CRUNCH!
BUGGER! WHY'SH ME CAR STOPPED?
WOULD YOU BLOW INTO THIS BAG PLEASE?
YOU APPEAR TO BE DRUNK
I'M VERY SORRY - IS THIS SOME SORT OF JOKE?
LOOK - I'LL BE OFF HOME NOW THEN SHALL I?
!?!
HIC
IN THAT CASE I'M AFRAID I'M GOING TO HAVE TO ARREST YOU FOR DRUNKEN DRIVING
ER... LET'S SHAKE HANDS FIRST...
HMM. VERY WELL
A FEW SECONDS LATER...
HAVE A PLEASANT EVENING SIR!
HIC!
SWERVE
NEXT MORNING...
TSK TSK TUT TUT
FULCHES BUGLE
HIT & RU HORROR
WHAT IS THE WORLD COMING TO I ASK MYSELF
NORBERT APRON WILL BE SIGNING HIS BOOK "THE SECRETS OF THE MASONS" THIS AFTER
LATER...
EXCUSE ME... COULD YOU TELL ME WHAT THE PUNISHMENT IS FOR GIVING AWAY MASONIC SECRETS?
YES...
GRAND BOOK SIGNING - "THE SECRETS OF THE MASONS"
HERE WE ARE - YOUR THROAT WOULD BE CUT ACROSS, YOUR TONGUE TORN OUT BY THE ROOT...
EXACTLY
GRAWK!
SWUP
SUBSEQUENTLY...
THE DEFENDANT WAS APPREHENDED WHILST BURYING THE VICTIM'S TONGUE ON A BEACH M'LUD
CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE, SURELY
I HAVE IN MY HAND A VIDEO TAPE - RECORDING OF MR. BASIN MURDERING MR. APRON
CASE DISMISSED.
SEE YOU AT THE LODGE FOR DRINKIES ON THURSDAY THEN?
AS USUAL
©S.T. 3.87.


THURSDAY...
I JUST DON'T KNOW WHY YOUNG PEOPLE DRESS IN SUCH A RIDICULOUS MANNER
QUITE
THEY OBVIOUSLY DON'T REALISE HOW STUPID THEY LOOK
THIS WAY TO FULCHESTER MASONIC LODGE →
BODLEY - I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET P.C. EZEKIEL WHO IS BEING INITIATED TONIGHT.
EVENING ALL
AND SO...
DO YOU SWEAR ON THE SACRED SKULL OF GANNEX TO ALWAYS UPHOLD THE IDEALS OF THE ANCIENT AND MYSTERIOUS CRAFT OF FREEMASONRY? OR WHAT?
VERILY I'LL SEE YOU'RE ALL-RIGHT SQUIRE
SO MOTE IT BE
HOWEVER, AN INVESTIGATIVE REPORTER HAS MANAGED TO FILM THE CEREMONY!! JUST AS HE IS MAKING GOOD HIS ESCAPE...
GAK!
HOIK
TRIP
CRASH!!
WHAT THE...!?
AHA!!
AN INTRUDER!
I'M SURE I'VE SEEN HIM ON THAT MASONWATCH ON T.V.
OOER...
AAARGH GURGLE
STAB STAB RIP
OH LOOK! HE'S DEAD.
NEXT DAY...
HEH HEH
BUGLE
NEW TONGUE FOUND ON BEACH
NOW TO DO SOME COMPLETELY LEGAL FINANCIAL TRANSACTIONS
UNDER THE COUNTER ACCOUNTANCY SERVICES P.L.C.
INCORPORATING ACME ARMS DEALERS & TRACTOR PARTS CO.
THUD!!
YAK! I'VE BEEN KIDNAPPED!
SLAM!
REV!
HELP!
VROOOM!!
P.C. EZEKIEL - YOU MUST FIND BODLEY. WE FEAR HE MAY HAVE BEEN TAKEN PRISONER BY THE ROTARY CLUB MILITIA
WANTED
LOST
CHIEF INSPECTOR EZEKIEL THESE DAYS IF YOU DON'T MIND
JUST THEN...
KNOCK! KNOCK!
BY THE GREAT ARCHITECT! WHO COULD THAT BE AT THE DOOR?
CARTOONIST'S VOICE:
SWUP!
SGRAWK!

SLAVES TO A PHAROAH



OF ALL THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD ONLY THE PYRAMIDS ARE STILL STANDING. Pyramids are the symbols and structures of oppression, built by slaves and addicts for the pharoahs above them. Capitalism is an economic pyramid as enshrined by the dollare bill.

VOTE FLIGHTLINE - CAPITALISM FOR ALL

This leaflet is about '*Flightline*'. *Flightline* is the name of a major money-chain, a pyramid of investors, who each gamble a large sum of cash in order to move up the chain to the top, at which point they can, if lucky, receive 8 times their original stake. *Flightline* was initiated early last year by the new stockbrokers of the post-'*Big Bang*' stockmarket, eager to continue their gambling in their spare time. (It was featured as a story on '*Newsnight*' at that time.) As with every pyramid, a fresh bottom-line of (in this case) 8 new investors has to be constantly recruited, eventually new recruits cannot be found and the pyramid collapses. This is the gamble, that you will not be among the last investors. From its City Penthouse origins it hasn't taken long for *Flightline* to work its way down through London society to have now reached affluent squatters!

ANARCHY'S BECOME ANOTHER WORD FOR HAVE YOU GOT A SPARE £100.

What is so ominous about *Flightline* is that a pyramid has ceased to be an exclusive practice of the stockmarket floor and has now become a public investment similar to a shares flotation, Thatcher's *Capitalism for the people*. To gamble on the *Flightline* you must invest £100, the figure has not been reduced to cater for lower earners as the pyramid descends, this would not be possible in a system of greed. *Flightline* has an even more sinister purpose, it is a dragnet, designed to recruit as many people as possible to the mentality and practice of Thatcherism, wherever the pyramid collapses is where the true poverty or honesty begins, where squatters are not merely aspiring yuppies living rent-free, the dividing line, quite literally, between the haves and the have nots. If you have £100 to gamble with you have no need to be squatting.

The de-regulation of the City means that the spirit of crime, fraud and speculation will no longer be confined to the Stock Exchange and the property marketeers, it is now a real choice affecting us all, those who can afford to invest in *Flightline* will next invest in the sell-off of Electricity (who will then cut off services to any squatters), Council Housing to Associations (who will then evict with the firebomb, as in New York and Paris) and in the whole reintroduction of naked, aggressive laissez-faire Capitalism, which our previous generations fought bitter battles to control. The *Flightliners* have joined our oppressors, the inevitable crash of the *Flightline* will be rapidly repeated by a 1929-style crash in the general economy, if privatisation is continued. Privatisation is theft... from you! The ethic of the Stock Market is Russian Roulette, gambling with all our lives and futures. *Flightliners* are traitors, exploiters and enemies. You have been warned. Stop the City... Stop the *Flightliners*.

JUST SAY NO!
When this particular manifestation of Thatcher's de-regulation of the City is over, what will be next? Squatters buying up the council houses the tories intend to sell-off and owning shares in the Electricity Board so that those who have the money (via their investments) will escape the shit that will descend on those of us left behind, who refuse to be part of it. *Flightliners* claim they're ripping off yuppies, when it's actually us they're ripping off.

Flightline is the first of many means-tests to find out who is prepared to climb the ladder of capitalism and who will refuse to be press-ganged into Thatcher's myrmidons of Spivdom. THIS is how you vote for the Conservatives, with your cash. All you need is £100.

THESE PEOPLE HAVE BECOME OUR OPPRESSORS - ARE YOU PREPARED TO TOLERATE THIS?

COPY OUT THIS LEAFLET AND SEND IT TO 8 OTHER PEOPLE. IN TIME YOU WILL RECIEVE 10,000 LEAFLETS BACK

STOP THE CITY

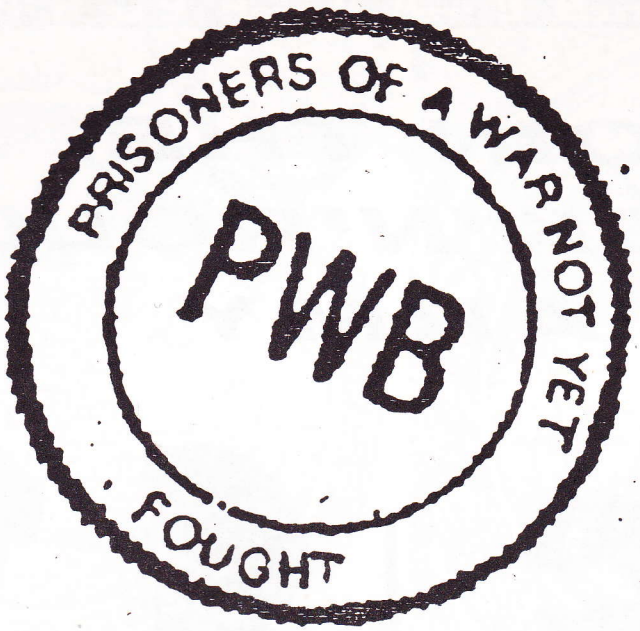
If you wish to alter or annihilate a pyramid of numbers in a serial relation, you alter or remove the bottom number. If we wish to annihilate the junk pyramid, we must start with the bottom of the pyramid: *the Addict in the Street*, and stop tilting quixotically for the "higher ups" so called, all of whom are immediately replaceable. *The addict in the street who must have junk to live is the one irreplaceable factor in the junk equation.* When there are no more addicts to buy junk there will be no junk traffic. As long as junk need exists, someone will service it.

STOP THE CITY

LIFE... IS A STATE OF MIND.



NEVER MIND THE JACKSON POLLOCKS, JAMIE



What seems to be overlooked, or yet to be mentioned, is the fact that bands are not only dominating due to their possession of petty capital — their equipment — but also due to the fact that the audience is assembled as an audience to observe a performance. If an audience is essentially the same as the performers — naif artists — but lacking the equipment to perform, it would make little difference as to the specific performance which is attended. The audience is assembled to see the specific performance not necessarily due to their aspirations to be on a stage, to be the performers. The "spectacle" encourages imitation, but the audience's aspirations to be the spectacle is separate from their aspiration to see the spectacle in the immediate sense.

Substitute Contact

A band with "radical" intentions can be brought down to the level of the audience in terms of the illusions created by the spectacle of oppositional performance. How does the audience instill in the band a feeling of "real activity," that they are in actuality being radical — making constructive change regards their personal and political lives. The false communication of applauding, dancing, and other varied manners of responding to the band give it (the band) a false sense of achieving change — a substitute contact for real activity that alters social relations. If a band proliferates power relationships, the audience can merely reciprocate....

Atomization

It can be argued that the lack of rhythm is an attempt to de-code the spectacle's referents of rhythm — of what has been conditioned as the proper tonal referents from which to dance, group, to — to connect. The lack of rhythm de-codes while it re-codes the referents of the spectacle: challenging while expanding it. The lack of rhythm pushes people to explore other tonal referents from which to dance to and their pushing is still contained within the spectacle — the spectacle they create and proliferate (the power relations of audience/performer).

In terms of atomizing affect of the DIN, I don't think that sheer volume alone creates separation, (though volume certainly does have a totalizing effect on that sensitive part of the anatomy, the ear — cutting people off from tonal communication emanating from other than the band). A stage with someone on it, the pre-construct of a psyche that is there to see a show, etc., achieve an atomizing affect. To what degree, in terms of the pre-construct of a psyche at a show, does an individual come to communicate with the rest of the audience and to what degree do they come to be fulfilled by the band? It is the commodity process in motion: one is there for the spectacular commodity and its promise of fulfillment (in this case the promise of "being radical").

Self-Critique

Not only can a band critique its relation to the audience, but also the very relationships within the band. There are a multitude of reasons that one is in a band, sometimes shared, sometimes not — anti-music tendencies, to use the form of music as a subversive tactic, exploration and pursuit of creativity, to be the spectacle, as a compensation for an otherwise meaningless life, etc. There is rarely a collective equality for band members to be working together. Though one individual's intent is X, another's is Y and the 1st person manifests power relations by parasitizing the 2nd's ability to perform a useful function for the 1st's need of, for example, utilizing music subversively. This occurs despite the 2nd person's different intent: a proliferation of typical power relations within Capital... ■

KILL 'EM ALL

WE MUST BURN THEM,
WE MUST INCINERATE THEM,
GROUP AFTER GROUP,
GUITAR AFTER GUITAR
– DEATH TO ROCK SCUM.

TERRY WAITE SEZ: I WANT BEATLES

L McCARTNEY, George Harrison and Ringo Starr could ack together on the same stage this summer – if Terry e has his way, according to press reports last weekend. e Archbishop of Canterbury's special envoy is planning he World' concert at Wembley Stadium on July 11, and approached the three former Beatles to form a ergroup with Keith Richards, Mark Knopfler, Phil Collins Bryan Ferry (!).

Waite is also trying to set up other concerts around the d on the same day, almost two years to the day since Aid, and has pencilled in Queen in Moscow, and Sade or Richard performing on the Great Wall of China (!!).

eeds will be split between Save The Children, Y-Care national (a YMCA-based charity), and the Big wberry Foundation for creative children.

U2 IN ACTION

'S mission to change world has been umented by Granada's rld In Action to be wn on ITV on July 27. lenowned for their erage of rock 'n' roll ssiahs – it was 20 years today that they filmed nes In The Park – the rld In Action team orded U2's recent necoming gig in Dublin. The 60 minute umentary uses the tage to trace U2's nce over Ireland, the tarianism in Ulster, ntral America and nesty International. It also looks at the lives of some of the band's fans (a *Songs Of Praise* special!), featuring trainee missionary workers and youngsters faced with the hopelessness of high unemployment and drug abuse.

The programme will be transmitted on ITV on July 27 at 8.00pm.

Sectarianism of another form greeted U2 in Belgium last week, when their tourbus, parked in front of a restaurant involved in a mafia feud, was destroyed by a misjudged molotov.

SOVIET PRAISE FOR BRITISH ROCK GROUP

By NIGEL WADE in Moscow

A Soviet newspaper for young Communists yesterday praised Britain's Pink Floyd rock group as "four honest artists" battling against tastelessness and banality in the world of popular music.

The Communist Youth League paper KOMSOMOLSKAYA PRAVDA said they spoke truthfully of the "inconsolable despair and nihilism" of young pop fans and musicians. A long article about Pink Floyd, whose records fetch upwards of £50 each on the Soviet black market, said their music was giving rise to a new wave of youthful protest.

The pop music industry was an ugly child of an unequal marriage between art and business. Pink Floyd had risen above this "degradation" to expose "the wall which exists between the Western elite and the popular masses."

QUIET TIMES



So does Adrock Esq

Q: when is a Beastie boy not a Beastie boy? A: When he's in court charged with actual bodily harm. If there are any kids still left in the world who think that pop has anything to do with rebellion they should have been at Liverpool Magistrates Court last week.

We all make use of the ironing board when up before the beak, but people you've seen pretending they only stop revolting to change their socks look faintly ridiculous in sharp suits and new shoes. Adam Horowitz had flown from America accompanied by daddy, playwright Israel Horowitz, to face the real rap. Did he or did he not chuck the can that blacked the eye of 18 year old Joanne Clarke at the Beastie concert in Liverpool this year?

'I'll say it again, I did not throw the can sir,' said a penitent Adrock who, with the help of a very expensive Sir David Napley, managed to leave the court 'entirely clear.' Sir David ran rings round a number of teenage witnesses capitalising on the can chucking confusion which ensued during the terrace-style turmoil. Costs were awarded to the Def Jam defendents. It seemed likely this, together with the trouble surrounding recent rap events, will put the lid on all that fighting-for-your-rights-to-party.

Paula Punch

Rumours of the collapse of Bob Geldof's marriage to Paula Yates may be countered somewhat by an incident at Gerry Cottle's recent 'Big Splash' event at Wandsworth baths.



ADRIAN BOOT

Apparently the Band Aid Banana was accosted by a group of 14-year-old yobbos who threw the knobbly-kneed knight fully clothed into the chlorinated drink. Paula was so irate that she leapt out of the water and laid into the hoolies with a vengeance. Commendable wifely instincts which almost make us reluctant to ask why Bob was wandering around a pool in a full suit of clothing in the first place. . .

Pool thugs give Geldof and Paula a soaking

By STEVE ABSALOM

BOB GELDOF was set upon by three youths and thrown fully-dressed into a swimming pool yesterday.

His wife Paula Yates was also pushed into the water as she struggled with one of the thugs.

Then as a furious Geldof climbed out of the Big Splash pool in Wandsworth, South London, punches were thrown.

Pool manager Leslie Barclay stepped in and ordered the youths, all about 18, to leave the building.

The incident happened as the Geldofs and their four-year-old daughter Fifi Trixiebelle arrived at the pool for an afternoon out.

The youths started to jeer at the rock star and his wife. Then two of them threw Geldof into the water.

Manager Mr Barclay said: 'Bob was furious with them. He said they ought to be ashamed of themselves.

Singer Jimmy is mugged

By CHRIS BLYTHE

AY pop star Jimmy Sommerville was recovering yesterday after being attacked by two vicious muggers.

The Communards singer needed three stitches in his face after a glass was smashed in his face.

The thugs demanded money from the 5ft star as he tried to hail a cab in London's East End.

Bleeding

They fled empty handed after leaving Jimmy lying bleeding on the pavement.

He was treated in hospital and allowed home.

Jimmy's agent Eugene Manzi said: "He won't let it get him down. "They decided to pick on him because he looked small, but he gave them a good run for their money."

Music Lovers Strike Back

When someone calls you up and says he's been shot you kinda take it seriously. When that someone tells you that he plays with a 'top London group' and that he thinks it might be his record label who dunnit, you switch on the tape recorder. But when he tells you that it is Bea of ZTT after Frankie and we tell you that they relaunched two months ago and failed again, you tell them to call the *New Musical Express*. In case the *NME* don't print it, Bea Dekard was shot with an airgun by one of two youths from a tower block in EC1. The police questioned two youths, one aged 14, the other 17, but have released them 'pending further investigations'. Neither have had any contact at any time with ZTT. It is true that DPR are currently in dispute with ZTT, but neither is willing to say who is the injured party. Dekard, who is feeling injured by the airgun pellet, retracts his allegation. The youths concerned have not revealed whether suffering the aural attack was the motive but the Met are hoping 'it doesn't set a precedent'.



Dekard of Das Psych-Oh Rangers, the first allegedly 'big' signing (and first flop)

Rolling Stone

ISSUE NO. 482 • SEPTEMBER 11TH, 1986 • U.K. £1.90 • $1.95

PAUL McCARTNEY

THE ROLLING STONE INTERVIEW

Given such views, it's ironic that a London tabloid, *The Sun*, recently questioned whether you were a racist after hearing bootleg Beatles outtakes from the *Let It Be* sessions that feature you referring to Pakistanis – unflatteringly, it seems – in a rendition of "Get Back."

Sensational journalism – *The Sun* is not a highly reputable newspaper. What this thing is, I think, is that when we were doing *Let It Be*, there were a couple of verses to "Get Back" which were actually not racist at all – they were *anti*racist. There were a lot of stories in the newspapers then about Pakistanis crowding out flats – you know, living sixteen to a room or whatever. So in one of the verses of "Get Back," which we were making up on the set of *Let It Be*, one of the outtakes has something about "too many Pakistanis living in a council flat" – that's the line. Which to me was actually talking out *against* overcrowding for Pakistanis. *The Sun* wishes to see it as a racist remark. But I'll tell you, if there was any group that was not racist, it was the Beatles. I mean, all our favorite people were always black. We were kind of the first people to open international eyes, in a way, to Motown. Whenever we came to the States they'd say, "Who's your favorite artists?" And we'd say, "Well, they're mainly black, and American – Motown, man. It's all there, you've got it all." I don't think the Beatles ever had much of a hang-up with that.

GENUINE "LENNON & MACARTNEY" CLASSICS RECORDED DURING THE 'LET IT BE' STUDIO SESSIONS IN 1969 AT ABBEY ROAD.
SURPRISINGLY THESE THREE SONGS, INCLUDING THE ORIGINAL VERSION OF 'GET BACK' SUNG BY PAUL MACARTNEY, WERE NEVER RELEASED BY E.M.I. THOUGH A HANDFUL OF TOP MUSICAL EXPERTS (INCLUDING JOHN TOBLER) HAVE KNOWN ABOUT THEM FOR 17 YEARS. GOD TOLD ME TO DO IT ARE PROUD TO PRESENT TO A WIDER AUDIENCE THE EVIDENCE THAT THE BEATLES WERE A BUNCH OF BIGOTTED, RACIST HIPPIES.

SONGS ON THIS TAPE:
GOD TOLD ME TO DO IT PRESENTS:
WHITE POWER
COMMONWEALTH
NO PAKISTANIS (GET BA
the BEATLES
E.P.
ENOCH & ROLL
McC
ART
PAUL

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS
NME



TICKET TO RIYADH

Never did I think that professional mischief makers would dredge up a "racist Beatles" story. Lest any of your readers wonder where this fabricated and dangerous monstrosity of a tale appeared from, I detail the facts chronologically.

Late 1968 Conservative politician Enoch Powell makes infamous Rivers Of Blood speech calling for repatriation of coloured immigrants.

January 1969 Beatles are filmed live in studio, rehearsing for the *Let It Be* movie. In a round of spontaneous jamming and fooling around in the midst of shambolic versions of 'House Of The Rising Sun', various rock 'n' roll classics and Beatles numbers, they performed a very loose jam which bootleggers later dubbed 'Commonwealth' and 'White Power Promenade'.

These sessions were bootlegged as early as Summer '69 and I have had a copy since the early '70s. The sound quality is dreadful but it would take a very weird person (or a *Scum* reporter) to get a "racist Beatles shock horror" out of it all. Anyone with even the slightest knowledge of The Beatles' fab humour can see that Enoch Powell is being lampooned in a song written on the spot and played just once as part of an informal jam.

June 1986 Evil men somehow reach into their sewer-like minds to concoct a "story" from above facts. It worries me intensely to think that someone could come up with a story about "racist Beatles" and get it printed. After the "Suggs and his racist friend" story we should ensure that filth like this is quickly rebutted.

Whatever your view of The Beatles I do not think that anyone in their right mind could consider them racists – you need only look at their solo careers and the musicians they played with, the benefit for Bangla Desh and even (gulp) 'Ebony And Ivory'.

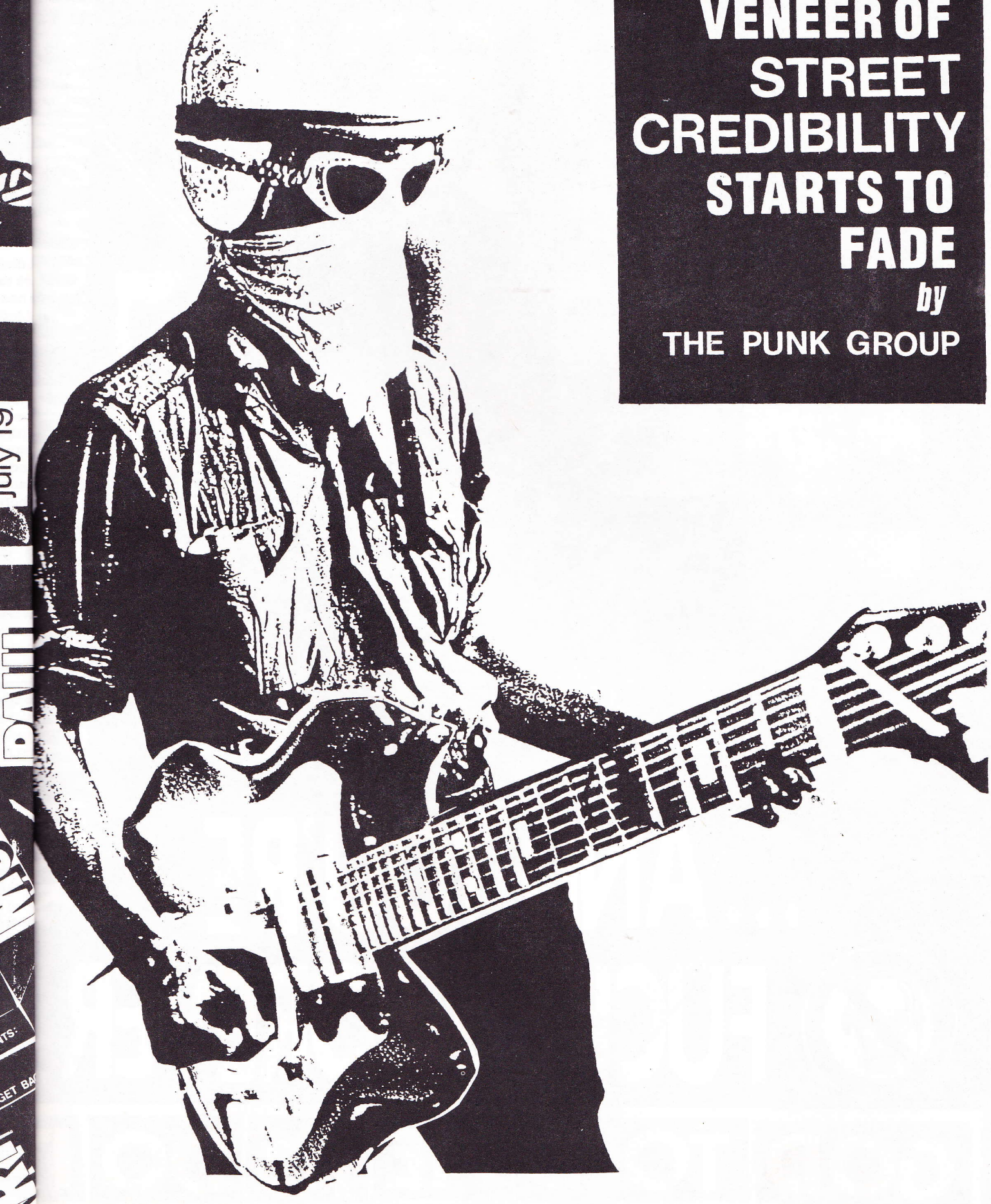
Desmond Jones, Perth, Scotland.

july 19

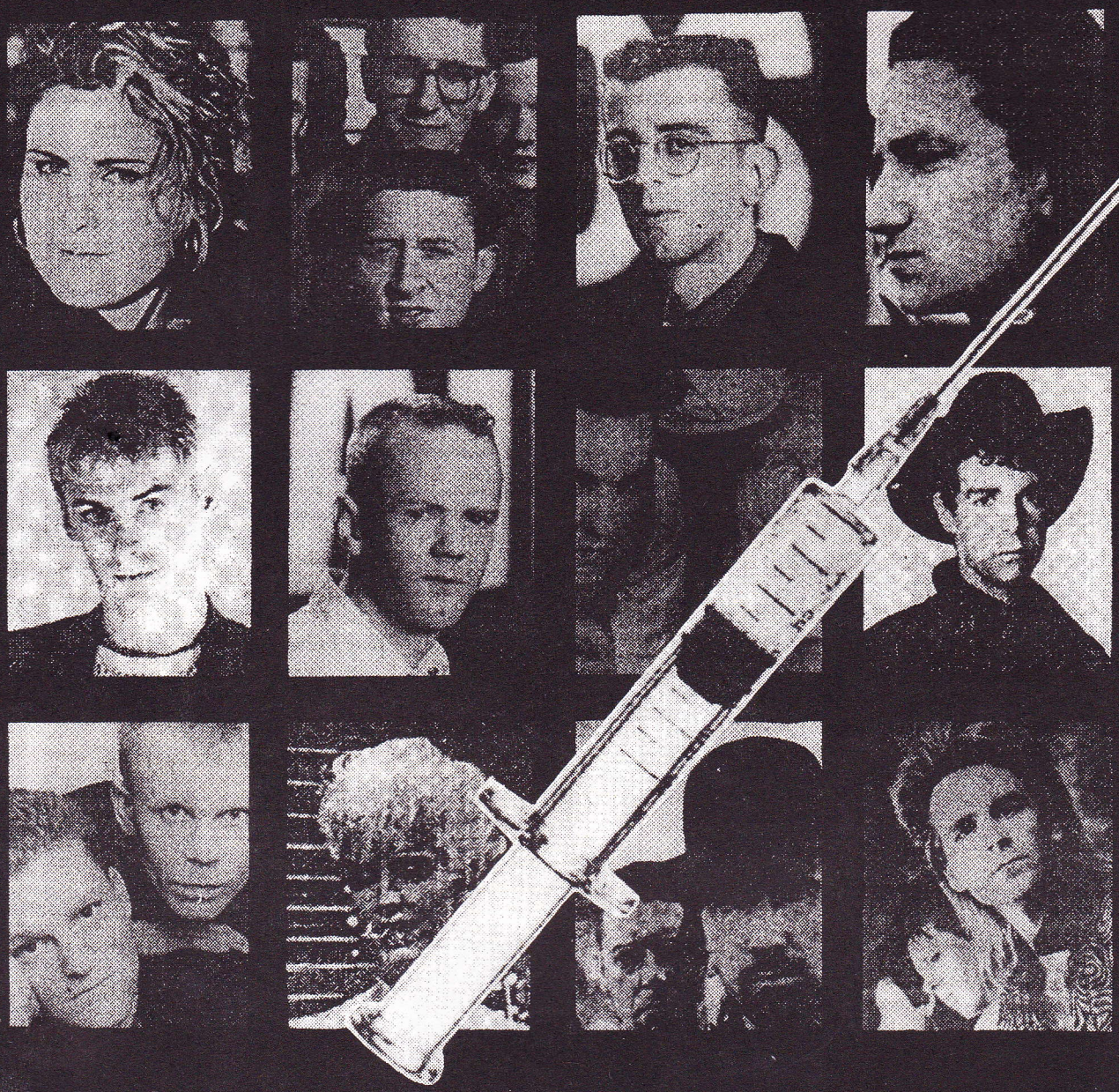
AS THE VENEER OF STREET CREDIBILITY STARTS TO FADE

by

THE PUNK GROUP



JUST ONE PRICK...



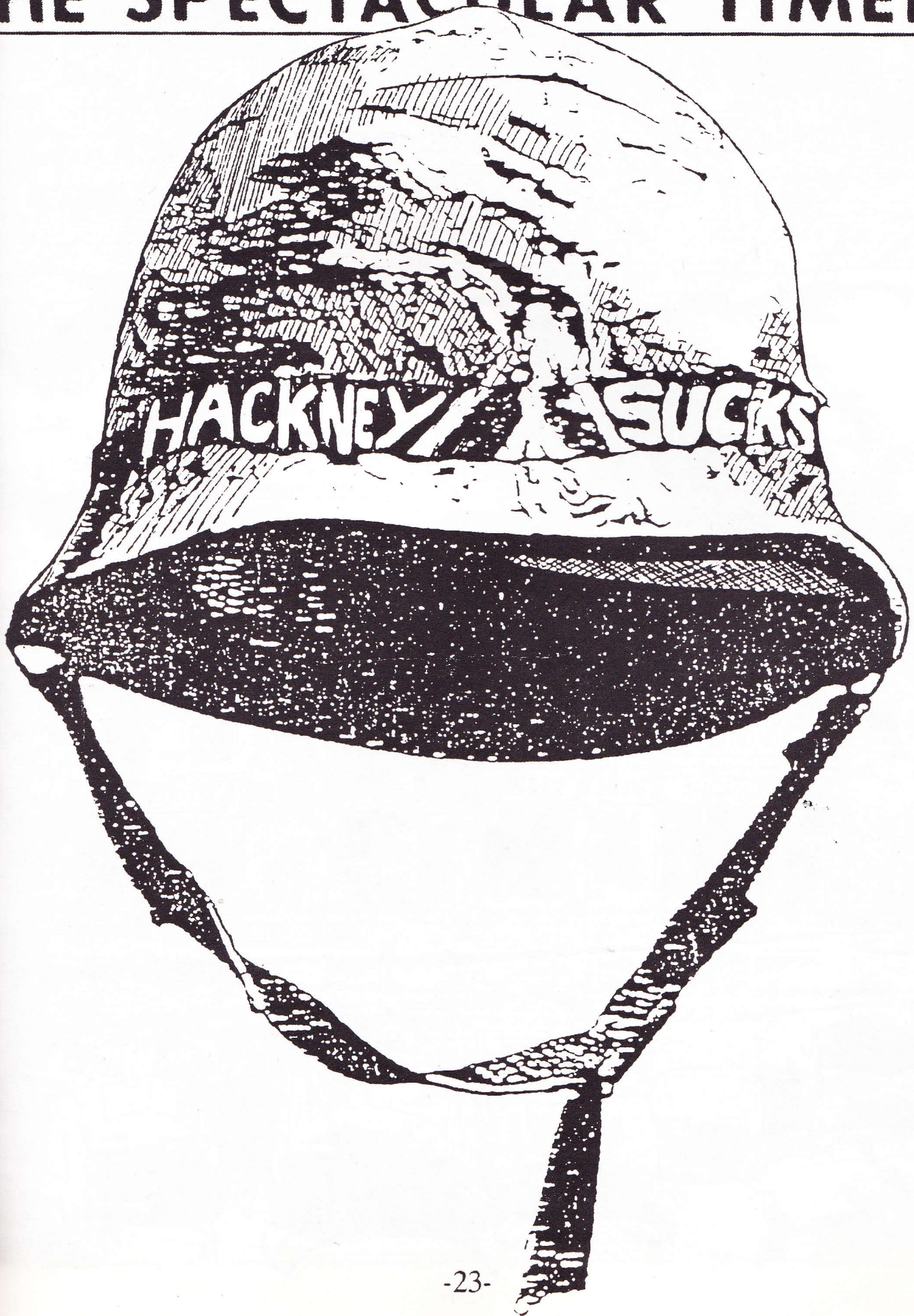
HEARING A.I.D.S! DEATH TO FAGGOT ROCK

...AND YOU'RE FUCKED FOREVER

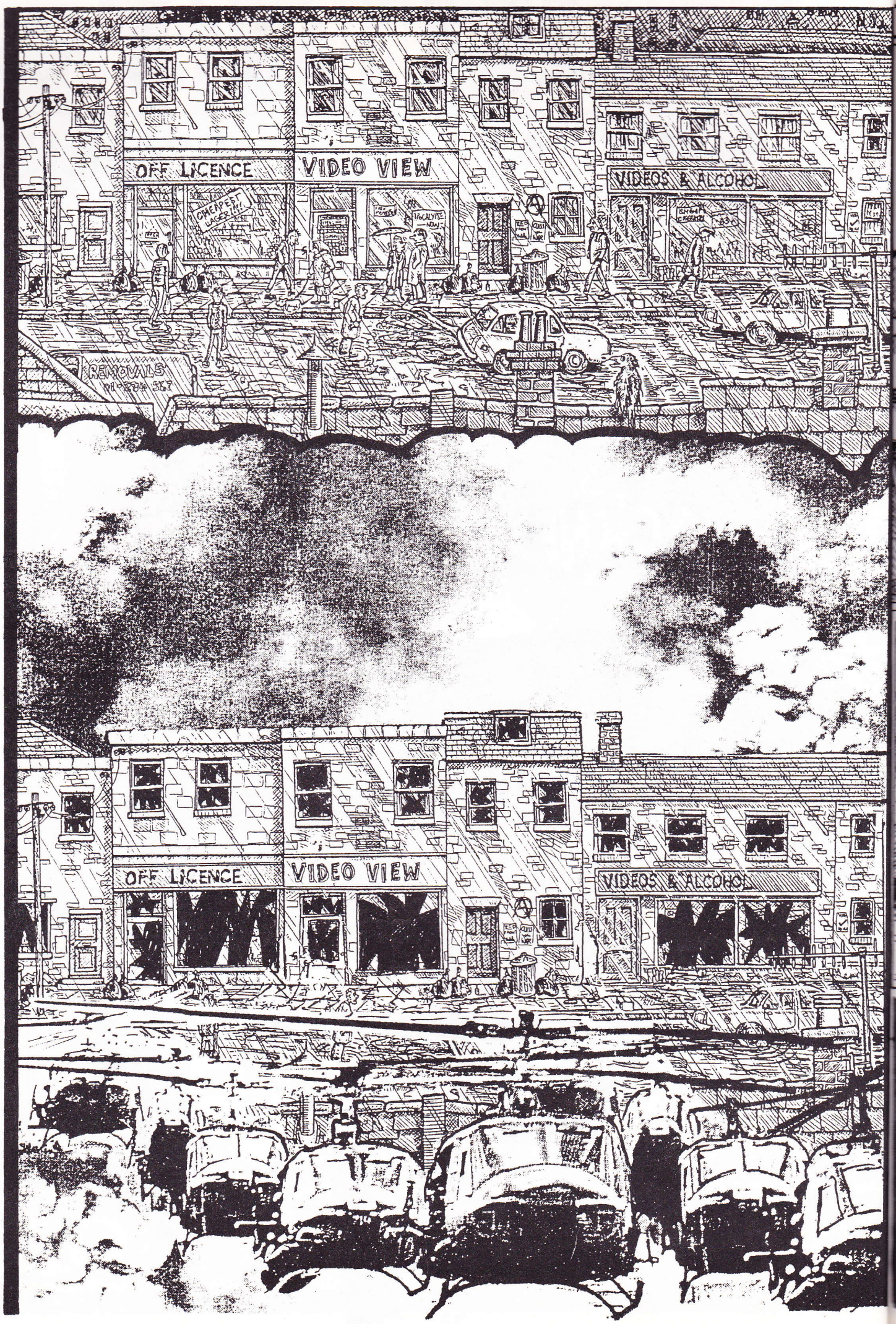
GOD TOLD ME TO DO IT

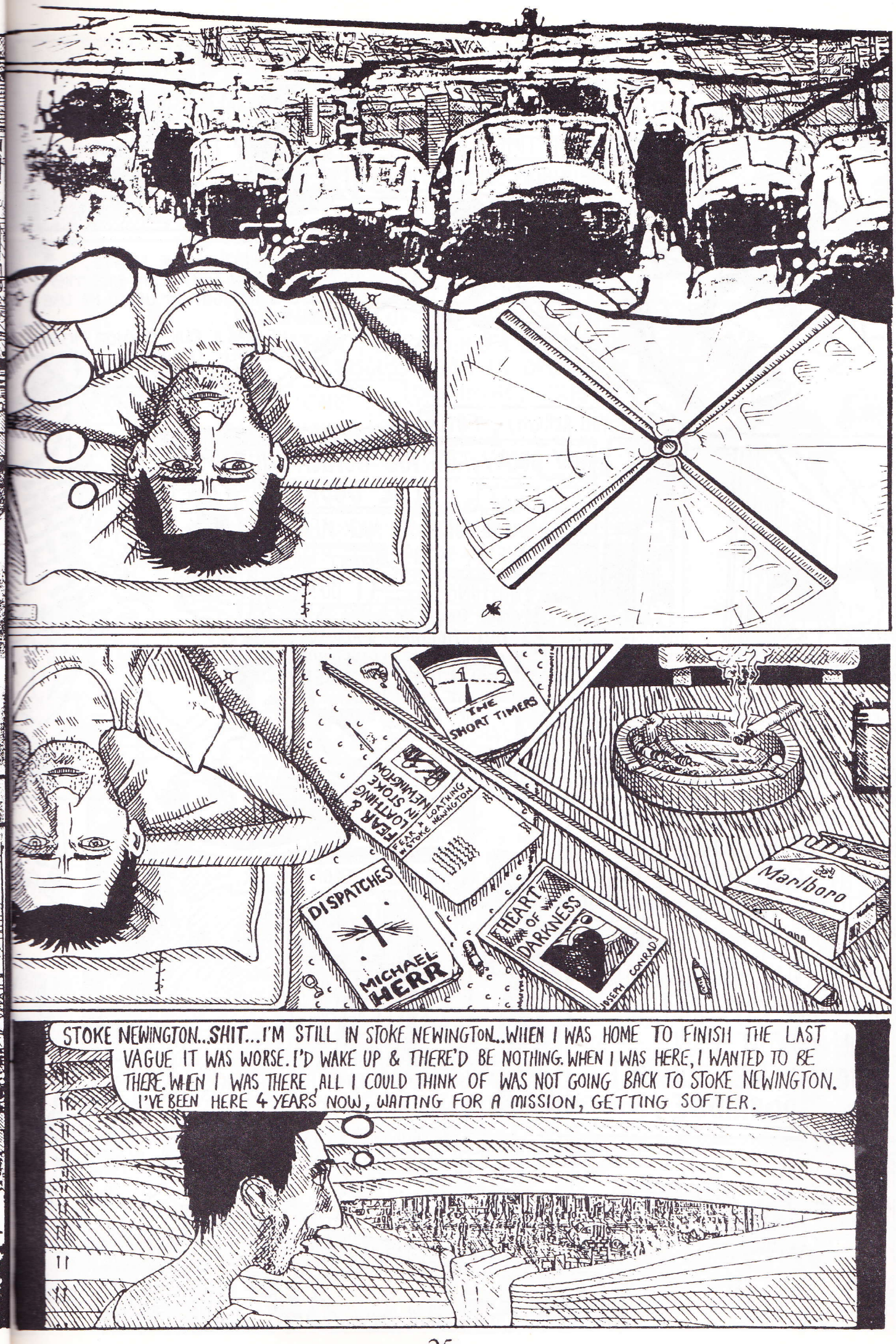
VAGRUNTS

THE SPECTACULAR TIMERS

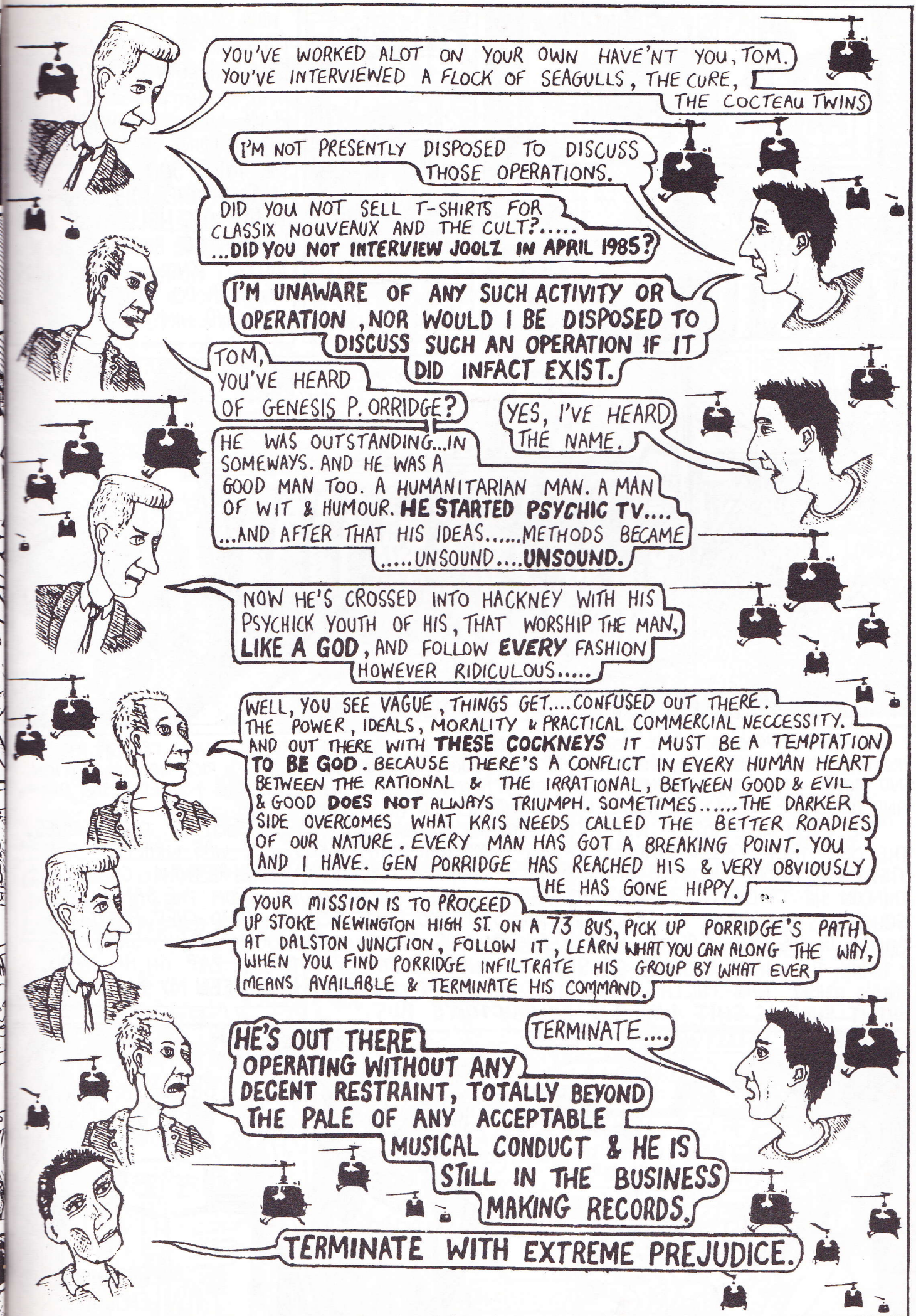


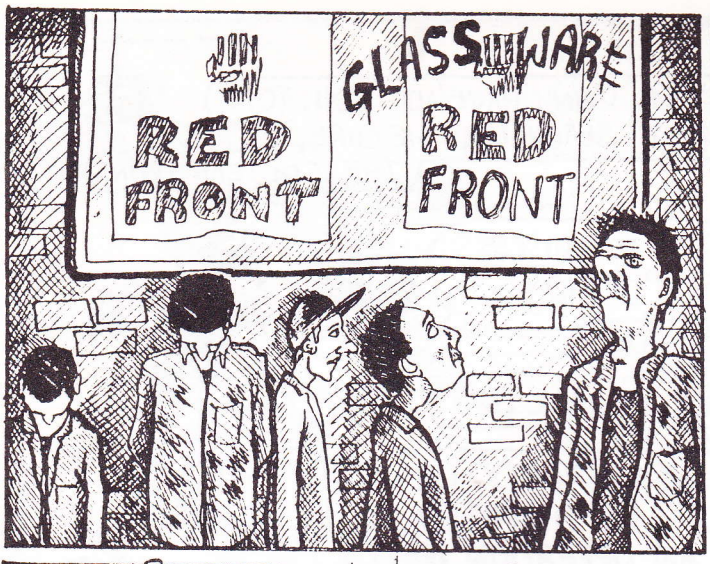
WEARING AIDS? DEATH TO FAGGOT ROCK

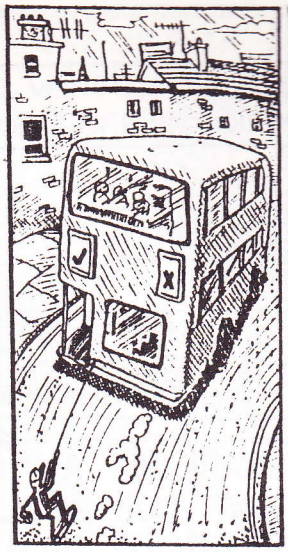

OFF LICENCE
VIDEO VIEW
VIDEOS & ALCOHOL
OFF LICENCE
VIDEO VIEW
VIDEOS & ALCOHOL


THE SHORT TIMERS
FEAR & LOATHING IN STOKE NEWINGTON
FEAR & LOATHING IN STOKE NEWINGTON
DISPATCHES
MICHAEL HERR
HEART OF DARKNESS
JOSEPH CONRAD
Marlboro
STOKE NEWINGTON..SHIT...I'M STILL IN STOKE NEWINGTON..WHEN I WAS HOME TO FINISH THE LAST VAGUE IT WAS WORSE. I'D WAKE UP & THERE'D BE NOTHING. WHEN I WAS HERE, I WANTED TO BE THERE. WHEN I WAS THERE ALL I COULD THINK OF WAS NOT GOING BACK TO STOKE NEWINGTON. I'VE BEEN HERE 4 YEARS NOW, WAITING FOR A MISSION, GETTING SOFTER.


EVERY MINUTE I STAY IN THIS ROOM I GET WEAKER AND EVERY MINUTE HELLCREW SQUATS IN THE BUSH HE GETS STRONGER.
EACH TIME I LOOKED AROUND THE WALLS MOVED IN A LITTLE TIGHTER.
'EVERYONE GETS EVERYTHING HE WANTS. I WANTED A MISSION AND FOR MY SINS THEY GAVE ME ONE. BROUGHT IT UP TO ME LIKE ROOM SERVICE..... .....IT WAS A REAL CHOICE MISSION AND WHEN IT WAS OVER I'D NEVER WANT ANOTHER.'
ARE YOU ALRIGHT, TOM?
HEY BUDDY, ARE YOU GONNA SHUT THE DOOR?
TOM, YOU'VE GOT TO SEE MICK MERCER HAVE'NT YOU?
WHAT DID I DO?
NOTHING. COME ON, TOM, YOU STILL HAVE A FEW HOURS TO GET CLEANED UP ...TOM!..DAVE COME HERE AND GIVE ME A HAND..... C'MON TOM, LETS TAKE A SHOWER, COME ON, HERE WE GO.....
TOM, YOU IN THERE?
AARGHH!!
I WAS GOING TO THE WORST PLACE IN THE WORLD AND I DID'NT EVEN KNOW IT YET. MINUTES AWAY & HUNDREDS OF YARDS ALONG A BUS ROUTE THAT SNAKED THRO-UGH THE CITY LIKE A MAIN CIRCUIT CABLE— PLUGGED ME STRAIGHT INTO PORRIDGE.
TOM VAGUE REPORTING, SIR.
GOOD, COME IN, THANK YOU, STAND AT EASE.
ZIGZAG
MICK'S MUG


YOU'VE WORKED ALOT ON YOUR OWN HAVE'NT YOU, TOM. YOU'VE INTERVIEWED A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS, THE CURE, THE COCTEAU TWINS
I'M NOT PRESENTLY DISPOSED TO DISCUSS THOSE OPERATIONS.
DID YOU NOT SELL T-SHIRTS FOR CLASSIX NOUVEAUX AND THE CULT?..... ...DID YOU NOT INTERVIEW JOOLZ IN APRIL 1985?
I'M UNAWARE OF ANY SUCH ACTIVITY OR OPERATION, NOR WOULD I BE DISPOSED TO DISCUSS SUCH AN OPERATION IF IT DID INFACT EXIST.
TOM, YOU'VE HEARD OF GENESIS P. ORRIDGE?
YES, I'VE HEARD THE NAME.
HE WAS OUTSTANDING...IN SOMEWAYS. AND HE WAS A GOOD MAN TOO. A HUMANITARIAN MAN. A MAN OF WIT & HUMOUR. HE STARTED PSYCHIC TV.... ...AND AFTER THAT HIS IDEAS.....METHODS BECAME .....UNSOUND....UNSOUND.
NOW HE'S CROSSED INTO HACKNEY WITH HIS PSYCHICK YOUTH OF HIS, THAT WORSHIP THE MAN, LIKE A GOD, AND FOLLOW EVERY FASHION HOWEVER RIDICULOUS.....
WELL, YOU SEE VAGUE, THINGS GET....CONFUSED OUT THERE. THE POWER, IDEALS, MORALITY & PRACTICAL COMMERCIAL NECCESSITY. AND OUT THERE WITH THESE COCKNEYS IT MUST BE A TEMPTATION TO BE GOD. BECAUSE THERE'S A CONFLICT IN EVERY HUMAN HEART BETWEEN THE RATIONAL & THE IRRATIONAL, BETWEEN GOOD & EVIL & GOOD DOES NOT ALWAYS TRIUMPH. SOMETIMES.....THE DARKER SIDE OVERCOMES WHAT KRIS NEEDS CALLED THE BETTER ROADIES OF OUR NATURE. EVERY MAN HAS GOT A BREAKING POINT. YOU AND I HAVE. GEN PORRIDGE HAS REACHED HIS & VERY OBVIOUSLY HE HAS GONE HIPPY.
YOUR MISSION IS TO PROCEED UP STOKE NEWINGTON HIGH ST. ON A 73 BUS, PICK UP PORRIDGE'S PATH AT DALSTON JUNCTION, FOLLOW IT, LEARN WHAT YOU CAN ALONG THE WAY, WHEN YOU FIND PORRIDGE INFILTRATE HIS GROUP BY WHAT EVER MEANS AVAILABLE & TERMINATE HIS COMMAND.
TERMINATE....
HE'S OUT THERE OPERATING WITHOUT ANY DECENT RESTRAINT, TOTALLY BEYOND THE PALE OF ANY ACCEPTABLE MUSICAL CONDUCT & HE IS STILL IN THE BUSINESS MAKING RECORDS.
TERMINATE WITH EXTREME PREJUDICE.



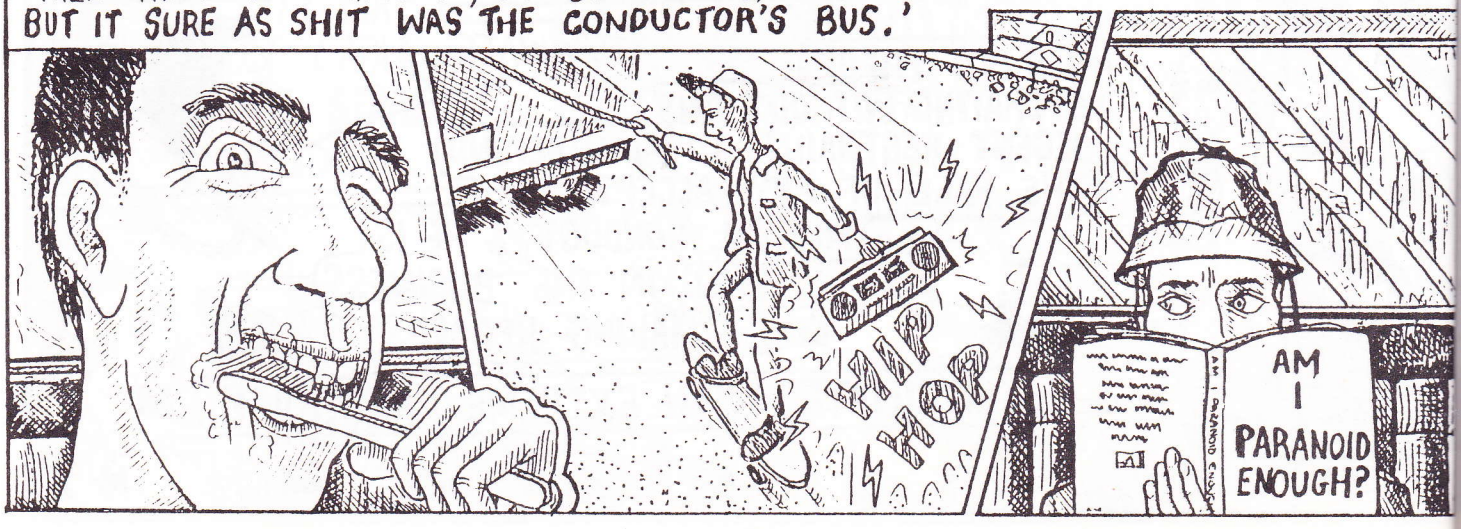


HOW MANY GROUPS HAD I ALREADY SLAGGED OFF..... SHIT, CHARGING A GROUP WITH BEING DODGY IN THIS PLACE WAS LIKE HANDING OUT SPEEDING TICKETS AT THE INDIE 500.
I TOOK THE MISSION— WHAT THE HELL ELSE WAS I GONNA DO BUT I REALLY DID'NT KNOW WHAT I WAS GONNA DO WHEN I FOUND HIM.

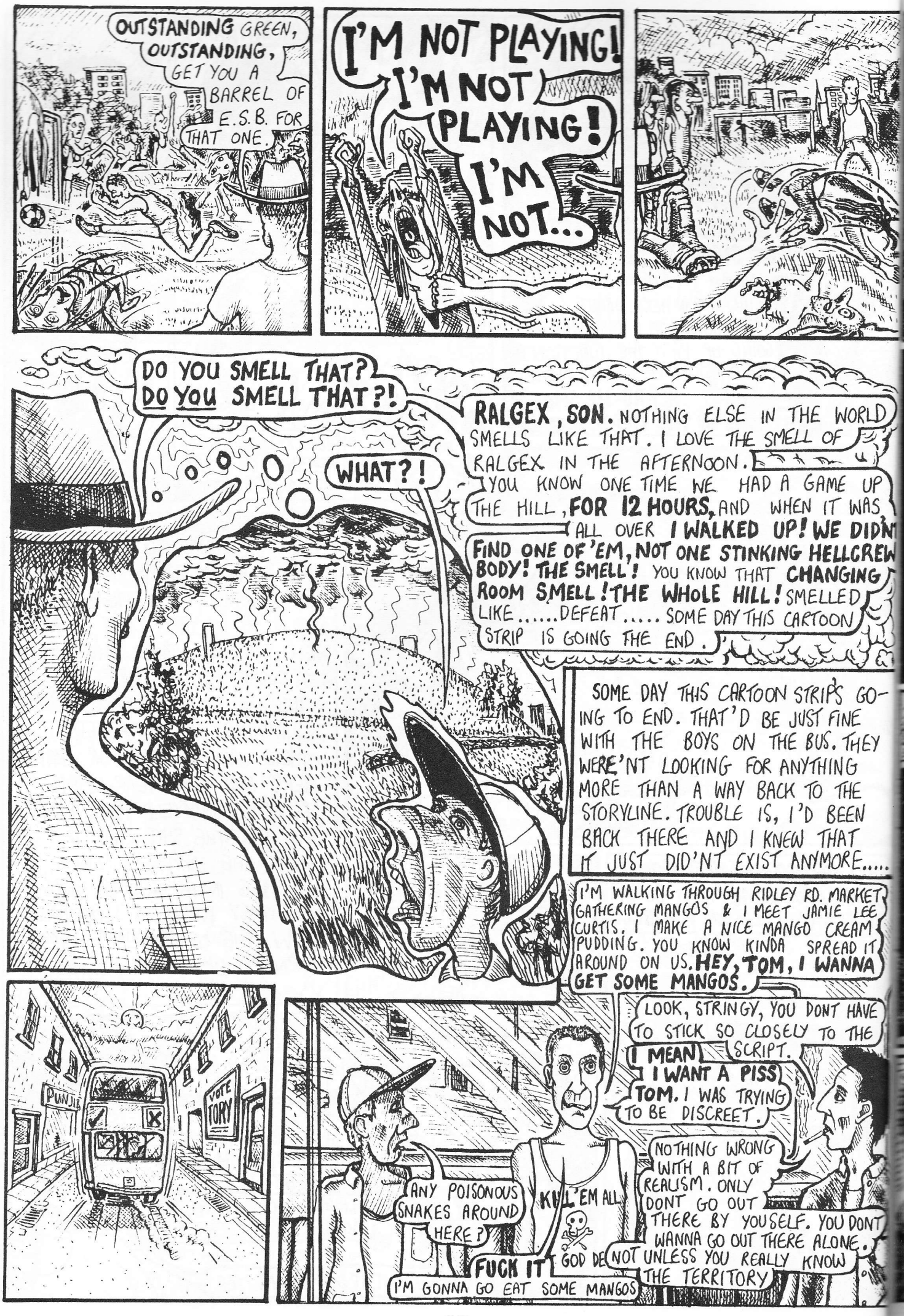


'I WAS BEING DRIVEN DOWN THE ROAD IN A 73 BUS. A TYPE OF PROLETARIAN TRANSPORT, PRETTY COMMON SIGHT ON THE ROADS. THEY SAID IT WAS A GOOD WAY TO PICK UP INFORMATION AND MOVE WITHOUT DRAWING A LOT OF ATTENTION AND THAT WAS OK. I NEEDED THE AIR AND THE TIME. ONLY PROBLEM WAS I WOULD'NT BE ALONE.

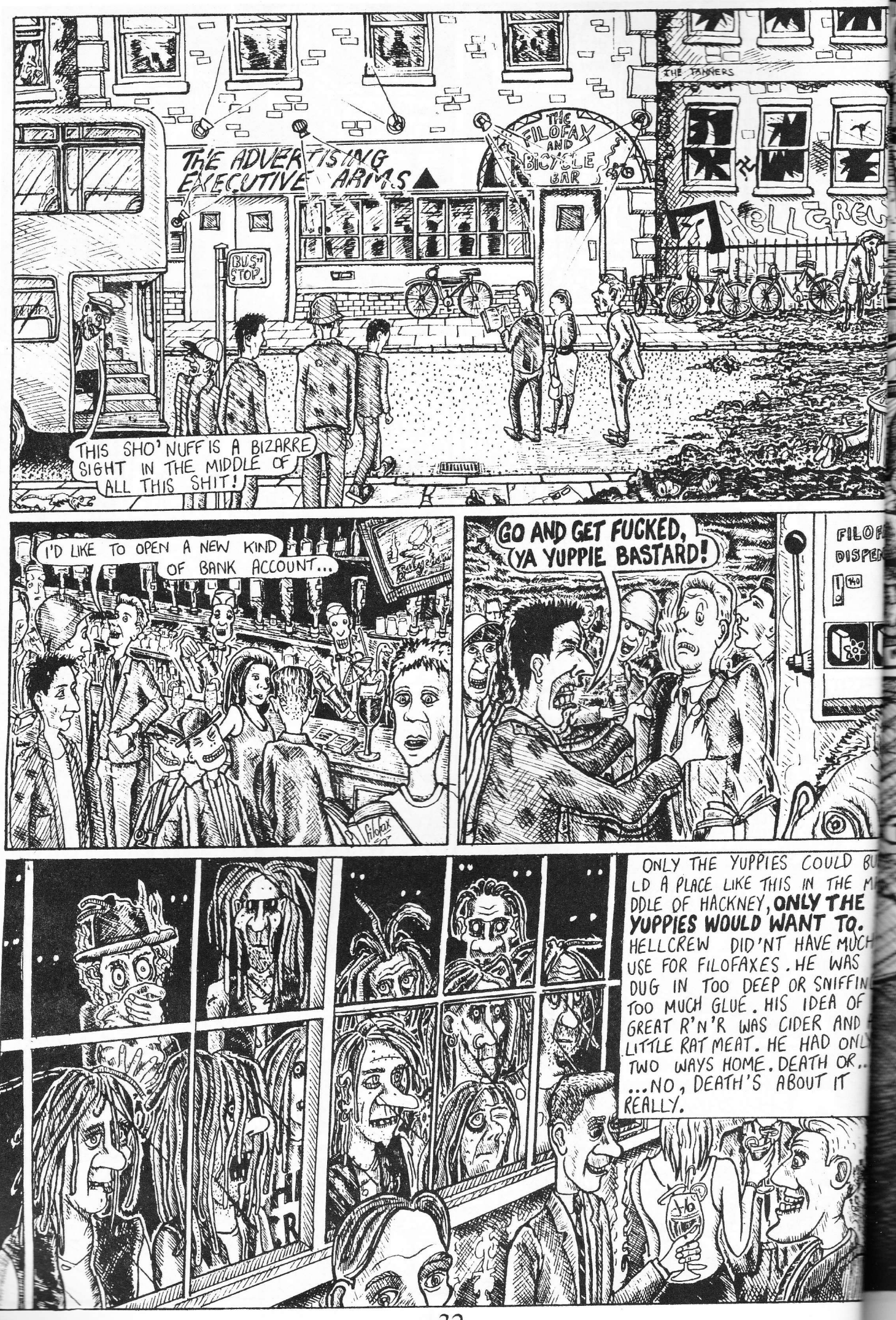
THE CREW WERE MOSTLY JUST KIDS, ROCK'N'ROLLERS WITH ONE FOOT IN THEIR GRAVES. THE ONE THEY CALLED **STRINGY** WAS FROM WALTHAM CROSS. HE WAS WRAPPED TOO TIGHT FOR STOKE NEWINGTON, PROBABLY WRAPPED TOO TIGHT FOR WALTHAM CROSS. JOHN, ON THE TAILGATE, WAS A NOT VERY FAMOUS SKATEBOARDER FROM THE SANDPITS SOUTH OF LEWISHAM. TO LOOK AT HIM YOU WOULD'NT BELIEVE HE'D EVER PLAYED A GUITAR IN HIS LIFE. GREEN, MISTAH GREEN WAS FROM SOME SOUTH SIDCUP SHITHOLE, I THINK THE LIGHT & SPACE OF STOKE NEWINGTON REALLY PUT THE ZAP ON HIS HEAD. THEN THERE WAS PHILLIPS, THE CONDUCTOR, **IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN MY MISSION BUT IT SURE AS SHIT WAS THE CONDUCTOR'S BUS.'**

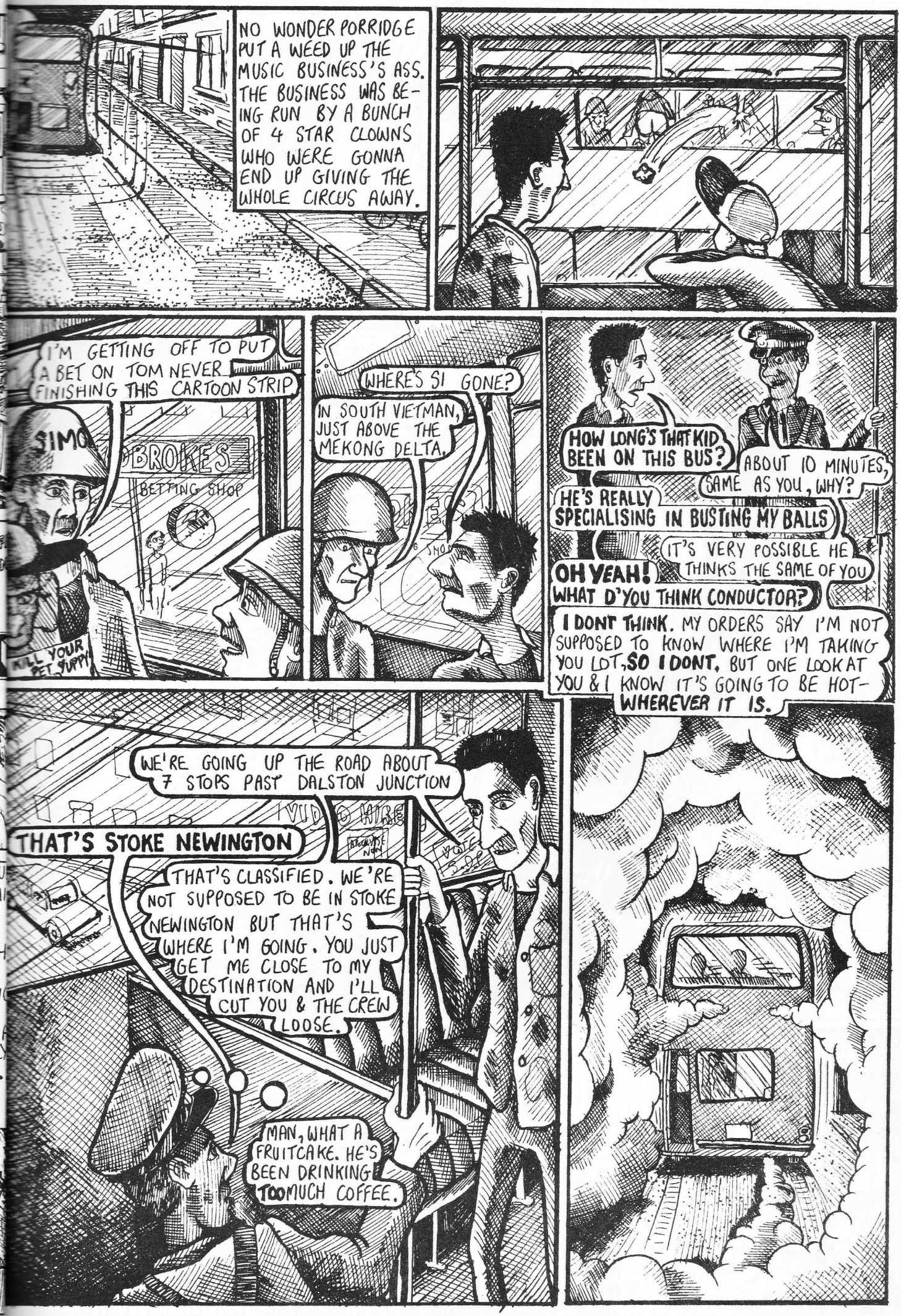



WHERE DO YA WANNA GO?
DONT WORRY ABOUT IT.
DONT SMOKE.
YOU KNOW I PULLED A FEW SPECIAL OPS IN HERE. ABOUT 6 DAYS AGO I TOOK A MAN WHO WAS GOING UP PAST THE JUNCTION AT DALSTON. HE WAS A JOURNALIST TOO.... HEARD HE SHOT HIMSELF IN THE HEAD.
WHOOF! OVER 'ERE! ON ME 'ED ARGHH!
WHAT'S THAT?
EVERY TIME I HEAR THAT SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAPPENS
HELLCREW WILL NEVER SEE THEM OR HEAR THEM, MAN!
LETS HAVE A LOOK.
HUNT SABS
IT WAS THE STAMFORD HILL LOBOTS, 1st XI, OUR FORWARD LINE AND MIDFIELD. BUT THEY WERE'NT SUPPOSED TO BE IN THE SCRIPT AT ALL. WELL, THE HILL LOBOTS, THOSE BOYS JUST COULD'NT STAY PUT.
THE HILL LOBOTS WERE OLD SQUATTERS WHO'D CASHED THEIR JACKBOOTS IN FOR TRAINERS AND GONE TEAR-ASSING AROUND SPRINGFIELD PARK LOOKING FOR THE SHIT. THEY'D GIVEN THE HIPPIES A FEW SURPRISES IN THEIR TIME HERE, BUT THEY WERE JUST LOBOTING NOW, THE OTHER TEAM HAD'NT TURNED UP.
GO ON! GO ON! KEEP GOING! DON'T LOOK AT ME! JUST GO BY LIKE YOU'RE PLAYING FOOTBALL! LIKE YOU'RE PLAYING FOOTBALL!
HOW YA FEELIN' SON?
UM, PRETTY BORED & DEPRESSED ACTUALLY
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO SAY 'LIKE A MEAN MUTHA FUCKAH, SAH!
OH, RIGHT, LIKE A MEAN..... MOTHER..... FUCKER.....
ALRIGHT, IT DOESNT MATTER.

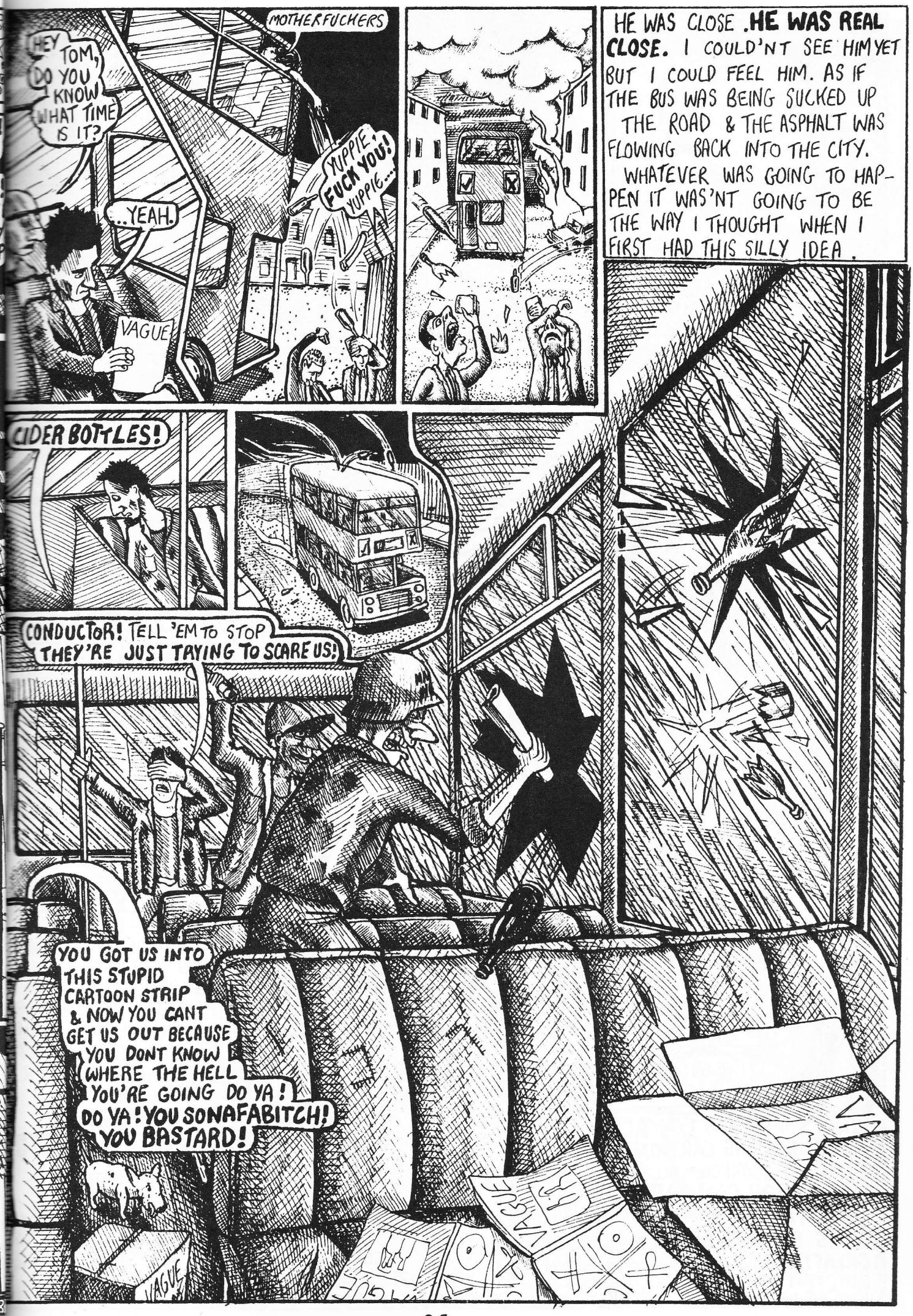

OUTSTANDING GREEN, OUTSTANDING, GET YOU A BARREL OF E.S.B. FOR THAT ONE.
I'M NOT PLAYING! I'M NOT PLAYING! I'M NOT..
DO YOU SMELL THAT? DO YOU SMELL THAT?!
WHAT?!
RALGEX, SON. NOTHING ELSE IN THE WORLD SMELLS LIKE THAT. I LOVE THE SMELL OF RALGEX IN THE AFTERNOON. YOU KNOW ONE TIME WE HAD A GAME UP THE HILL, FOR 12 HOURS, AND WHEN IT WAS ALL OVER I WALKED UP! WE DIDN'T FIND ONE OF 'EM, NOT ONE STINKING HELLCREW BODY! THE SMELL! YOU KNOW THAT CHANGING ROOM SMELL! THE WHOLE HILL! SMELLED LIKE.....DEFEAT..... SOME DAY THIS CARTOON STRIP IS GOING THE END.
SOME DAY THIS CARTOON STRIP'S GOING TO END. THAT'D BE JUST FINE WITH THE BOYS ON THE BUS. THEY WERE'NT LOOKING FOR ANYTHING MORE THAN A WAY BACK TO THE STORYLINE. TROUBLE IS, I'D BEEN BACK THERE AND I KNEW THAT IT JUST DID'NT EXIST ANYMORE.....
I'M WALKING THROUGH RIDLEY RD. MARKET GATHERING MANGOS & I MEET JAMIE LEE CURTIS. I MAKE A NICE MANGO CREAM PUDDING. YOU KNOW KINDA SPREAD IT AROUND ON US. HEY, TOM, I WANNA GET SOME MANGOS.
PUNJIS
VOTE TORY
LOOK, STRINGY, YOU DONT HAVE TO STICK SO CLOSELY TO THE SCRIPT.
I MEAN I WANT A PISS TOM. I WAS TRYING TO BE DISCREET.
NOTHING WRONG WITH A BIT OF REALISM. ONLY DONT GO OUT THERE BY YOUSELF. YOU DONT WANNA GO OUT THERE ALONE. NOT UNLESS YOU REALLY KNOW THE TERRITORY
ANY POISONOUS SNAKES AROUND HERE?
KILL 'EM ALL
GOD DE
FUCK IT I'M GONNA GO EAT SOME MANGOS


STRINGY.
YEAH?
HOW COME THEY CALL YOU THAT?
CALL ME WHAT TOM?
STRINGY...
WHAT IS IT? HELL CREW? YO BOYS?....
SOCIALIST WORKER
MAKE WAR NOT LOVE
IT'S A FUCKING SOCIALIST WORKER
SOCIALIST WORKER, MAN, IT'S A SOCIALIST WORKER, HA HA! HOLY SHIT FUCKING SOCIALIST WORKER!
CONDUCTOR, YOU WERE RIGHT. NEVER GET OFF THE FUCKING BUS.
LETS GO!
NEVER GET OFF THE BUS. NEVER GET OFF THE BUS, I GOTTA REMEMBER, I GOTTA REMEMBER, NEVER GET OFF THE BUS. NEVER GET OFF THE BUS.
WHAT HAPPENED? HOW MANY IS IT?
A FUCKING SOCIALIST WORKER
WHAT?!
A FUCKING SOCIALIST WORKER
I HAD GODDAMN FUCKING SHIT FOR THIS! YOU CAN KISS MY ASS TO THE COUNTY JAIL BECAUSE I'M FUCKING FUCKING OUT! I DID'NT COME HERE FOR THIS. I DONT FUCKEN NEED IT ANYMORE! I DID'NT GET ON THE GODDAMN BUS FOR THIS KINDA SHIT! ALL I WANTED TO DO WAS FUCKING PAINT. I JUST WANTED TO LEARN TO FUCKING PAINT, MAN! AH, HAH, HAH, HAH, NEVER GET OFF THE FUCKING BUS, BYE SOCIALIST WORKER, GOODBYE.

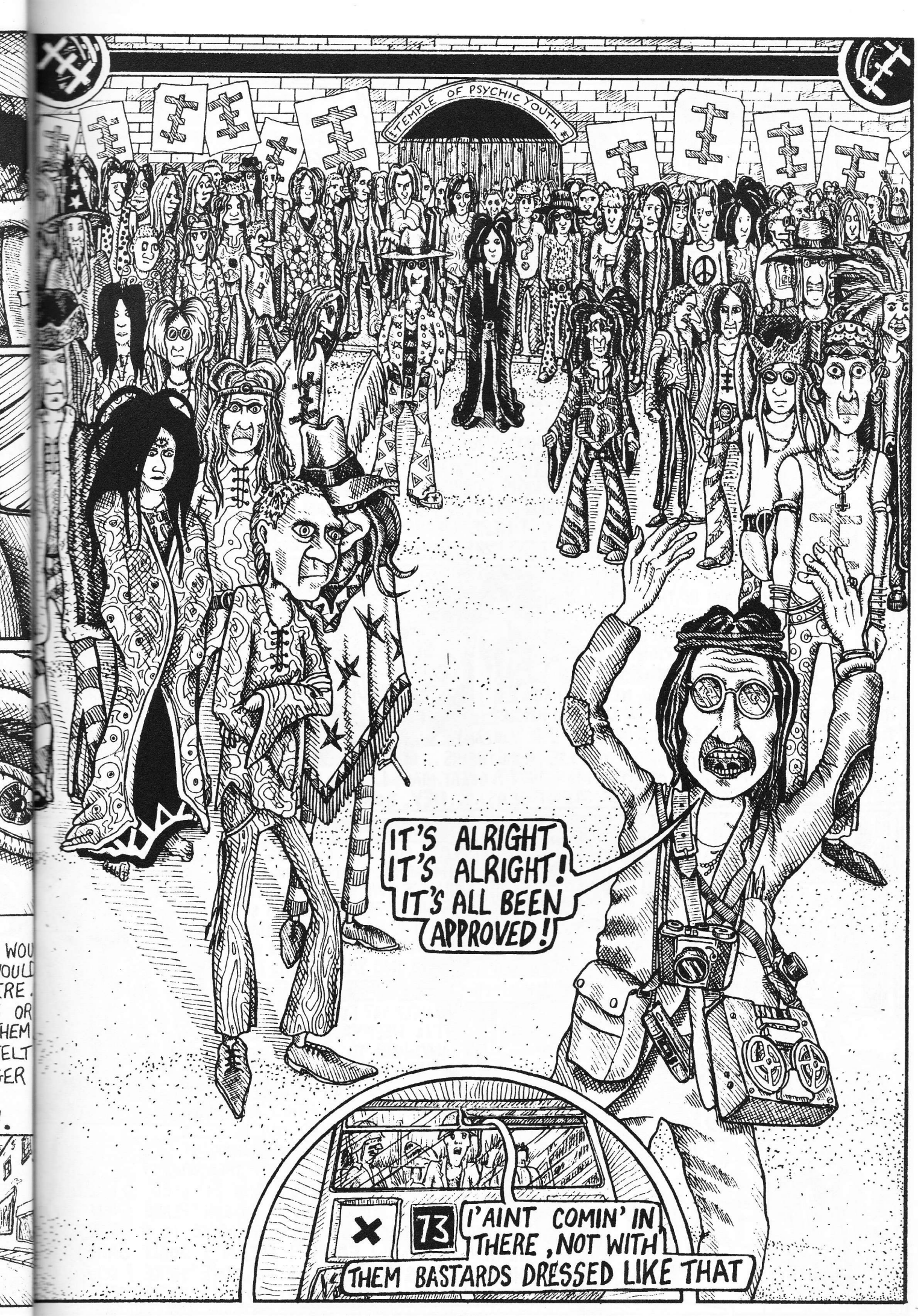

THE ADVERTISING EXECUTIVE ARMS
THE FILOFAX AND BICYCLE BAR
THE TANNERS
BUS STOP
THIS SHO' NUFF IS A BIZARRE SIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF ALL THIS SHIT!
I'D LIKE TO OPEN A NEW KIND OF BANK ACCOUNT...
GO AND GET FUCKED, (YA YUPPIE BASTARD!
ONLY THE YUPPIES COULD BU LD A PLACE LIKE THIS IN THE M DDLE OF HACKNEY, ONLY THE YUPPIES WOULD WANT TO. HELLCREW DID'NT HAVE MUCH USE FOR FILOFAXES. HE WAS DUG IN TOO DEEP OR SNIFFIN TOO MUCH GLUE. HIS IDEA OF GREAT R'N'R WAS CIDER AND LITTLE RAT MEAT. HE HAD ONL TWO WAYS HOME. DEATH OR.. ...NO, DEATH'S ABOUT IT REALLY.


NO WONDER PORRIDGE PUT A WEED UP THE MUSIC BUSINESS'S ASS. THE BUSINESS WAS BEING RUN BY A BUNCH OF 4 STAR CLOWNS WHO WERE GONNA END UP GIVING THE WHOLE CIRCUS AWAY.
I'M GETTING OFF TO PUT A BET ON TOM NEVER FINISHING THIS CARTOON STRIP
SIMO
BROKES
BETTING SHOP
KILL YOUR PET PUPPY
WHERE'S SI GONE?
IN SOUTH VIETMAN, JUST ABOVE THE MEKONG DELTA.
HOW LONG'S THAT KID BEEN ON THIS BUS?
ABOUT 10 MINUTES, SAME AS YOU, WHY?
HE'S REALLY SPECIALISING IN BUSTING MY BALLS
IT'S VERY POSSIBLE HE THINKS THE SAME OF YOU
OH YEAH! WHAT D'YOU THINK CONDUCTOR?
I DONT THINK. MY ORDERS SAY I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO KNOW WHERE I'M TAKING YOU LOT, SO I DONT. BUT ONE LOOK AT YOU & I KNOW IT'S GOING TO BE HOT- WHEREVER IT IS.
WE'RE GOING UP THE ROAD ABOUT 7 STOPS PAST DALSTON JUNCTION
THAT'S STOKE NEWINGTON
THAT'S CLASSIFIED. WE'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE IN STOKE NEWINGTON BUT THAT'S WHERE I'M GOING. YOU JUST GET ME CLOSE TO MY DESTINATION AND I'LL CUT YOU & THE CREW LOOSE.
MAN, WHAT A FRUITCAKE. HE'S BEEN DRINKING TOO MUCH COFFEE.

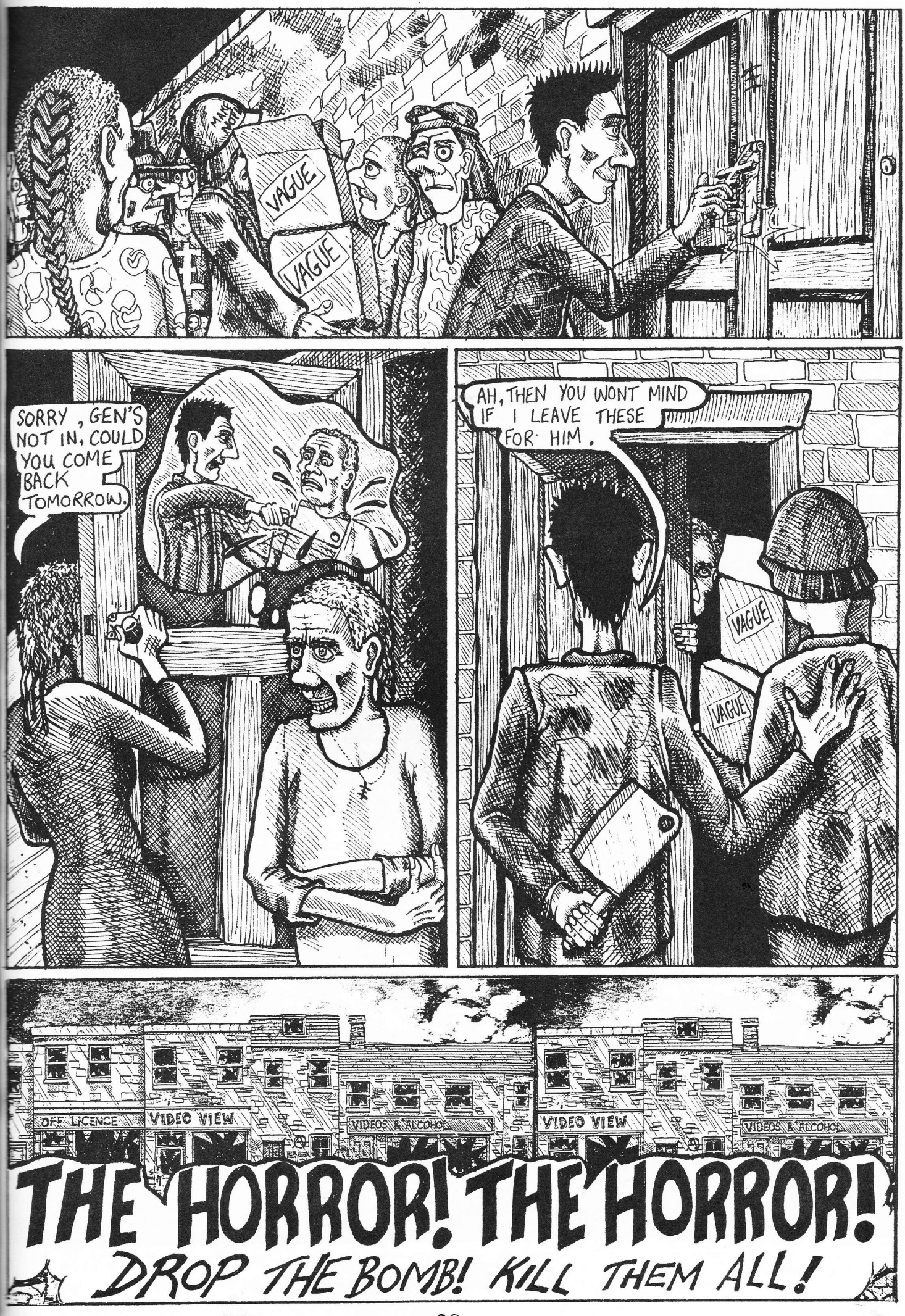

I DIDN'T BELONG ON THIS MISSION ANYMORE, BECAUSE I HAD BEGUN TO DOUBT IT. QUITE FRANKLY IT WAS GETTING FUCKING BORING. EVEN FOR ME.....
HEY, MAN, DO YOU REALISE THAT 'NAM' IS 'MAN' SPELT BACKWARDS?!
STRINGY! KNOCK IT OFF! WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS IS. THIS AINT THE CONVOY AND STOP SMOKING THAT DOPE!
DALSTON JUNCTION
BUS STOP
DAVE, HEY DAVE, WHAT D'YA THINK?
IT'S BEAUTIFUL
HUH! I MEAN WHAT'S THE MATTER WID YOU? YOU'RE ACTING KINDA WIERD
HEY YOU KNOW THAT LAST BARREL OF E.S.B. I WAS SAVING?
YEAH
I DRANK IT
YOU DRANK E.S.B? FAR OUT!
DALSTON JUNCTION
CLOSED
YOU are NOW ENTERING THE ASSHOLE OF THE WORLD
BUS STOP
YUPPIE! YUPPIE! YUPPIE, YUPPIE, FUCK YOU! FUCK YOU!
ASSHOLE OF THE WORLD

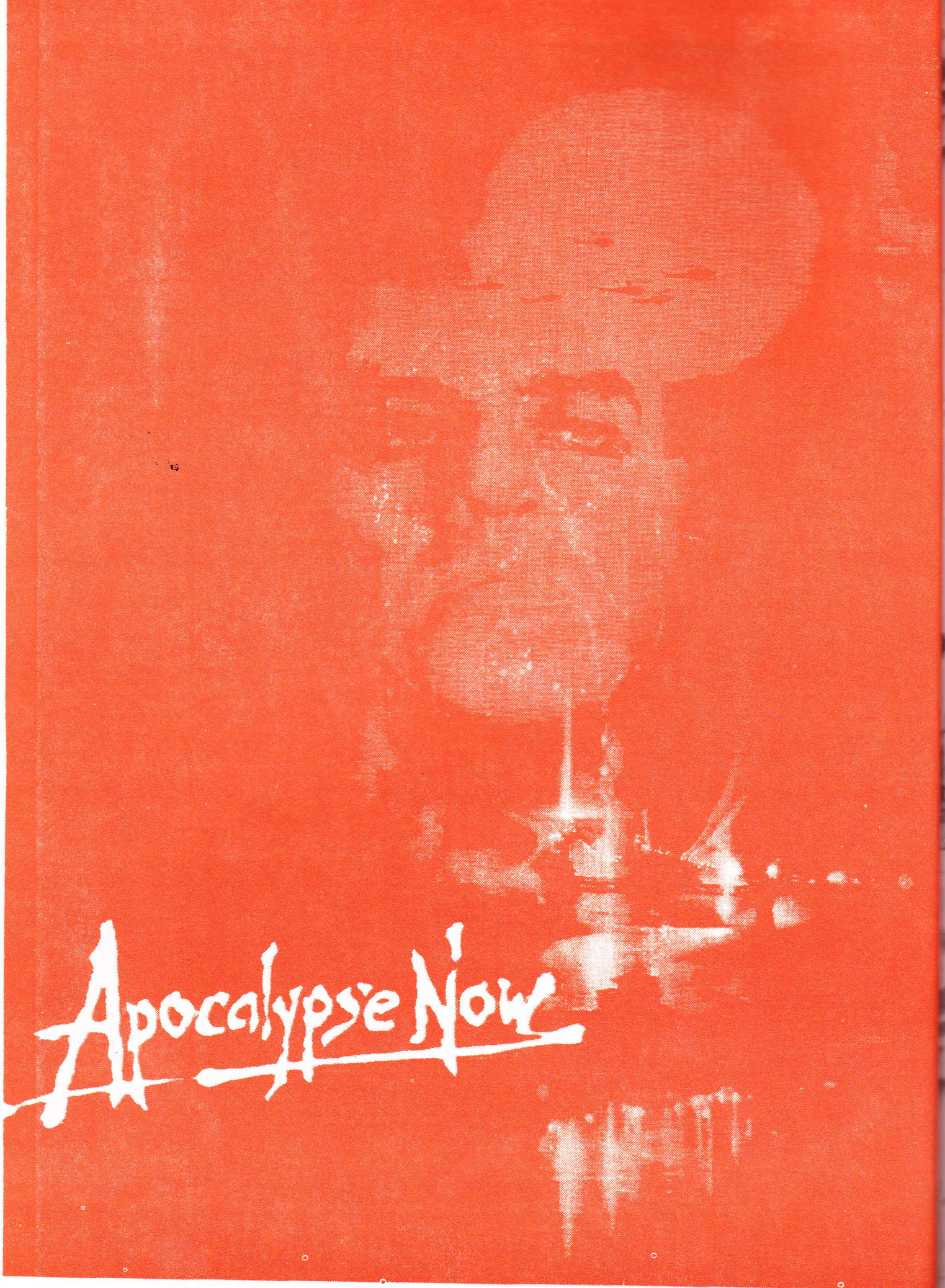

HEY TOM, DO YOU KNOW WHAT TIME IS IT?
..YEAH.
VAGUE
MOTHERFUCKERS
YUPPIE, FUCK YOU! YUPPIE....
HE WAS CLOSE .HE WAS REAL CLOSE. I COULD'NT SEE HIM YET BUT I COULD FEEL HIM. AS IF THE BUS WAS BEING SUCKED UP THE ROAD & THE ASPHALT WAS FLOWING BACK INTO THE CITY. WHATEVER WAS GOING TO HAPPEN IT WAS'NT GOING TO BE THE WAY I THOUGHT WHEN I FIRST HAD THIS SILLY IDEA .
CIDER BOTTLES!
CONDUCTOR! TELL 'EM TO STOP THEY'RE JUST TAYING TO SCARE US!
YOU GOT US INTO THIS STUPID CARTOON STRIP & NOW YOU CANT GET US OUT BECAUSE YOU DONT KNOW WHERE THE HELL YOU'RE GOING DO YA! DO YA! YOU SONAFABITCH! YOU BASTARD!
VAGUE


YOU SUCKERS COME & GET IT!! YOU SONAFABITCHES!
UG! A CIDER BOTTLE
WE AINT GOT NUTHIN', WE AINT GOT NUTHIN' NOW, WE'RE FUCKING LOST, OH GOD!
VAGUE
NO
NO, NO, WAIT WAIT. WE'LL GO TOGETHER. ON THE BUS. WE'LL GO WITH YA. WE'LL GO UP THERE. BUT ON THE BUS.
YOU WANNA STICK WITH ME?
WE GOT TO! WE GONE TOO FAR
NO
ALRIGHT THEN WE GO UP THE ROAD.
WAIT, WHY YOU GOTTA GET UP THERE? WHAT'S UP THERE?
MY MISSION IS TO MAKE IT UP INTO HACKNEY.
I'VE GOT TO INTERVIEW PSYCHIC T.V.
THAT'S FUCKING TYPICAL! SHIT! FUCKING CARTOON STRIP! WE GO THROUGH ALL THIS JUST SO YOU CAN DO AN INTERVIEW? THAT'S FUCKING GREAT! THAT'S JUST FUCKING GREAT!
SHIT, THAT'S FUCKING GREAT, I MEAN I THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO A PARTY OR TO SCORE SOME DRUGS OR SOMETHING?
PART OF ME WAS AFRAID OF WHAT I WOU FIND AND WHAT I WOUL DO WHEN I GOT THERE. I KNEW THE RISKS OR IMAGINED I KNEW THEM BUT THE THING I FELT MOST, MUCH STRONGER THAN FEAR, WAS BOREDOM.


TEMPLE OF PSYCHIC YOUTH
IT'S ALRIGHT IT'S ALRIGHT! IT'S ALL BEEN APPROVED!
73
I'AINT COMIN' IN THERE, NOT WITH THEM BASTARDS DRESSED LIKE THAT


ZAP'EM WITH THE SIREN, MAN, ZAP'EM WITH THE SIREN.....AH, THAT'S A PRETTY ONE. MOVE IT RIGHT IN TOWARD ME. IT'S ALRIGHT. AND YOU'VE GOT THE CIGARETTES AND THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN DREAMING OF!
WHO ARE YOU?
WHO ARE YOU? HA HA HA. I'M A 'SOUNDS' JOURNALIST. I'VE COVERED THROBBING GRISTLE. I'VE BEEN IN HAM-TOTTENHAM, BETHNAL GREEN, MILE END, COOE EE! COOE BABY! I'LL TELL YA ONE THING THIS BUS IS IN A MESS, MAN.
WHO ARE ALL THESE PEOPLE?
YEAH, WELL, THEY THINK YOU'VE COME TO TAKE HIM AWAY & I HOPE THAT IS'NT TRUE
TAKE WHO AWAY?
HIM, GENESIS P.ORRIDGE. THESE ARE ALL HIS CHILDREN, MAN, AS FAR AS YOU CAN SEE. HELL, MAN, OUT HERE WE'RE ALL HIS CHILDREN.
COULD WE TALK TO GENESIS?
HEY MAN, YOU DONT TALK TO GENESIS, YOU LISTEN TO HIM. THE MAN'S ENLARGED MY MIND, HE'S A POET WARRIOR IN THE CLASSIC SENSE. I MEAN SOMETIMES YOU'LL SAY HELLO TO HIM, RIGHT & HE'LL JUST WALK RIGHT BY YA, HE WONT EVEN NOTICE YA, THEN SUDDENLY HE'LL GRAB YA AND HE'LL THROW YOU IN A CORNER AND HE'LL SAY DO YOU KNOW THAT 'IF' IS THE MIDDLE WORD IN 'LIFE'? IF YOU CAN KEEP YOUR HEAD WHEN ALL ABOUT YOU ARE LOSING THEIRS... ....I'M A LITTLE MAN, I'M A LITTLE MAN, HE'S A GREAT MAN, I SHOULD HAVE BEEN A PAIR OF RAGGED CLAWS SCUTTLING ACROSS FLOORS OF SILENT SEAS.....HEY, DON'T GO WITHOUT ME OK?
NO SMOKING
THEN YOU'LL HELP ME?
THIS PORRIDGE GUY, HE'S WACKO, MAAN! HE'S WORSE THAN CRAZY, HE'S EVIL! I MEAN THAT'S WHAT THE MAN'S GOT SET UP HERE, MAN, IT'S FUCKING PSYCHEDELIA! LOOK AROUND YA! SHIT, ITS LOCO.
HELP YA? FUCKIN' A, I'LL HELP YA. I'LL DO ANYTHING TO GET OUT OF THIS JOINT! WE COULD BLOW ALL THEM ASSHOLES AWAY, THEY'RE SO FUCKING SPACED OUT THEY WOULD'NT EVEN KNOW IT. I AIN'T AFRAID OF ALL THEM FUCKIN' SKULLS & ALTERS & SHIT, I USED TO THINK IF.....IF I DIED IN AN EVIL PLACE THEN MY SOUL WOULD'NT BE ABLE TO MAKE IT TO HEAVEN, BUT NOW FUCK, I MEAN I DONT CARE WHERE IT GOES AS LONG AS IT AINT HERE! SO WHAT D'YA WANT ME TO DO?....


VAGUE
VAGUE
SORRY, GEN'S NOT IN, COULD YOU COME BACK TOMORROW.
AH, THEN YOU WONT MIND IF I LEAVE THESE FOR HIM.
VAGUE
VAGUE
OFF LICENCE
VIDEO VIEW
VIDEOS & ALCOHOL
VIDEO VIEW
VIDEOS & ALCOHOL
THE HORROR! THE HORROR!
DROP THE BOMB! KILL THEM ALL!


Apocalypse Now

STOKE NEWINGTON AFTER THE RAIN: REPRESENTATION AND DIFFERENCE IN 'APOCALYPSE NOW'

Mark Downham got off the bus years ago - to become the world's first *method film critic*. Mark doesn't just research the subject of a film, he BECOMES the film. Here's his shortwave radio messages from *the worst place in the world...*

'Dear Son, I'm afraid that both you and your mother will have been worried at not hearing from me during the past weeks - But my situation here has become a difficult one. I have been officially accused of murder by the army. The alleged victims were 4 vietnamese double agents. We spent months uncovering them and accumulating evidence. When absolute proof was completed, we acted. We acted like soldiers. The charges are unjustified and, in the circumstances of this conflict, quite completely insane.

'In a war there are many moments for compassion and tender action. There are many moments for ruthless action. What is often called ruthless, what may in many circumstances reveal with clarity - seeing clearly what there is to be done and doing it - directly, quickly, awake - looking at it.

'I will trust you to tell your mother what you choose about this letter. As for the charges against me - I am unconcerned. I am beyond their timid, lying morality and so I am beyond caring, you have all my faith, your loving father.'

'I AM WALTER E. KURTZ. I AM THE DETONATION OF THE FIRST AND LAST THERMO-NUCLEAR WARHEAD. I AM ANNIHILATION. A SAVAGE MESSIAH. I WAS DESIGNED FOR THIS. WITHOUT MORALITY. WITHOUT JUDGEMENT. I WAIT FOR YOU TO COME, WILLARD. I'VE WAITED A THOUSAND CENTURIES AND IT WILL TAKE SECONDS TO INFECT YOU. FORGET VIETNAM. FORGET NAPALM. AUSCHWITZ IS HERE. I WAS DESIGNED FOR THIS, THIS WORLD SURREAL, THIS WORLD INVERTED, THIS PENUMBRA, THIS EPI-CENTRE, THE GROUND-ZERO OF EXTINCTION ABSOLUTE. WHERE MADNESS IS METHOD AND METHOD IS MADNESS. I AM LEAR'S WALKING FIRE. I WAIT, REVOLVING, SPINNING, DIALECTICALLY FREE-ASSOCIATING, THE ZEN WHIRLWIND. IF I DID'NT EXIST, YOUR PRIMORDIAL GENETIC PROGRAMMING - THE DESIRE TO ANNIHILATE EVERYTHING - WOULD CREATE ME. THE AMERIKAN GOTHIK IS PLUGGED STRAIGHT INTO ME. I AM THE OTHER. YOU ARE WILLARD AND I AWAIT YOU IN THE WORST PLACE IN THE WORLD. AUSCHWITZ. AN AUSCHWITZ DESIGNED FOR 'NAM. THE ONLY WORLD - HISTORICAL EVENT. MY PERSONALITY WILL ENGULF YOU, AS YOU HACK, TEAR, RIP ME TO PIECES, FOR WE ARE TWINS. COME TO THIS STYGIAN PENUMBRA OF SLOW DEATH, MALARIA, NIGHTMARES. COME THROUGH THE MIRROR BEYOND YOUR OWN PRIVATE TERROR TO THIS HORROR, THIS JOURNEY TO THE HEART OF DARKNESS. BROODING, EVER-GAZING INTO THE BLAST-FURNACE WHERE I WILL MOULD YOU INTO DEATH. I AM THE FINAL SOLUTION. I AM AUSCHWITZ RUN BY ITS OWN INMATES AND THE PAIN THIS CAUSES CRUSHES LANGUAGE.'

'Greatness is the capacity to bear the suffering of others'... Vietnam, irreality and otherness... The Hyperreal, the Hype and the Horror... The dual fate of Willard/ Kurtz is clear. They are forgetting themselves to pieces. They are metamorphosing into pure videodrome.'... Apocalypse Now in reverse...' You will remember me for a thousand years.'! Adolf Hitler.

Apocalypse Now makes Vietnam 'irreal' because the intelligibility by which to experience it is missing. The derealising of *real world event* is an implicit theme of the film. Willard's eyes are constantly shown registering disbelief that the events he witnesses are reality, but then he has shattered the mirror and crossed over into mythology. *Apocalypse Now* is Cambodia after the Rain, through which Willard (you) is lured, dragged, drawn, called towards Kurtz, who is waiting, killing constantly without judgement, without morality, gazing back into the eye of the surreal maelstrom which is becoming Willard-shaped.

No heroic gestures, no klaxons blare, no alarms ring as Kurtz reaches out to flex his fingers in the stuff that is Willard; but surely as he must, Willard comes. Somewhere else *Apocalypse Now* shifts into being war as videodrome. War becomes cinematographic, televisual, hallucinogenic, surreal; just pure images coded into a fantastic psychedelic - technological semiotic, a hyperreality of surfaces. Here is a war - call it a film - where psychics predict enemy movement, combat drugs are distributed to induce psychotic-berserker visionary states and experimental *accumicon* visored helmets use bio-tech micro-circuits to enhance vision into multiple dimensions. Vietnam 1965 and El Salvador 1995 are interchangeable. War is idiot-servant machine intelligence observing itself and the treatment of Vietnam through *Apocalypse Now* ensures that war as hysterical violence-cum-insensate savagery becomes film and film as fascination with this annihilatory vortex becomes war as semiotic. The two superimpose, intermesh, double, exchange genetic codings, united by their mutual overflows of technologies and bodies.

Apocalypse Now is conceived as a 'World-historical' event for which Vietnam is only a pretext, a superficial topography; but Coppola reaches below the surface into a furious underworld and wakes up the beast. The beast wakes, gazes out through Kurtz's eyes, smiles like an angel at the knowledge of being the worst thing in the world, then strikes - reaches out and takes this cyber-baroque dream of napalming the tropics, swallows it and recodes the film as a power already filming itself as it unfolds. Power - *Apocalypse Now* as the anticipation of reality by images, the precession of images and media in relation to events, such that the connection between cause and effect becomes scrambled and it becomes impossible to tell which is the effect of the other. *Apocalypse Now* is a war, a power, a magical operation of immense proportions, on which the movements of the planes, helicopters and troops are inscribing a mystical sign on the surface of reality, Willard's retina, in which to survive, you... call yourself Willard... have to figure out your location and move accordingly. It's really very simple, Martin Sheen/ Willard, Marlon Brando/ Kurtz and Dennis Hopper/ 'Tim Page' actually triangulate reality, they locate each other within a coherent map of rituals, exchanges and events; but when the other two are overtaken by the expanding hallucinogenic-semiotic topography, reality ripples, everything starts repeating itself and Willard starts to come apart.

The film begins as it ends and begins again - a mobius loop - with the Doors song *'The End'* on the soundtrack as Willard undergoes a nervous breakdown. This scene is wild, intense, intimate - the breakdown is expressive, but of nothing. After all, nothing has happened to him yet. The scene seems to be the initial excorcising of the possibility of expression. After this, as the film goes in reverse, his only expression/ emotion - if emotion it is - is disbelief. But what of Kurtz? Kurtz is searching for a savage logic, attempting to decode the capacity of humanity to commit atrocities, to unravel the source, the will to do that and at the same time to understand the methodology of the annihilation of difference, the other. Vietnam understands Kurtz. Kurtz understands Vietnam. Kurtz is mad. Sometimes Kurtz is sane. Think madness, think method. Think of a snail crawling along the straight edge of a razor. Crawling, laughing, dreaming - surviving. Think of a lethal weapon. Think power - everything is power whispering to itself through every broadcast, tape, transmission, page, reel, and it's talking to Kurtz. There he goes, *he's really out there*, listening, understanding, hacking, gouging, killing - yes, Kurtz is really mad, shot to the eyeballs with method. Willard, in order to understand Kurtz, traces delicately his voyage, through his own voyage, they superimpose themselves on each other - each the other's reflection of method and madness. Willard hits the same vanishing point as Kurtz. The beast smiles, reaches out, flexes its fingers and swallows him. When he rises out of the beast he has become Kurtz and wrapped in methodology, hyper horror, he dances that long forgotten ancient dance of death towards Kurtz, who is attempting to download, onto a tape, the hyperreal coding of Vietnam. Forget Vietnam. *Apocalypse Now* becomes the expression of Auschwitz, the worst thing in the world. It is a forge in which this two-headed beast, Kurtz/ Willard, beats out a primordial tattoo of insensate savagery and nuclear dreams, an hysterical violence. Somewhere Dennis Hopper is questioning everything as darkness falls...

"Why? Why would a nice guy like you wanna kill a genius?

You know that the man... the man really likes you? He likes you. HE REALLY LIKES YOU. He's got something in mind for you. Aren't you curious about that? I'm curious. I'm very curious. Are you curious?

"There's something happening out here, man... You know something, Man? I know something you dont know. That's right, Jack!... The man is clear in his mind but his soul is mad. Oh, Yeah. He's dying, I think. He hates all this. But the man's a... He reads poetry out loud. Alright. And a Voice... A Voice.

"He likes you 'cos you're still alive. He's got plans for you... Nah, nah, I'm not gonna help you. You're gonna help him, man. You're gonna help him. I mean what are they going to say, man, when he's gone, huh? If he dies. When IT dies, man! When it dies! He dies! What are they going to say about him? What? He was a kind man? He was a wise man? He had plans? He had wisdom? BULLSHIT, man! Am I going to be the one that's going to set them straight? Look at me. Wrong!... YOU."

STOKE NEWINGTON STREET EXECUTIO



SCRIPT: VAGUE/COPPOLA/HERR/CONRAD ART: PER

VAGRUNTS IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE:- TOM VAGUE/SI'GONE'COLL
DAVE GREEN/MICK MERCER/WILLIAM SHAW/CAROL IRVING/PAUL FL
JOHN TRAVIS/STRINGY/PERRY + KAREN/GARY ODDIE/CHAS/DEV/PE
MAT/MICK/STAMFORD HILL HIPPIES/HACKNEY HELLCREW/CLIENTEL
OF THE TANNERS HALL/SANDY ROBERTSON/GENESIS P.ORRIDGE/PA
P.ORRIDGE AND THE TEMPLE OF PSYCHICK YOUTH.



(STANLEY KUBRICK COULD'NT DIRECT TRAFF

RED ARMY FACTION



WELL, IT'S BETTER THAN BOTTLING IT UP.



Baader, Andreas Bernd
6. 5. 43 München
Haftbefehl



Meinhof, Ulrike, geech. Röhl
7. 10. 34 Oldenburg
Haftbefehl



Mayer, Holger Klaus
26. 10. 41 Hamburg
Haftbefehl



Ensslin, Gudrun, 15. 8. 40
Haftbefehl



Raspe, Jan-Carl, 24. 7. 44 Soelzel
Haftbefehl



Stachowiak, Ilse, 17. 5. 54
Frankfurt/M.
Haftbefehl



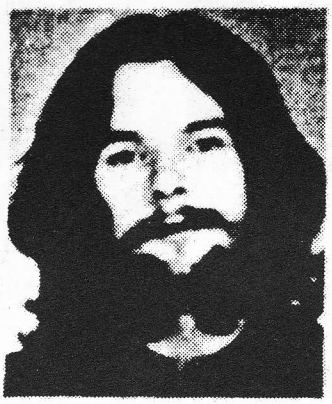
Achterath, Axel, 15. 4. 35 Hannover
Haftbefehl



Augustin, Ronald
20. 11. 49 Amsterdam
Haftbefehl



Braun, Bernhard, 25. 2. 46 Berlin
Haftbefehl



Brockmann, Heinz, 1. 3. 48 Gütersloh
Haftbefehl



Pichler, Albert, 18. 12. 44 Stuttgart
Haftbefehl



Maurer, Klaus, 6. 8. 47
Haftbefehl



Müller, Irmgard, 13. 5. 47 Bielefeld



Mohnhaupt, Brigitte,



Baumann, Ralf, 27. 6. 48 Berlin



Burs, Ingeburg, 2. 7. 48

'Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?'

[1] FROM THIS MOMENT DESPAIR ENDS AND TACTICS BEGIN: THE SUMMER OF HATE - JUNE 2 1967 - THE SHAH'S VISIT AND THE KILLING OF BENNO OHNESORG - KOMMUNE I AND KONKRET - BURN WAREHOUSE BURN!

'These tactics will be condemned to theoretical hibernation if they cannot, by other means, attract collectively the individuals whom isolation and hatred for the collective lie have already won over to the rational decision to kill or kill themselves. No murderers - And no humanists either! The first accepts death, the second imposes it. Let ten people meet who are resolved on the lightning of violence rather than the agony of survival: From this moment, despair ends and tactics begin. Despair is the infantile disorder of the revolutionaries of everyday life.'
- RAOUL VANEIGEM, 'THE REVOLUTION OF EVERYDAY LIFE'.

'I've seen the horrors, horrors that you've seen. But you have no right to call me a murderer. You have a right to kill me. You have a right to do that. But you have no right to judge me.

'It's impossible for words to describe what is necessary to those who do not know what horror means. Horror. Horror has a face and you must make a friend of horror. Horror and moral terror are your friends. If they are not then they are enemies to be feared. They are truly enemies.

'I remember when I was with Special Forces, seems a thousand centuries ago, we went into a camp to innoculate children. We left the camp after we'd innoculated the children for polio and this old man came running after us and he was crying, he couldn't see. We went back there and they had come and hacked off every innoculated arm. There they were in a pile, a pile of little arms. And I remember I, I, I cried, I wept like some grandmother, I wanted to tear my teeth out, I didn't know what I wanted to do, and I want to remember it, I never want to forget it. I never want to forget it. I never want to forget. And then I realised like I was SHOT, like I was shot with a diamond, a diamond bullet right through my forehead. And I thought my god, the genius of that, the genius, the will to do that. Perfect, genuine, complete, crystal, pure. Then I realised that they were stronger than we. Because they could - understand that they were not monsters, these were men, trained cadre, these men who thought with their hearts, who have families, who have children, who are filled with love. But they had THE STRENGTH - THE STRENGTH to do that.

'If I had ten divisions of those men then our troubles here would be over very quickly. You have to have men who are moral and at the same time who are able to utilise their primordial instincts to kill without feeling, without passion, without JUDGEMENT - without judgement - because it's judgement that defeats us.'
- COL. WALTER E. KURTZ, 'APOCALYPSE NOW'.

In 1963 the USAF begin surface bombing rural districts of South Vietnam. (That's before JFK got croaked.) By 1965 american B-52's were bombing North Vietnam...

FEBRUARY 5,1965: 2,OOO students march through West Berlin. 5OO demonstrators leave the main march and attack the US embassy. Afterwards posters went up asking;

'FOR HOW MUCH LONGER WILL WE TOLERATE MASS MURDER COMMITTED IN OUR NAME?'

EARLY 1967: Leading lights of the West Berlin student movement - Fritz Teufel, Dieter Kunzelmann (former member of *'THE SITUATIONIST INTERNATIONAL'*, expelled with the rest of the german contingent in 1962), Bommi Baumann and Rainer Langhans - form *'KOMMUNE1'* Rudi Dutschke, the leader of the SDS (Socialist Student Union), was a member but he didn't last long. Fritz Teufel was already famous in his own right for various student pranks, but collectively they first hit the headlines when the US Vice-president Hubert Humphrey visited in April.

'KOMMUNE 1' planned to welcome Humphrey with custard pies, but the press got hold of it and cried wolf with stories of threatened bomb attacks. There were some arrests and many comparisons between custard and napalm. In *'Konkret'*, Germany's answer to *'OZ'*, top columnist Ulrike Meinhof (Germany's answer to Julie Burchill) wrote:

'It is thought rude to throw custard pies at politicians, but not to welcome politicians who have villages wiped out and cities bombed... naplam yes, custard no.'

'KOMMUNE 1' got a bit more serious in May - after a Brussels Department store fire in which 3OO died, a handout of theirs read:

'When will the department stores of Berlin burn?... The yanks have been dying for Berlin in Vietnam. We were sorry to see the poor souls obliged to shed their coca-cola blood in the vietnamese jungle. So we started by marching... throwing the occassional egg at America House and we would have liked to finish seeing HHH die smothered in custard... Now our belgian friends have at last found the knack of really involving the whole population in all the fun of Vietnam... Brussels has given us the only answer; BURN WAREHOUSE BURN!'

SUMMER 1967: A great deal of publicity heralded the state visit of the Shah of Iran and the Empress Farah Diba - Dieter Kunzelmann's contribution was: *'I do not study, I do not work, I have trouble with my orgasm, and I wish the public to be informed of this.'* Ulrike Meinhof responded to an interview the Empress had given to *'Neue Revue'* with *'An Open Letter to Farah Diba';*

'You say; "Summers are very hot in Iran, and like most persians I and my family travel to the Persian Riviera on the Caspian Sea." Like most persians? Isn't that somewhat exagerrated?... most persians are peasants with an annual income of less than $100. And for most persian women every second child dies of starvation, poverty and disease. And the children too, those who knot carpets in their 14 hour day, do they too, most of them, travel to the Caspian Sea in Summer? Etc, etc.'

JUNE 2: After all the anti-shah iranians had been rounded up, the pro-shah ones were allowed to greet their emperor as he flew into Berlin. When the imperial cortege reached Schöneberg City Hall, hundreds of student demonstrators had to be held back - the german police were assisted in this task by iranian secret service men, armed with long wooden staves. The demonstrators barely had a chance to begin anti-shah chants before the *'Jubilant Persians'* waded in. The german police watched on, making no move to intervene - And when they did it was on the side of the persians.

That evening it was the same story at the Opera House. The Shah and Farah Diba arrived to little more than chanting and a few off-target bags of paint. The demonstrators started to drift off to nearby bars, planning to return to see the Shah off. Suddenly 14 ambulances pulled up, ominously blocking their escape route. A brutal bludgeoning ensued, far worse than the scenes in Schöneberg - and the ambulances were soon full. Then the mopping up operation began.

A handful of demonstrators made a last stand in Krummestr. Uniformed police lined up infront of them, then a plain-clothes snatch-squad went in to apprehend a 'ringleader'. They got their man and flung him to the ground. Thereupon other demonstrators surrounded the snatch-squad and uniformed police came to their aid. Hand to hand fighting broke out and the suspected ringleader momentarily got away.

When he was captured a second time he was beaten senseless - then, according to eyewitnesses, Det.Sgt. Karl-Heinz Kurras (of the *'Popo'*-political police) pointed his 7.65mm pistol at the demonstrator's head. A shot rang out and Benno Ohnesorg, a 26 year-old romantic languages student, was dead.

June 2, 1967 became known as the turning point for a lot of people. Even Mayor Albertz was deeply effected. (He quit office soon after of his own accord.) But not the Shah, who told Albertz, *'not to think too much of it; these things happen every day in Iran.'* The quote of the night, however, came from one of the demonstrators who had escaped to the SDS centre: Gudrun Ensslin summed up what many of the battered students were feeling when she said:

"They'll kill us all. You know what kind of pigs we're up against. This is the Auschwitz generation. You can't argue with the people who made Auschwitz. They have weapons and we haven't. We must arm ourselves!"

The Shah added further insult to injury by demanding that judicial action be taken against the demonstrators. In response thousands turned up at police stations to plead guilty to demonstrating. But only Fritz Teufel was held: for plotting against the US Vice-President, throwing a stone at the Shah and inciting arson with the *'Burn Warehouse Burn'* handout. After a complaint was lodged with the state court, he too was released. However Teufel refused to hand over his passport and demanded to be let back into prison. Without a court order no one would oblige. Finally he staged a 'go-in' on the Berlin State Parliament, which effectively got him reincarcerated.

Andreas Baadar wasn't in Berlin for the Shah's visit. He was otherwise detained at Traunstein borstal for stealing a motorbike. Baadar surfaced again later that summer and met Gudrun Ensslin for the first time. He soon made quite an impression on the *'Extra-parliamentary Op-*

[2] YOU CANT GO HOME AGAIN: 1968: THE FRANKFURT DEPT. STORE ARSONS - THE SHOOTING OF RUDI DUTSCHKE - THE SPRINGER SIEGE - THE ARSON TRIAL AND THE BATTLE OF TEGELER WEG.

position', described as more of a *'Marlon Brando type'* than a student drop-out, all he ever talked about was terrorism and stealing cars.

MARCH 22, 1968: Teufel and Langhans cleared of incitement to arson. The *Kommune I* handout was judged to be satire. That's as maybe, but Gudrun Ensslin and Andreas Baadar took it very seriously. They visited *Kommune I* to see if anyone was interested in putting their ideas into practice. But no one was except Thorwald Proll, a friend of Baadar and Ensslin. The three of them drove to Munich, where they picked up Horst Söhnlein, an old Fassbinder-baiting pal of Baadar's. (*"I dont throw bombs: I make films."*RWF.)

APRIL 2: After stopping off at Gudrun's volks in Stuttgart, they arrived in Frankfurt. In the afternoon the four took a stroll round the city centre. Baadar and Ensslin went into the Kaufhaus Schneider store, took the escalator up to the 3rd floor, tried out a few camp beds, wandered briefly round the other floors, and left.

Just before closing time they returned. The store was almost empty and the couple were anything but discreet. They ran up the switched off escalators holding hands and, when they thought no one was looking, planted an incendiary device in the ladies clothing dept. A second bomb was placed in a cupboard in the furniture dept. and just before the store closed the couple ran out into the street. More devices were planted that evening in the nearby Kaufhof store, but whoever was responsible made a better job of concealing the fact.

Shortly before midnight the third and then the first floor of the Kaufhaus Schneider went up in flames. A few minutes later the Kaufhof was also burning. Fire engines soon arrived at both stores. Nobody was hurt and the damage was minimal; $250,000. Baadar, Ensslin, Proll and Söhnlein heard the sirens from the *Club Voltaire* (a famous revolutionary watering hole), and went out to join the crowd of onlookers. Afterwards a woman they knew put them up in her apartment.

The following evening they met again at *Club Voltaire* and took their host's child home, so she could stay on at the club. 10am the next morning, the Frankfurt police received a tip-off and a few minutes later Baadar, Ensslin, Proll and Söhnlein were arrested in the woman's apartment. Various incriminating evidence - the same sticky tape, parts of a clock, etc - was found in their car.

The SDS disowned the action but by and large *Kommune I* approved. Some thought it amateurish, almost as if they wanted to be caught, but at least they'd done something. As Bommi Baumann put it:

'It made no difference to me at the time whether they'd set fire to a store or not, what mattered was just that people had broken out of the system for once.'

APRIL 11: People were getting serious. A week after the Frankfurt firebombings, an attempt was made on the life of SDS leader, Rudi Dutschke.

Josef Bachmann, a mentally sub-normal house painter, took the inter-zone train from Munich to Berlin, apparently inspired by the neo-nazi *'Deutsche National Zeitung'* (a cutting from which was found on him, proclaiming *'Stop Dutschke Now!'*) He inquired after Dutschke at the SDS centre then lay in wait outside his apt. building further down the Ku-damm.

When Dutschke came out on his bike, Bachmann approached him, asked if he was Rudi Dutschke, then called him a *'filthy communist swine'* and shot him 3 times. Dutschke fell off his bike, losing his shoes, but managed to get up and stagger towards the SDS centre, crying out, *"I have to go to the barber, I have to go to the barber."* (according to *'Baadar/ Meinhof Group'* author, Stefan Aust and he was there - In the light of subsequent revolutionary youth culture developments, this could have been the most important thing Rudi ever said.)

Apres shooting Bachmann took an overdose of sleeping pills and his life, like that of his victim, was only just saved in hospital. (For the record he succeeded at his second suicide attempt.) The overriding mood was one of brooding anger, until it was announced on the 6.30 news that Dutschke had survived. Only then did the crowd gathered at the SDS centre act. An emotional meeting was held at the Technical University and the blame was clearly laid to rest on the shoulders of the right-wing Springer Press (who had been equally reactionary as the neo-nazis in its condemnation of the students.) From the University the students marched on the Springer building in Kochstr. chanting, *'Springer out of Berlin! Bild fired the gun too!'*

Ulrike Meinhof, who had also been at the SDS centre with Aust - they were colleagues on *Konkret* at the time - drove him to the Springer compound in her car. When they arrived at one of the compound gates, a student came up to them and said more cars were needed to stop the Springer trucks getting out (à la Wapping). Ulrike wasn't too keen on her car being part of a barricade, but Aust told her to park it on the pavement, so it wasn't blocking the road but was still part of the barricade. It didn't work anyway. The police made sure the trucks got through and Ulrike Meinhof was one of those charged with using force. Once again Stefan Aust came to her assistance and managed to prove that, even though her car was illegally parked, it wasn't causing an obstruction.

The Springer siege developed into a full-blown riot - During which Springer trucks were set alight with molotovs supplied by one Peter Urbach (who was later proved to be a counter-intelligence man, in the employ of the government.) And in the same weekend a student and a press photographer were killed in vicious streetfighting in Munich. The Ulrike Meinhof column in the May *Konkret* was entitled *'From Protest to Resistance'*.

SUMMER 1968: The Dutschke assassination attempt was the spark for massive demonstrations in Berlin and Bonn, followed by strikes and occupations at almost every university in the FDR.

The Frankfurt arsonists missed out on all this, awaiting trial in remand centres. Andreas Baadar wrote to *Kommune 1: 'And when Bonn has fallen, leave NATO for us...'*

OCTOBER 14: Arson trial finally begins. Lawyers include Otto Schilly, Horst Mahler and Gudrun's old professor Heinitz. When the judge first calls Baadar, Thorwald Proll stands up instead. The Judge proceeds to interrogate Proll until the state prosecutor tells him he has the wrong man. At which point both of them were ejected from court. Söhnlein fought his way out in solidarity, and when the judge sentenced them to 3 days for bad behaviour, Proll shouted *"I raise you to 4!"*

On the third day of the trial Gudrun Ensslin made a statement saying that she and Baadar started the fires, in protest at indifference to the Vietnam war, *'We have found that words are useless without action.'*

OCTOBER 31: All 4 defendants sentenced to 3 years imprisonment. As their appeals go through, one of the lawyers, Horst Mahler, was himself in court facing an application to stop his practice because of his part in the Springer demonstration. However the siege of the Springer Compound paled in comparison to the scenes outside the Berlin regional court where his case was heard.

In what became known as *'The Battle of Tegeler Weg'*, 130 police and 22 demonstrators were injured in the worst streetfighting ever seen in the FDR. For the first time rockers joined in on the side of the students, and the police received their soundest beating to date. After *'Tegeler Weg'* police were issued with special riot shields, helmets and extra-long truncheons.

APRIL 1969: Ulrike Meinhof stops writing for *Konkret*. The previous year she had divorced Klaus Rainer Röhl, the publisher, and left the *Konkret* base in Hamburg for Berlin with their 2 daughters. Now the split was complete, and it wasn't very amicable - at one point Ulrike attempted to occupy the *Konkret* offfice. (Not sure where Stefan Aust stood on that. Probably in the middle.)

JUNE 13: Baadar,Ensslin, Proll and Söhnlein released on parole, under an amnesty for political prisoners in 1969. (They had to go back in 1970 if their appeal wasn't succesful.) Baadar and Ensslin ended up at the *'Frankfurt Apprentices' Collective'* - A popular student cause of the time was the plight of young people in state run homes (i.e. Borstals.) A large number of these *'apprentices'* had run away and were living more or less underground, assisted by students - Baadar got on especially well with the *'apprentices'* because it wasn't that long ago he was one himself. And to the boys, Baadar's practical experience was infinitely preferable to the political theories of the students. Baadar would organise 'sports activities', such as high-speed car chases round the inner-circle roads of Frankfurt and 'Go-ins' on restaurants where waiters would be harangued.

Baadar said he wanted to empty all the homes in the Federal Republic and unleash an army of thousands of inmates. Towards this end, he or Ulrike Meinhof took the original *apprentices* to visit other homes, recruiting and protesting about conditions. When finance wasn't immediately forthcoming from the authorities, Baadar and Ensslin found they could easily obtain

[3] 1969/70: THE FRANKFURT APPRENTICES SCHEME - THE SCHILLI AND THE RASPBERRY REICH - WAYS UNDERGROUND - INSTRUCTIONS FOR TAKING UP ARMS AND THE RECAPTURE OF BAADAR.

donations from the chic-left or *'Schilli'* - lawyers, lecturers and the like (trendy lefties). Whenever funds got low, Gudrun would say, *"Oh well, we've got to resort to writing begging letters to the liberal shits again."* At weekends the two would drive off to play on the consciences of the *schilli* and return with gifts from the *'raspberry Reich'* (e.g. A Mercedes from the wife of a Frankfurt boutique owner.)

NOVEMBER: This quiet, relatively legal spell comes to an end. The Federal High Court rejects their appeal and demands they return to jail. Only Horst Söhnlein obeys, the others decide to go underground.

Outside the Frankfurt Hertie store they got into a friend's car and set off for Hanau. There they switched cars and drivers and went on to Saarbrücken; where the third and final getaway car was waiting to take them over the border into France. They spent the night at a *schilli* house in Forbach, Lorraine then drove onto Paris in the morning. A safe house had already been found for them in the Latin Quarter. (The house belonged to Regis Debray, Che Guevara's comrade-in-arms, who had been sentenced to 30 years imprisonment in Bolivia after Che's death in 1967. However he was released in 1970 because of pressure from his influential family.)

Once they were settled Baadar rang Thorwald Proll's sister, Astrid, and got her to bring files, books and the Mercedes from Frankfurt. Thorwald met her outside the Paris police HQ which was close to Debray's apt. For the next few days the four of them took it easy, hanging out in parisian cafes, spending vast amounts of *schilli* money and being recklessly driven about by Baadar.

Then Astrid Proll was sent off to Amsterdam to acquire false papers and on her return they hit the road again, heading south. In Strasbourg they dumped Thorwald Proll, who eventually turned himself in like Horst Söhnlein. Neither of them had anything more to do with the group. Baadar, Ensslin and Astrid Proll went on to Italy via Switzerland.

FEBRUARY 1970: A petition had been made on their behalf by the likes of Ulrike Meinhof and the director of the Frankfurt Youth Office, but it too was rejected. When Gudrun Ensslin was told the news over the phone in Naples, she said,*"OK, we'll just have to carry on then."*

The lawyer Horst Mahler had visited them in Italy and suggested they return to Berlin and form an underground group with him. After stealing an Alfa-Romeo in Rome (their own Mercedes had been stolen in Naples) Astrid Proll eventually made it back to the FDR, despite crashing in a snowstorm in Austria. Baadar and Ensslin followed a few days later. Once again stopping off at Gudrun's volks in Stuttgart and even visiting the local carnival in disguise.

While Baadar and Ensslin were on the run, Ulrike Meinhof had been working on a film, *'Bambule'* (Resistance), about the treatment of young people in custody. *Apprentices* from Frankfurt and their Berlin equivalent began turning up at her door, and in due course the *apprentices'* hero, Andreas Baadar and Gudrun Ensslin did too. *'Hans and Grete'*, as they were known to Meinhof's kids, stayed at her Kufsteinerstr. apt. for a couple of weeks.

During this time a loose association existed between Dieter Kunzelmann from *Kommune 1*; who was also wanted and said to be laying property damaging bombs about the place; the Horst Mahler group; and Baadar/Ensslin. However there was soon a clash over leadership between Baadar and Kunzelmann - and an insurmountable difference in style between the *'radical maoist'* tactics favoured by Baadar/ Ensslin and the *'Prankster'* dope scene that Kunzelmann's *'June 2nd Movement'* was to come out of. So Baadar made his move on the Horst Mahler group who had yet to make the all-important leap from theory into practice.

Horst Mahler's literal baptism of fire was the petrol bombing of admin. offices in the Märkischer Viertel. Mahler's molotov actually missed but he'd shown willing. Shortly after he found Baadar and Ensslin new accomodation because Ulrike Meinhof's apt. was no longer considered safe: The entrance hall to the new apt. was furnished in a conventional manner, but the rooms only contained mattresses and bare essentials. Other apartments were rented and kept empty in reserve. The group was slowly expanding but Ulrike Meinhof remained a sympathetic observer, not yet ready to take the plunge because of her children.

Next on the agenda was arms; after an aborted attempt to steal guns from the guards patrolling the wall, Peter Urbach, the counter-intelligence man, was summoned. He said he had a crate of WW2 guns buried in a Buckow cemetary. Baadar, Urbach and Mahler went to the cemetary but kept getting disturbed whenever they started to dig - so that one was put on hold.

The next day Baadar was driving as recklessly as ever through Kreuzberg, in Astrid Proll's Mercedes, when he was stopped by the police. Although he was let off with a warning, the traffic cop later recognised him on a Wanted poster. Soon *'Schupo'* (Town Police), *'Bepo'* (Young Reserves), *'Kripo'* (Criminal) and *'Popo'* (Political) - *'the anti-marxist brothers'* - were looking for Baadar in Berlin.

APRIL 3: Urbach was given another chance to find his arms stash. This time they actually got to dig but struck paydirt. Urbach managed to talk his way out of it and they set off for home. Mahler and Urbach led in the latter's car. As they were driving through Neukoln, a *Kripo* radio car pulled up beside them. Mahler became very nervous but Urbach kept driving. Then a second police car swung out infront of Astrid Proll's Mercedes and stopped it.

Baadar handed over an ID card and driving license in the name of *'Peter Chotjewitz'*. The ID card had such details as how many children Herr Chotjewitz had. When the *Kripo* asked Baadar this, he gave the game away somewhat by saying he couldn't remember. He was then taken, along with Renate Wolff and Peter Homann, the other occupants of the Mercedes, for further ID checks. Baadar was the only one detained, the others were allowed to leave.

Early the next morning, Horst Mahler called the police and, in his capacity as Baadar's lawyer, demanded to know where they were holding him. *"If you can confirm that the person arrested early this morning actually is Herr Baadar"* came the reply. Horst had put his foot in it. For despite being a police station pin-up for some months, Baadar hadn't been positively identified from his fingerprints. In any case it was extremely doubtful that Baadar would have been released without further checks. As it was he was sent to Tegal prison to serve the remainder of his 3 years.

Urbach was finally suspected of being a police infiltrator, though it seems little happened to him accept he wasn't trusted anymore. Baadar, however, wasn't forgotten. He received regular visits from Mahler, Mahler's secretary Monika Berberich, Ulrike Meinhof and *'Dr.Gretel Weitermeier'* (Ensslin). And plans were soon afoot to spring him.

Monika Berberich had written to the prison authorities, requesting permission for Baadar to collaborate with Ulrike Meinhof on a book about *'Young people on the fringe of society'*. On one of her visits Ulrike Meinhof asked if Baadar would be allowed to visit the *'German Institute for Social Issues'* in Dahlem, to research the book. At first the request was denied but Horst Mahler, who also happened to be at Tegel, made ammends for his previous blunder by managing to persuade the governor.

Meanwhile, the problem of how to obtain arms hadn't been resolved. The task was given to Hans-Jürgen Bäcker, because of his close ties to the Berlin criminal fraternity - but all he could come up with was the *'NPD'*, a neo-nazi group. After some deliberation over the ideological soundness of buying arms from nazis, Astrid Proll and Irene Goergens went to the *'Wolf's Lair'* bar in Charlottenburg. There they met a man called 'Teddy' - real name, Gunther Voigt - an arms dealer who had previously approached the proprietor. He took them to a girlfriend's apt. where he kept his stock, and sold them a Beretta and a Reck with silencers and ammunition for DM2,000.

MAY 14: Ulrike Meinhof arrived at the Institute shortly after 8am, re-arranged the furniture and settled down to work. At 9.30 Baadar's prison car pulled up outside. His 2 guards checked the windows of the reading room and agreed to release Baadar from his handcuffs so he could work. Baadar and Meinhof talked quietly as the 2 guards looked on.

Then there was another ring at the door, and Irene Goergens and Ingrid Schubert were allowed in to look up some facts on juvenile delinquent therapy. They sat in the hallway pretending to work until the doorbell rang again. This time they got up to answer it and let in a man in a balaclava, brandishing a beretta.

Librarian Georg Linke rushed into the hall and the masked man fired at him, putting a bullet in his liver. Linke managed to get back into his office, then out of a window with his 2 secretaries. Meanwhile the masked man was in the adjoining office to the reading room, pointing his gun at librarian Frau Lorenz. The 2 girls, who now had their guns out, rushed passed him into the reading room. As the startled guards rose, Ulrike Meinhof opened a window and jumped out, closely followed by Baadar. The other 3 were shooting gas and bullets, but aiming low. The guards managed to get the gun from the man in

[4] THE SPRINGING OF BAADAR - ULRIKE MEINHOF TAKES THE LEAP AND PLO BASIC TRAINING.

the balaclava, but they couldn't stop him and the 2 girls following Meinhof and Baadar out the window. Round the corner, Astrid Proll was waiting for them in a stolen Alfa-Romeo.

The getaway car was later found by the *Kripo* with a tear-gas pistol and *'Introduction to Das Kapital'* under the front seat. Georg Linke was seriously wounded but he lived. Ulrike Meinhof's film *'Bambule'*, which was to have been shown around this time, was struck from the TV schedule and never shown - With her leap out the window of the Institute, she effectively ended her succesful career as a journalist and became an outlaw. (If I repeated that act now I'd just get told off by the cardboard factory out the back.)

JUNE 2: *'Did the pigs really believe that we would let Comrade Baadar languish in prison for 2 or 3 years? Did they really believe that we would talk about the development of class struggle and the reorganisation of the proletariat without arming ourselves at the same time? Did the pigs who shot first believe that we would allow ourselves to be shot like cattle without violence? Those who dont defend themselves die, those who dont die are buried alive in prisons, in reform schools, in the slums of worker districts, in the stone coffins of the new housing developments, in the crowded kindergartens and schools, in brand new kitchens and bedrooms filled with fancy furniture bought on credit.*

'START THE ARMED RESISTANCE NOW! BUILD UP THE RED ARMY!'

JUNE 8: Horst Mahler, Hans-Jürgen Bäcker, Monika Berberich, Brigitte Asdonk, Manfred Grashof and Petra Schelm fly to Beirut from East Berlin. They were to go on from Beirut to an Al Fatah training camp in Amman, Jordan, but their flight was delayed because of fierce fighting between the PLO and King Hussein's troops.

This meant the germans had to pass through the Lebanese checkpoint, and some of them only had Berlin ID cards. The official on duty decided to impound all their papers and hold the group in the customs office. After a while the official knocked off for the day and locked the germans' papers in his desk.

Time for another blundering phone-call from Horst Mahler. He called the French Embassy - who he thought were looking after East German interests. They were infact only looking after FDR interests - and announced who and where he was, before Petra Schelm realised who was at the other end and cut him off. But the French Embassy dutifully informed the FDR, who ordered the Lebanese to arrest the group.

However the Lebanese stalled, not particularly wanting to upset the palestinians - a troop of which shortly arrived at the airport and released the germans. Some *fedayeen* went to the house of the official, beat him up and demanded the key to the desk. But someone else had it so they loaded the whole desk into a truck and took it with them.

The Mahler group were put in the Beirut Strand for the night - And that's where the Lebanese militia arrested them a few hours later, before returning them to the airport, where once again they were rescued by the palestinians, who this time took them across the Syrian border to Damascus. There they received some firearms training from the *fedayeen* before being driven on to Amman.

JUNE 21: Baadar, Ensslin, Meinhof and some others take the U-bahn to Friedrichstr. and cross over to East Berlin. There they disguised themselves as arabs and proceeded to Schönefeld airport. The PLO liason man, Said Dudin had brought United Arab Emirates passports this time, but they were still delayed, not reaching Damascus until the following afternoon. The Syrians didn't want to let them in, but once again the palestinians intervened on their behalf and escorted them over the Jordanian border.

At Amman the advance party greeted them with hugs and kisses. Horst Mahler was sporting a Castro-style beard and cap, very much the leader of the guerrilla band. But not for long. Baadar immediately gave him a dressing down for making their trip frontpage news back in Germany. Mahler might have been a brilliant lawyer but he was no match for his venomous former client.

To begin with the group went on a sort of revolutionary tourist program. (As did many legal parties of european students at the time.) Then they insisted that they got real military training. Everyone was issued with combat gear - except Andreas Baadar, who went through basic training in skin-tight leather trousers - and they were all armed with Kalashnikov rifles, because the camp was under constant threat of attack. (A few weeks after the nascent RAF left Amman, the camp and most of its occupants were wiped out in *'Black September'*.)

Baadar soon made sure that the training was altered to suit *'The Job'*, as he called their proposed urban guerrilla activities. This included instruction in *'How to rob a bank'*, which the Algerian camp commandant, Achmed had first hand experience of in the Algerian war of independence. But it didn't take long for Baadar and Achmed to fall out. Baadar demanded to be treated on an equal footing to Al Fatah leader Abu Hassan - When Achmed ignored this demand, Baadar called a training strike.

During the strike some of the german girls sunbathed naked on the roof of their building. This caused some consternation amongst the young *fedayeen*, some of whom had never seen a naked woman before. Achmed put his foot down, shouting, *"What do you think this is? This isn't a tourist beach!"* To which Baadar countered, *"The anti-imperialist struggle and sexual emancipation go hand in hand, fucking and shooting are the same thing!"*

But for once Baadar had met his match and the strike was called off. Then Abu Hassan came to the camp to attempt to give a lecture on the palestinian struggle. He didn't get very far before he was interrupted by shouts of new demands. Hassan told Achmed not to stand for anymore of it and the next day, when the germans complained about their training again, Achmed acted. That night a group of *fedayeen* stormed their quarters and disarmed them.

Also, within the group a conflict had developed between Baadar and Peter Homann, the man suspected of being the masked gunman who freed Baadar. (Homann knew who it really was but he wasn't grass.) The two were old acquaintances but during the training they'd fallen out drastically, and Homann had taken to hanging out with Achmed and the *fedayeen*. This aroused suspicion, he was called a traitor and there was talk of a tribunal.

Finally the palestinians had to take Homann out of the camp and give him a minder. The PLO got him to write a report about the group and the political situation in the FDR - then Abu Hassan took him for a meal and arranged a meeting with the others. Homann listened in from another room as Hassan guaranteed everybody safe passage back to Germany, and arms possibly, but ignored Gudrun Ensslin's accusation that Homann was an Israeli spy and should be shot. Gudrun also made another peculiar request, on behalf of Ulrike Meinhof; could her children be brought up in one of the palestinian orphan camps. Hassan said, sure if that's what she wanted, but she'd never see them again.

AUGUST 9: The group return to West Berlin-via-the East-without a hitch. Peter Homann decided to go his own way, the PLO gave him an arab passport (in the name of Omar Sharif), $200 and a ticket on a flight from Beirut to Rome. He arrived in Rome a week after the others returned to Berlin, and got on a train for Hamburg.

This is where *'B/M Group'* author, Stefan Aust comes back into his own story. After the springing of Baadar, Aust had been commissioned by (the german) *'Panorama'* to do a documentary on Ulrike Meinhof. In the course of his research he had unsuccesfully tried to contact Peter Homann (who he also knew through *Konkret*). When Homann returned from the Middle East he contacted Aust and told him of the plans for Ulrike Meinhof's children.

When Ulrike went underground, friends had smuggled her kids through France and Italy, to a hippy colony near Mount Etna on Sicily. Peter Homann had met a woman who'd looked after them and she'd told him someone was coming from Berlin to take them to Jordan. She'd also given Homann the password, *'Prof.Schnase'* and a phone number, which Homann rang and said someone would be at Palermo airport the next day to pick up the girls. Then Aust flew down to Sicily, took the girls off the hands of the Mount Etna hippies and returned them to their father, his old boss Klaus Rainer Röhl.

This landed Aust in a lot of shit with the future subjects of his book. When the Berlin group called Sicily and found the children already gone, they inevitably found the woman who'd told Homann and Aust and came looking for them. Fortunately for Aust, when Baadar and Mahler called on him one day, another old friend of his persuaded them to let him check the place for police first. Aust managed to slip out the back, took an extended holiday and went around armed for some time after. Peter Homann eventually turned himself in - when he was no longer





Thorwald Proll, Horst Söhnlein, Andreas Baader, and Gudrun Ensslin (left to right) at their arson trial, Frankfurt 1968.

The Concept of the Urban Guerrilla

If we are correct in saying that American imperialism is a paper tiger, i.e., that it can ultimately be defeated, and if the Chinese Communists are correct in their thesis that victory over American imperialism has become possible because the struggle against it is now being waged in all four corners of the earth, with the result that the forces of imperialism are fragmented, a fragmentation which makes them possible to defeat—if this is correct, then there is no reason to exclude or disqualify any particular country or any particular region from taking part in the anti-imperialist struggle because the forces of revolution are especially weak there and the forces of reaction especially strong.

As it is wrong to discourage the forces of revolution by underestimating their power, so it is wrong to suggest they should seek confrontations in which these forces cannot but be squandered or annihilated. The contradiction between the sincere comrades in the organizations—let's forget about the prattlers—and the Red Army Fraction, is that we charge them with discouraging the forces of revolution and they suspect us of squandering the forces of revolution. Certainly, this analysis does indicate the directions in which the fraction of those comrades working in the factories and at local level and the Red Army Fraction are overdoing things, if they are overdoing things. Dogmatism and adventurism have since time immemorial been characteristic deviations in periods of revolutionary weakness in all countries. Anarchists having since time immemorial been the sharpest critics of opportunism, anyone criticizing the opportunists exposes himself to the charge of anarchism. This is something of an old chestnut.

The concept of the "urban guerrilla" originated in Latin America. Here, the urban guerrilla can only be what he is there: the only revolutionary method of intervention available to what are on the whole weak revolutionary forces.

The urban guerrilla starts by recognizing that there will be no Prussian order of march of the kind in which so many so-called revolutionaries would like to lead the people into battle. He starts by recognizing that by the time the moment for armed struggle arrives, it will already be too late to start preparing for it; that in a country whose potential for violence is as great and whose revolutionary traditions are as broken and feeble as the Federal Republic's, there will not—without revolutionary initiative—even be a revolutionary orientation when conditions for revolutionary struggle are better than they are at present—which will happen as an inevitable consequence of the development of late capitalism itself.

To this extent, the "urban guerrilla" is the logical consequence of the negation of parliamentary democracy long since perpetrated by its very own representatives; the only and inevitable response to emergency laws and the rule of the hand grenade; the readiness to fight with those same means the system has chosen to use in trying to eliminate its opponents. The "urban guerrilla" is based on a recognition of the facts instead of an apologia of the facts.

The student movement, for one, realized something of what the urban guerrilla can do. He can make concrete the agitation and propaganda which remain the sum total of left-wing activity. One can imagine the concept being applied to the Springer Campaign at that time or to the Heidelberg students' Cabora Bassa Campaign, to the squads in Frankfurt, or in relation to the Federal Republic's military aid to the *comprador* regimes in Africa, in relation to criticism of prison sentences and class justice, of safety legislation at work and injustice there.

The urban guerrilla can concretize verbal internationalism as the requisition of guns and money. He can blunt the state's weapon of a ban on communists by organizing an underground beyond the reach of the police. The urban guerrilla is a weapon in the class war.

The "urban guerrilla" signifies armed struggle, necessary to the extent that it is the police which make indiscriminate use of firearms, exonerating class justice from guilt and burying our comrades alive unless we prevent them. To be an "urban guerrilla" means not to let oneself be demoralized by the violence of the system.

The urban guerrilla's aim is to attack the state's apparatus of control at certain points and put them out of action, to destroy the myth of the system's omnipresence and invulnerability.

The "urban guerrilla" presupposes the organization of an illegal apparatus, in other words apartments, weapons, ammunition, cars and papers. A detailed description of what is involved is to be found in Marighella's *Minimanual for the Urban Guerrilla*. As for what else is involved, we are ready at any time to inform anyone who needs to know because he intends to do it. We do not know a great deal yet, but we do know something.

What is important is that one should have had some political experience in legality before deciding to take up armed struggle. Those who have joined the revolutionary left just to be trendy had better be careful not to involve themselves in something from which there is no going back.

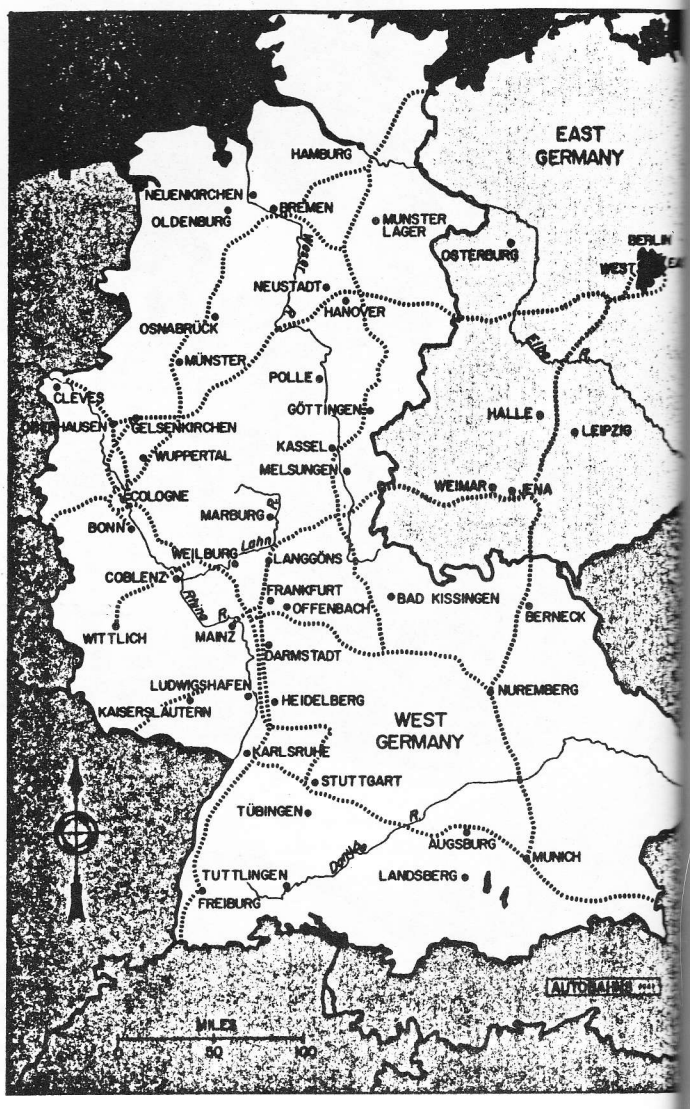
The Red Army Fraction and the "urban guerrilla" are that fraction and praxis which, because they draw a clear dividing line between themselves and the enemy, are combatted most intensively. This presupposes a political identity, presupposes that one or two lessons have already been learned.

In our original concept, we planned to combine urban guerrilla activity with grass-roots work. What we wanted was for each of us to work simultaneously within existing socialist groups at the work place and in local districts, helping to influence the discussion process, learning, gaining experience. It has become clear that this cannot be done. These groups are under such close surveillance by the political police, their meetings, timetables, and the content of their discussions so well monitored, that it is impossible to attend without being put under surveillance oneself. We have learned that individuals cannot combine legal and illegal activity.

Becoming an "urban guerrilla" presupposes that one is clear about one's own motivation, that one is sure of being immune to "Bild-Zeitung" methods, sure that the whole anti-Semite-criminal-subhuman-murderer-arsonist syndrome they use against revolutionaries, all that shit that they alone are able to abstract and articulate and that still influences some comrades' attitude to us, that none of this has any effect on us.

RAF

A hundred flowers have bloomed,
They are one hundred armed revolutionary groups!



Rote Armee Fraktion (RAF), *Das Konzept Stadtguerilla*, April, 1971.

[5] HOW TO ROB A BANK - THE TRIPLE COUP AND THE FIRST ARRESTS - FEDERAL REBUBLIC RECON - THE DOUBLES METHOD AND CAR TROUBLE.

suspected of being the *'masked-man'* - and was released after a brief spell remanded in custody.

Meanwhile in Berlin preparations for the underground struggle continued. More apartments were rented, cars acquired and *schilli* called upon to provide financial assistance. Ulrike Meinhof, in particular, excelled at the latter - she knew all the prominent liberals there were to know - but apparently she wasn't much good at anything else. According to Aust, the courageous journalist came off even worse than the brilliant lawyer Mahler, when confronted with the wrath of Andreas Baadar and Gudrun Ensslin. (Her importance in the group wasn't anything like the *'Baadar/ Meinhof'* moniker suggests.)

New recruits were forthcoming too - Hans-Jürgen Bäcker made an especially important contact when he recruited two motor mechanics, Karl-Heinz Ruhland and Eric Grusdat. Bäcker introduced them to Horst Mahler, and through a combination of political conviction and financial incentive, they agreed to doctor stolen cars - changing serial and registration numbers, re-sprays and so forth - but they were soon to be involved more directly.

EARLY SEPTEMBER: Horst Mahler told Ruhland and Grusdat that they planned to rob 4 banks simultaneously and asked if they wanted in. They said they did and Grusdat devised metal spiked *'crow's feet'* to immobolise any police cars that might pursue their getaway cars.

SEPTEMBER 29: The day of the raids; Gudrun Ensslin's group found that their bank, in Siemenstr. was swarming with building workers. So Mahler, who was co-ordinating, told the Ensslin group to join his own (Baadar/ Goergens/ Proll/ Grusdat). Then Ruhland and Grusdat were driven by Bäcker to the building next to the Berliner bank in Rheinstr.

Mahler was already there, complaining that his synchronised watch had let him down and they were 10 minutes early. Baadar and the Meinhof protegee, Goergens arrived next. They all got out their balaclavas and guns, Mahler said, *"Lets go!"*, and they stormed into the bank.

With guns raised, Mahler shouted,*"This is a stick up! Hands up and keep quiet. After all it's not your money."* Baadar and Goergens jumped the counter, waving the clerks out of the way with their guns. When their briefcases were stuffed full of money, they jumped back over the counter. Mahler dropped a smoke bomb and they all withdrew to the building next door and got out the back. The raid took just 3 minutes.

The other 2 raids also went off successfully. The Mahler group took the most, DM154,182; the second DM55,152, from the Savings bank in Sudwestkorso; but Ulrike Meinhof's group only managed to get DM8,134, from the Savings Bank in Altonauerstr, overlooking a carton containing DM97,000. Poor old Ulrike came in for more stick for this expensive oversight.

OCTOBER 6: A week after the *'Triple Coup'* everyone met in the Kurfurstenstr. apt. of new members, Jan-Carl Raspe and Marrianne Herzog, Bäcker and Ali Jansen, another newcomer, had been to Munsterlager to see if it was possible to break into an army arsenal. They thought it was and a raid was planned for mid-october.

OCTOBER 8: Ulrike Meinhof and Jansen, who were to organise the raid, leave Berljn for West Germany. The same day, the *Popo* receive a tip-off that Baadar, Mahler and Ensslin would be meeting at an apt. in the name of *'Hubner'* at 89 Knesebeckstr.

Almost immediately the building was put under surveillance - but it wasn't until 5.30pm that the police moved in - there had been no incoming or outgoing visitors all afternoon. Nobody answered the door either, but a woman had been spotted at the window. The door was forced and the woman confronted in the hallway. She produced ID but the police had already found a Lima 9mm pistol, a molotov, various inflammable chemicals and car number plates.

The woman, who turned out to be Ingrid Schubert, was searched and found to have a loaded gun on her person. She was arrested and taken away, then the police turned the record player on and made themselves comfortable. They didn't have long to wait before the doorbell rang. The police took out their guns and cautiously opened the door. Horst Mahler stepped into the apartment to find 12 policemen pointing their guns at him.

Apparently Horst was in a ridiculous disguise, and one of the police said to him, *"Do you still think we dont recognise you, Herr Mahler?"*, to which Mahler gave a theatrical bow and said, *"My compliments, gentlemen."* He was also found to have a loaded gun on him.

Half-an-hour later, after Horst Mahler had joined Ingrid Schubert in the cells, another woman was spotted listening at the door of the Hubner apt. One of the police opened the door and pulled Monika Berberich inside.

A few minutes later the bell rang again. Monika Berberich tried to shout out but several policemen jumped on her. Guns at the ready, the door was opened and the police found themselves facing the elderly next door neighbour, who had come to complain about the noise. But before the number of reporters gathered outside gave the game away, Brigitte Asdonk and Irene Goergens also walked into the trap.

OCTOBER 8: The survivors of the Hubner bust meet at Kurfurstenstr. Baadar took control, *"Now dont shit in your pants. So the pigs have caught a few of us. That's no reason to lose your nerve."* And suspicion soon fell on Hans-Jürgen Bäcker, who knew about the meeting at Knesebeckstr. but had excused himself from it. Bäcker was regarded as untrustworthy anyway, he was another one who didn't get on with Baadar, not fully accepting his authority. In due course he arrived to face the music, and when he stomped out again, the others saw it as an admission of guilt and swore vengeance. Astrid Proll later claimed she shot at him from a car but missed.

Next up was how to free Horst. Grusdat had already drawn up plans for a mini-helicopter, which he planned to land in the prison exercise yard and fly Mahler and the others out. He actually began building it but his plan was never to be put into action. Meanwhile Grusdat's partner, *'Kali'* Ruhland was sent off to join Ulrike Meinhof in West Germany.

NOVEMBER 1: Ruhland meets Meinhof, who was called *'Anna'* or *'Rana'* within the group, at Hannover train station and the two begin a recon. tour of the FDR. *'Kali'* and *'Rana'* visited *schilli* in Hanover, Cologne and Oldenburg, finding quarters for the whole group.

In Oberhausen, they met a very drunk Ali Jansen, in the train station bar. So drunk infact that he could barely speak. Ruhland and Meinhof got him in their car and took him to Cologne. Jansen was supposed to have been getting them fresh ID but he'd spent the money set aside for the purpose in the bar.

The three of them did manage to get into the Munsterlager arms depot though. Ruhland had it all sussed out and it just remained for reinforcements to arrive from Berlin before the raid proper. Then Jansen got drunk again and left a radio producer's volkswagen *'somewhat the worse for wear'* - as Ulrike told the producer afterwards. Ruhland, the mechanic, got so upset at the wreck that he punched Jansen in the face. Then orders came from Berlin that they were to get passports and cars first - So they set off again in search of suitable municipal buildings and more vehicles.

By now they had car theft down to a fine art - With what was called the 'Doubles Method', they would wait in a car park outside an apt. block, until the desired type of car came along - usually Mercedes, because they were easiest to short-circuit. They then followed the owner up to his/her apt. A few days later someone else would return with opinion poll ID and ask for details of the desired vehicle. Then a new log book was forged and they went in search of another car with the same technical data. This car would be stolen and fitted out with the registration and number plates of the first car. So there would be 2 identical cars driving around. If one of the 'Doubles' was stopped and the police checked up with the licence bureau, they would find the car really was registered in the name the documents said it was. (Later this method was simplified to listening into details reported on police radio.)

NOVEMBER 15: Ruhland, Meinhof and Jansen break into Neustadt Town Hall and help themselves to blank passports, ID cards, official seals and notepaper. These were all posted back to Berlin. But Ulrike Meinhof made a mistake decoding the address and the stuff ended up in the central sorting office.

So they had to do it all again. This time they moved south to Langgöns, near Frankfurt, and Ruhland had to force more doors. But when they got into the local mayor's safe they found 166 blank ID cards, official seals and a passport punch. Ruhland got to a bottle of cognac before Ali Jansen, but Jansen pocketed some money, which he didn't tell the others about until he'd spent it.

Ulrike Meinhof wanted to do another raid that night, but the others talked her out of it. They also ruled out a raid on an arms depot at Cleves, near the dutch

[6] 1971: NEW TRAFFIC REGULATIONS - THE URBAN GUERRILLA CONCEPT AND THE SPK: KILL KILL KILL FOR MENTAL HEALTH AND INNER PEACE.

border, and an attempt to buy machine guns in Hamburg didn't come off either.

A few days after the Langgöns raid, Jan-Carl Raspe (*'Fred'*) arrived at their quarters in Polle. When Meinhof and Ruhland went to pick up the car Raspe arrived in, Meinhof almost got herself caught. The police had the car under surveillance and approached her as she got into it. Her papers checked out OK but she panicked and tried to run. That wasn't eough to arrest her for - the police eventually let her go - but her picture on Wanted posters throughout West Germany should have been.

The arrival of Raspe also caused personal problems amongst the recon. group. Raspe, an SDS and *Kommune II* veteran, soon ousted the less cool Ruhland from Ulrike's favours. (In *'Hitler's Children'* Jillian Becker goes into far greater detail about this sort of thing than I can be bothered to.) Raspe and Meinhof left Ruhland behind in Polle when they drove north to Bremen, then all three went to look at banks in Oberhausen. Arms were finally acquired in Frankfurt from Al Fatah reps. Ulrike Meinhof bought 23 9mm Firebirds for DM450 (normal price - with a licence - DM127). Raspe and Ruhland took one each, 5 were left in a Frankfurt safehouse (a journalist's apt.) and the rest were mailed in 2 parcels to Berlin.

The bungalow they'd been staying in at Polle was now abandoned in favour of the journalist's apt. in Frankfurt. And more safe houses had to be found for the others now on their way from Berlin. Baadar had sent Ulrich Scholze and Teeny Stachowiak to Nuremberg first to case banks. Holger Meins - an underground film maker who had joined the group because of increasing police harrassment - and his protegee, Beate Sturm, came direct to Frankfurt.
Ulrike Meinhof rented another bungalow in the country and found a writer, who didn't know her but was persuaded to put some people up. Namely, Scholze, Stachowiak, Astrid Proll, Marrianne Herzog and Petra Schelm.
DECEMBER 12: Baadar and Ensslin arrive in Frankfurt.
DECEMBER 15: Along with the advance party and Meins and Sturm, they take up residence at the Bad Kissingen Sanatorium, a massive but dillapidated place known to more *schilli* friends of Meinhof. After a few days there everyone moved on to prepare for more bank raids in the Ruhr.
DECEMBER 20: Ruhland was driving Beate Sturm, Ali Jansen and a friend of Jansen's through Oberhausen looking for cars, when they were stopped by police. Unusually there was something wrong with Ruhland's papers and he took the opportunity to give himself up. He made sure that the others got away first, but it wasn't long before he started to talk.

That night his erstwhile partner, Ulrike Meinhof, bolted at another police checkpoint, leaving a new blonde haired picture of herself for the Wanted posters. After the arrest of Ruhland all the Frankfurt apartments were raided, but the group's attention had by then moved to Nuremberg. Uli Scholze and Astrid Proll went ahead on recon, then Ulrike Meinhof and Ali Jansen joined them.

Scholze and Jansen were the next to go. Late one night the four of them were attempting to steal a Mercedes. They managed to get it started but it backfired and awoke its owner, who called the police. Meinhof and Proll got away but Scholze and Jansen's car was followed and stopped by plain clothes police. Uli Scholze went quietly, but Ali Jansen went for his gun as he was being frisked. The plain clothes men dived for cover as he fired, and Jansen got into their car but couldn't get it started - by which time the guns were turned on him.

The treatment he then recieved was actually acknowledged at his trial (quite unusual) but he still went down for 10 years for attempted murder. Uli Scholze, on the other hand, was freed the next day and went back to his mother and college.

LATE 1970: Fed. Interior Minister Genscher persuades the various *Länder* ministers to bring the *'Baadar/ Meinhof'* investigation under the jurisdiction of the Federal Criminal Investigation Office (*Bundeskriminalant-* BKA for short). Alfred Klaus of the BKA, chosen to set up a special commission on terrorism. Klaus moves into a suite of offices in the Bonn security group building and writes a 60 page preliminary report, covering the history of the group from the time of the Frankfurt arsons.

Around this time Horst Mahler was also writing about the group from his prison cell. However his *'Statement of Position'*, published under the title *'New Traffic Regulations'*, didn't receive the approval of those still at large. Infact they disowned it completely and crossed Horst off their rescue list. Ulrike Meinhof was given the job of writing a manifesto in case anybody thought Horst's represented all of them.

Meinhof's *'Urban Guerrilla Concept'* was the first communique since the freeing of Baadar and the first time the group went under the *'Red Army Faction'* moniker. Its cover bore the now famous *'RAF'* abbreviation on a picture of a Kalashnikov submachine gun. The name was chosen more as a joke than anything, because of what the original (british) RAF and (russian) Red Army did to the original german Nazis.

JANUARY 1971: After casing 2 banks in Kassel (Astrid Proll's home town) Beate Sturm calls her parents and returns home while she still can.
JANUARY 15: The 2 Kassel banks are raided; final takings - DM114,530.
FEBRUARY 2: Hans-Jürgen Bäcker arrested.
FEBRUARY 10: Astrid Proll and Manfred Grashof are followed out of a Frankfurt restaurant by Michael Grünhagen, a counter-intelligence man who had already been exposed in the Berlin underground paper *'AGIT 883'*. In turn Grünhagen was being followed by Det. Chief Supt. Heinz Simons of the Bonn Security Group.

In due course, Simons and Grünhagen stopped Proll and Grashof and asked to see their papers. Thereupon Grashof pulled out a gun and yelled at Proll, *"Get out of here, run for it!"* Both Proll and Grashof got away in the end - the latter thanks to a sympathetic passer-by who steered him clear of the danger-zone and bought him a u-bahn ticket. Proll was unarmed and Grashof didn't fire his gun even though Simons shot at him.

However, when Astrid Proll was captured in Hamburg on May 6, this incident was made into a highly suspect attempted murder charge. And it was not until her second trial that it was finally dropped. (After her first she was released on health grounds and absconded to London where she was eventually hounded down by the press and extradited.) There had also been Federal counter-intelligence men around at the time and they'd filed a memo saying she didn't shoot. This memo didn't appear until 8 years after the incident.

Immediately after the incident, though, the biggest nationwide manhunt so far began. Apartments that Ruhland had named were raided in Gelsenkirchen, Frankfurt, Hamburg and Bremen. The *Schilli* had a pretty hard time of it. The press got in on the act and many an innocent Baadar or Meinhof lookalike was pulled in.

The 'Socialist Patients' Collective' (SPK) was founded at Hiedelberg University in February 1970 by Dr.Wolfgang Huber. During 1969 Huber had been frequently reprimanded for refusing to co-operate with his colleagues in the Psychiatric/ Neurological dept. of the University. In December he got his group therapy patients to protest against the University director, saying; the late capitalist society of the FDR is sick, and therefore continually producing physically and psychologically sick people; the patients went on to say that this could only be remedied by a violent revolutionary change in society.

On February 21, 1970, Huber was sacked. Thereupon he mobilised his group-therapy patients and occupied the admin. offices of the University-hospital. While the patients went on hunger strike, Huber went to warn the director that some of them might commit suicide. The director gave way, reinstated Huber on full pay and gave him 4 rooms until September.

In March the newly formed SPK announced that it would not prepare a scientific presentation of its views and actions because it was 'already entirely legitimised by praxis.' The SPK group therapy/ working circles were officially: Dialectics, Marxism, Sexuality, Education and religion. Unofficially they were; Explosives, Radio Transmission (listening into police radio), Photography (compiling photos of all personnel, buildings, etc of the Heidelberg police), Judo and Karate.

'Patients Info. No.1' declared, 'Comrades! There must be no therapeutic act which has not previously been clearly and uniquely shown to be a revolutionary act. The system has made us sick. Let us strike the death blow at the sick system.' A 'mentally ill' girl, who was sent to Dr.Huber for treatment, was returned to her parents after 2 weeks, because 'she had made no noticeable political progress'.

FEBRUARY 1971: SPK members Siegfried Hausner and Carmen Roll attempt to bomb the FDR president's train - but by the time Roll got to Heidelberg station with the bomb, the train had gone.
SPRING 1971: SPK begins to arm itself and link up with the RAF; making SPK members available to bolster the RAF's

[7] JUNE 2 MOVEMENT - THE DEATH OF PETRA SCHELM - THE CHIEF COMMISSIONER AND HIS SECRET COMPUTER WORLD AND A BUCKET OF TAR IN THE KISSER.

dwindling ranks. Thus a second generation RAF was formed by SPK members; Gerhard Müller, Elisabeth Von Dyck, Knut Folkerts, Ralf Baptist Friedrich, Siegfried Hausner, Sieglinde Hofmann, Klaus Jünschke, Bernhard Rössner, Carmen Roll, Margrit Schiller and Lutz Taufer. Simultaneously there were still members of the SPK who thought they were receiving self-help therapy.
JUNE 24: SPK members, Ralf Reinders and Alfred Mahrländer stopped at a police checkpoint. There was a car chase and some shooting. One of the police took a bullet in the arm. After this there was a massive round-up of the SPK, including Dr.Huber and his wife. The ones that got away go underground and join the RAF. In that week's 'Patient Info' No.51, every 'SPK' was replaced by 'RAF'
JULY 22: SPK announces its dissolution and becomes 'IZRU' (Information Zentrum Rote Volks-Universitat), proposing the formation of guerrilla cells. Gone was the original autonomous collective, replaced by an 'inner circle' of about 12 people, who constituted the political leadership of the 300- 500 members.

SPRING 1971: Horst Mahler, Irene Goergens and Ingrid Schubert go on trial in Berlin for their part in the Baadar rescue. 2 months later Goergens and Schubert were found guilty of being accessories and get 6 and 4 years youth custody respectively. Horst Mahler was found not guilty but he was held under *'Paragraph 129'* (membership of an illegal organisation) because he still had a couple more charges to go.

JULY 8: Tommy Weisbecker and Georg Von Rauch tried for assaulting a journalist from the Springer magazine, *'Quick'* (german *'Tit-bits'*). Georg is convicted but Tommy acquitted. However the court managed to mix them up, so Georg escaped and went underground and Tommy had to be released when he revealed that he wasn't Georg. (Does that make sense?)

'JUNE 2 MOVEMENT' formed shortly after this, as a sort of anarcho-situationist alternative to the RAF. When former *Kommune 1* member, Bommi Baumann took the helm of J2M on his release from jail, Baadar and Ensslin asked them to join the RAF in Hamburg. But Baumann turned down their offer, preferring to stay in Berlin and concentrate on rescuing people from prison.
JULY 15: 3,000 police cordon off main roads all over the FDR to carry out traffic checks for wanted RAF members. That afternoon a BMW (*"Baadar-Meinhof-Wagen"*) breaks through one of the 15 roadblocks in Hamburg. A police Mercedes takes chase and manages to force the BMW off the road. The occupants: Wener Hoppe and Petra Schelm run off in different directions.

Hoppe was followed by a helicopter and surrendered, surrounded by 80 policemen. The accounts of Petra Schelm's fate vary quite drastically - But whether she went out in a hail of machine gun bullets, *'Bonnie and Clyde'* style *('Hitler's Children')*, or by a single bullet from a police marksmen after she refused to give herself up *('Baadar-Meinhof Group')*, the end result was the same; 19 year old Petra Schelm was the first casualty in the *'War of the 6 against the 6 million.'*

SEPTEMBER 1: Horst Herold becomes Chief Commissioner of the BKA, and begins to change it into a german FBI: First he gets Interior Minister Genscher to approve a decentralising communication system between the BKA and regional police. Then he installs a computer centre at his Weisbaden HQ and meticulously learns how to use it.

In the end Herold became so obsessed with his computer that he moved into the Complex, so he could be with it all the time. Nothing was denied it. Not only was it fed with data of wanted persons, but with data of defendants already on trial and 'people who represented a danger.'

In 1979 a review of Herold's system listed 37 data files containing 4.7 million names and 3,100 organisations. The fingerprint collection contained 2.1 million sets of prints. The photographic section, 1.9 million pictures. The handwriting file, 6,000 samples of writing. And there was a 'Personal ID Centre' with biographies of 3,500 people. The heart of the BKA's 'electronic memory' was the 'PIOS' (Persons/ Institutions/ Objects/ Items) Data-file. 'PIOS/ Terrorism' contained 135,000 people, 5,500 institutions, 115,000 objects and 74,000 items. Not to mention the 'Contacts/ Surveillance of detainees' file which listed 6,632 people who had merely visited terrorist suspects in prison.

As Horst Herold stored and processed all his data, thinking up fantastic ideas of combatting all crime - not just terrorism, he would alternate between omnipotence - 'I could have stopped the Nazis.'- and despondency - during the Baadar/Meinhof trial, he said the only difference between the terrorists in their isolation blocks and him in his 'own personal Stammheim' was he didn't get any public sympathy. Herold saw himself as the man who won the 70's war against terrorism and felt his 'Big Brother' image was cruelly unfair.

Over the years Herold developed a weird love-hate relationship with Andreas Baadar. Herold was proud of the fact that Baadar made his articles on counter-terrorism required reading for new RAF members, and rather predictably once said, "Baadar was the only man who ever really understood me, and I'm the only man who ever really understood him." Herold also agreed with the RAF that what they were doing should be treated as political and military, not as ordinary criminal activity. However where it would lead if Herold was allowed to act on this conclusion (further than he did) doesn't bare thinking about.

In March 1981 Herold retired to a modest little house in the grounds of a police barracks in southern Germany, surrounded by a fence and bullet proof parapet. Here he whiles away the days, working out new programs to fight crime on the computer system in the basement, only venturing out accompanied by 2 BKA men armed with submachine guns.

SEPTEMBER 25: 2 policemen, both named Ruf but not related (Those long winter nights must have just flown passed), are shot at as they approach a wrongly parked car on the Freiburg-Basel autobahn. One of them is seriously wounded, the other shot through the hand. They identify their assailants as Holger Meins and Margrit Schiller.
MID-OCTOBER: Baadar and Ensslin return to Berlin. Plans afoot to kidnap the american, british and french zone commanders in biggest RAF operation so far. But first Baadar and Ensslin agree to help in an attempt to rescue Irene Goergens and Ingrid Schubert (as long as they rejoin the RAF and not J2M). Baadar suggested they bombard the police barracks at Ruhleben with anti-aircraft guns as a diversion, but no one could get hold of the guns. Then the rescue attempt itself was aborted because the girls failed to saw through their prison bars.

From there on things went downhill between the RAF and J2M. Gudrun Ensslin chastized Bommi Baumann for smoking too much dope, not taking *'the Job'* seriously enough and being too promiscuous. On the other hand Baadar had fallen almost totally under the influence of speed, chain-smoking *gauloise* and drinking excessive amounts of coffee.

After the bust-up with J2M Baadar and Ensslin's accomodation was provided by acquaintances from the old student days, Katharina Hammerschmidt and Edelgard G.
NOVEMBER 9: Edelgard G. is arrested and told she will never see her child again unless she talks. After 3 weeks she makes a statement and is set free.
MARCH 27, 1972: The German Press Agency receives a photo of a woman covered in tar; attached to it is a typed note saying;'This is Edelgard G, an informer who is hand in glove with the killer pigs. Long live the RAF!' Despite further questioning by the police, Edelgard G. didn't make anymore statements.

Katharina Hammerschmidt came off a lot worse. She eventually gave herself up after being on the run for some time. In prison she developed a tumour, which prison doctors failed to notice. Before outside help was allowed in, it turned malignant and she died.

OCTOBER 22: Another shootout in Hamburg. This time the police suffer a casualty. Margrit Schiller was being chased by 2 policemen, when 2 other RAF members (identified as Irmgard Möller and Gerhard Müller) came to her assistance. In the gun battle, one of the policemen, Norbert Scmid, is hit 4 times and dies on his way to hospital.
OCTOBER 23: Margrit Schiller, who still got caught, is somewhat gratuitously displayed to press photographers; and a reward of DM10,000 is offered for information leading to the capture of the others.
OCTOBER 25: Apt. of a pop singer, away on tour, raided in neighbouring Poppenbuttel district of Hamburg. Signs that it had been recently vacated - RAF paraphenalia, tons of explosives, 2,600 bullets, detonators, walkie-talkies, police uniforms and a list of *'progressive pastors; to be asked for assistance.'*
NOVEMBER: Parcel labelled *'Glass; Handle with care'* mailed from a town near Hamburg to a Berlin pottery, comes open and bullets fall out. Police find 6 other parcels, waiting collection at the pottery; containing 16 Firebird and Parabellum

[8] THE KILLING OF GEORG VON RAUCH AND TOMMY WEISBECKER - THE RAF'S MARK PAULINE - A KIND OF REVOLUTIONARY FICTION AND THE MAY BOMBINGS.

pistols, 3 automatic rifles, silencers and sights, 3,280 cartridges, explosives and detonators, walkie-talkies, wigs and beards, number plates, car ignition locks, you name it.

DECEMBER 4: Berlin police step up the hunt for RAF/J2M. Border checks intensified. Everybody from estate agents to key cutters asked to co-operate.

Plain clothes police, supported by counter-intelligence, stop a stolen Ford Transit and a Volkswagen in Eisenacherstr. One of the occupants of the 2 vehicles does a runner, the other 3 are lined up against a wall with their hands above their heads. Georg Von Rauch goes for his gun and is shot dead on the spot.

In the ensuing chaos, Bommi Baumann gets away, losing his pursuers by joining a group of Hare.Krishnas on the Ku-damm. Then he got some of his teenage girlfriends (who Gudrun Ensslin disapproved of so much) to walk him through the police checkpoints to safety.

DECEMBER 5: 7,000 take to the streets in protest at the Von Rauch killing.

RAF hardcore move back to West Germany to usher in the new year with a bombing campaign. Frankfurt, once more, becomes the centre of activity.

Just before Xmas, Holger Meins visits Dierk Hoff, a metal sculptor he knew through the Berlin Film Academy, and tells him he's working on a film which needs technical assistance. Hoff asked what the film was about and Meins replied, *"It's kind of revolutionary fiction."* He agreed to help anyway, and Meins got him to reproduce a grenade casing and a bomb mould which could be attached to a corset - Hoff was told this was for the final scene, where a woman pretends to be pregnant so she can plant a bomb in a toilet. By then he was having doubts but he was in too deep and had to continue producing more and more realistic props.

DECEMBER 22: During a bank raid in Kaiserlautern the police suffer another casualty. The raid was later accredited to former SPK members, but at the time there was nothing to connect it directly to the RAF. Nonetheless, the press (namely the Springer papers) use the incident to whip up further Baadar-Meinhof fear and loathing.

JANUARY 1972: A Cologne police sgt. nearly netted the biggest fish of them all/ got himself killed, when he decided to check out the driver of a BMW with Berlin plates. When the driver wound down his window, the sgt. pointed the barrel of his gun at him and asked to see his papers. Instead of papers, Andreas Baadar produced a long-barrelled shot-gun. As the sgt. swerved out of the way and fired his own gun, Baadar sped away.

FEBRUARY: Bomb explodes in the British Yacht Club in West Berlin; a gesture of solidarity with the IRA.

FEBRUARY 21: RAF raid the Mortgage Bank in Ludwigshafen, wearing carnival masks, and get away with DM285,000.

MARCH 1: Richard Epple, a 17 year old apprentice is mowed down by a police machine gun after a car chase through Tubingen. The reason he didn't stop - Richard Epple was driving without a licence.

MARCH 2: After a tip-off, Tommy Weisbecker and Carmen Roll are seen leaving an apt. in Augsberg. They're followed to a hotel, outside which Tommy is shot dead before he had a chance to produce his ID/gun (depending on which story you believe). Former SPK member Carmen Roll was arrested shortly afterwards. 2 weeks later, she was administered a near lethal dose of Ether by prison doctors.

Same day, in Hamburg, police occupy an apt. in a building where a RAF forgery workshop had been discovered. After dark, Manfred Grashof and Wolfgang Grundmann walk into the apt. The police are quicker on the draw once more. Grundmann puts his hands up but Grashof returns fire. A supt. and Grashof take 2 bullets apiece. The policemen died 2 weeks later. But Grashof survived - only to be removed from hospital and put in an ordinary prison cell with the lights on day and night.

MARCH 29: Till Meyer of J2M arrested in Bielefeld after another shoot out. No casualties this time.

APRIL 19: 400 police raid the *('Georg Von) Rauch Haus'* in Kreuzberg. 27 apprentices taken away for questioning but J2M members in residence had made themselves scarce.

'The Primary of Praxis; whether it is right to organise armed resistance now depends on whether it is possible. This can only be ascertained in practice.'

MAY: USAF mine harbours in North Vietnam. Series of bombings in West Berlin in protest.

MAY 11: 3 pipe-bombs go off in the entrance and officers' club of the 5th US Army Corps, stationed at the IG Farben building in Frankfurt. 13 american soldiers are injured and Lt.Col. Paul Bloomquist, Vet. of 2 tours of Nam, is killed by a shard of glass which gets him in the throat. Estimated damage to the IG Farben building, DM1 million.

'West Berlin and West Germany will no longer be a safe hinterland for the strategists of extermination in Vietnam. They must know that their crimes against the vietnamese people have made them new and bitter enemies, that there will be nowhere in the world left where they can be safe from the attacks of revolutionary guerrilla units.

'...WE DEMAND THE IMMEDIATE END OF THE MINE BLOCKADE OF NORTH VIETNAM... WE DEMAND THE COMPLETE WITHDRAWAL OF AMERICAN TROOPS FROM INDOCHINA... VICTORY TO THE VIETCONG.'

- RAF Communique #1, claiming responsibility for the *'Petra Schelm Commando.'*

MAY 12: 2 explosive devices go off in the Augsberg Police HQ. 5 policemen injured. Same day in Munich, a car bomb is detonated in the car park of the State Criminal Investigation Office. 60 cars destroyed and most of the buildings' windows. RAF Communique #2 claims responsibility for both bombings for the *'Tommy Weisbecker Commando.'*

MAY 15: A red Volkswagen, containing Frau Gerta Buddenberg, explodes in Karlsruhe. She's the wife of Judge Wolfgang Buddenberg, the judge responsible for most of the RAF arrest warrants and for moving Manfred Grashof from hospital to an isolation cell. Frau Buddenberg wasn't killed but left crippled by the bomb which was intended for her husband. RAF Communique #3, claiming responsibility for the *'Manfred Grashof Commando'*, was the first of many attacks on the strict isolation torture RAF prisoners were forced to endure.

MAY 19: 2 bombs explode in the Springer building on Kaiser-Wilhelmstr. Hamburg. 3 other bombs in the building fail to go off, and 3 warning phone calls ignored - bomb threats were quite a common occurence at Springer concerns. In all 17 people injured.

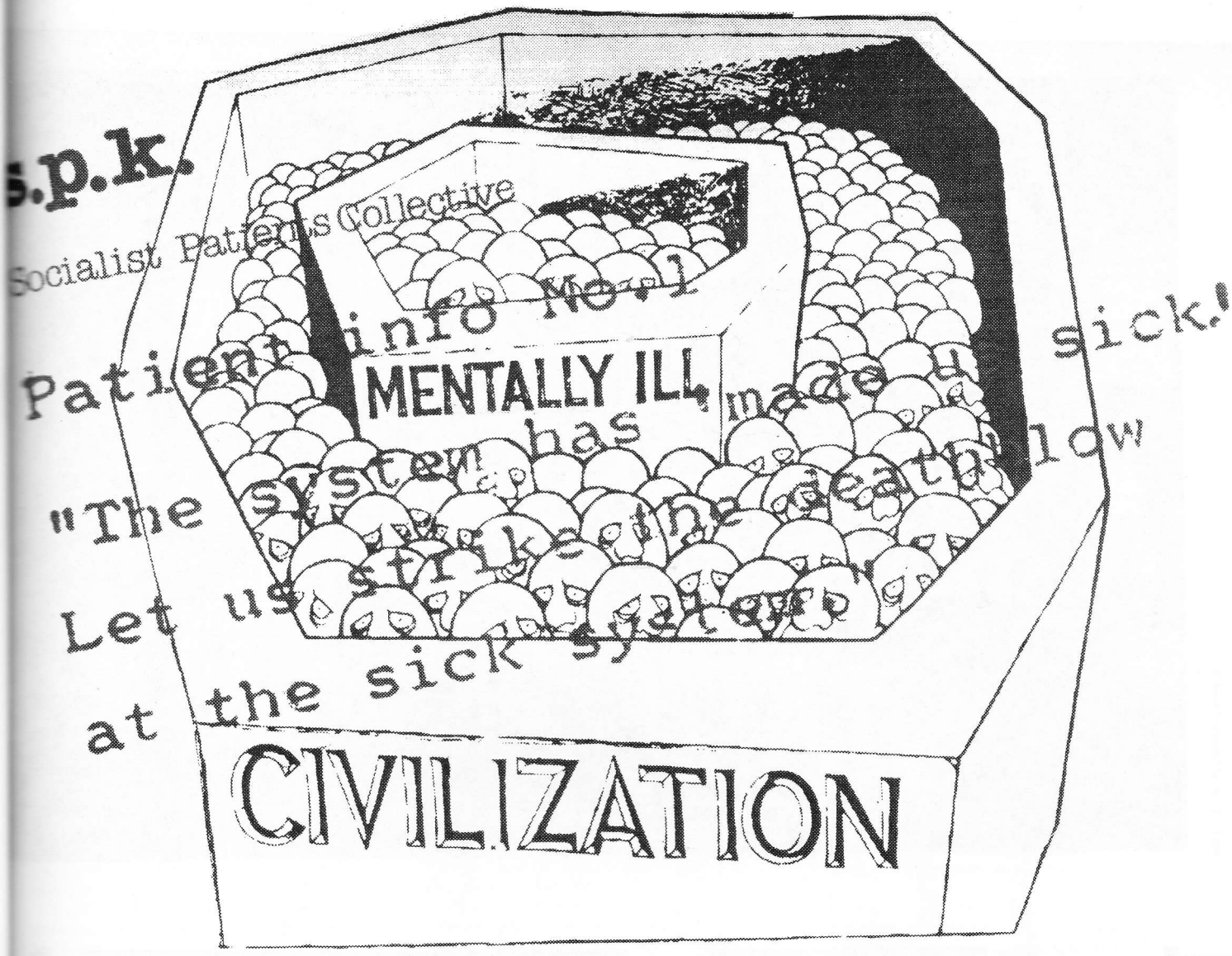
RAF Communique #4; *'Springer would rather risk seeing his workers and clerical staff injured by bombs than risk losing a few hours' working time, which means profit, over a false alarm. To capitalists, profit is everything and the people who create it are dirt. We are deeply upset to hear that workers and clerical staff were injured.'*

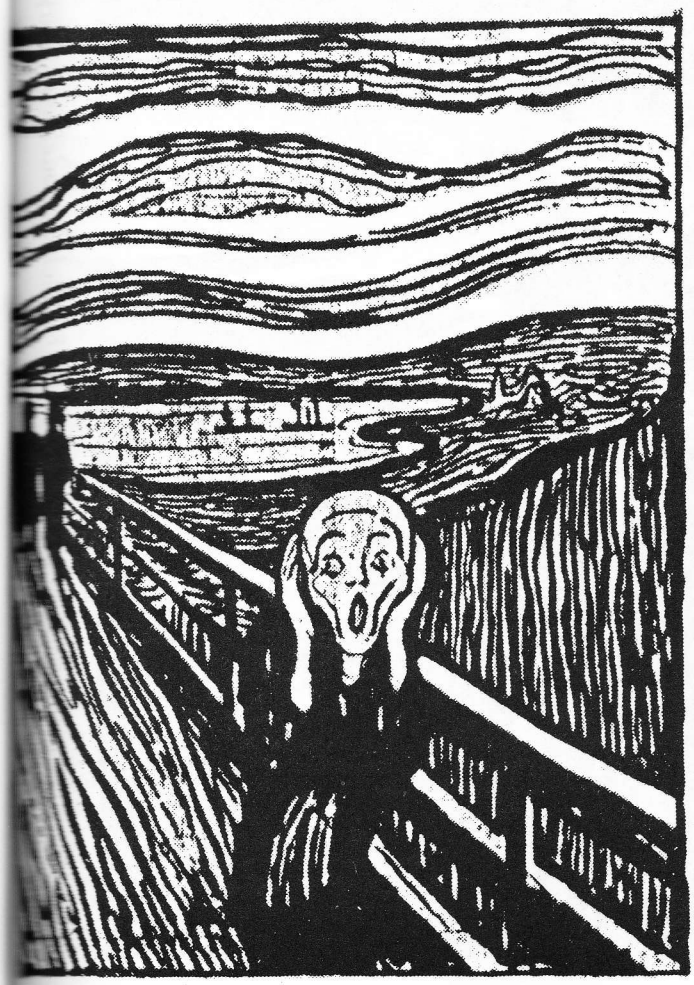
MAY 24: 2 car bombs explode within 15 seconds of each other outside a barracks and mess hall at the european HQ of the US Army in Hiedelberg. A Vietnam Vet. Captain and 2 sergeants are killed (one by a Coca-cola machine that fell on top of him) and 5 more GIs wounded.

RAF Communique #5, claiming responsibility for *'July 15 Commando'* (date Petra Schelm was killed): *'On monday, the foreign minister in Hanoi again accused the USA of bombarding densely populated areas in North Vietnam. In the last 7 weeks the USAF has dropped more bombs over Vietnam than were dropped over Germany and Japan together in the whole of the Second World War. The Pentagon is trying to stop the North Vietnamese offensive with more than a million bombs. This is Genocide, Murder of the People, Annihilation, Auschwitz.'*

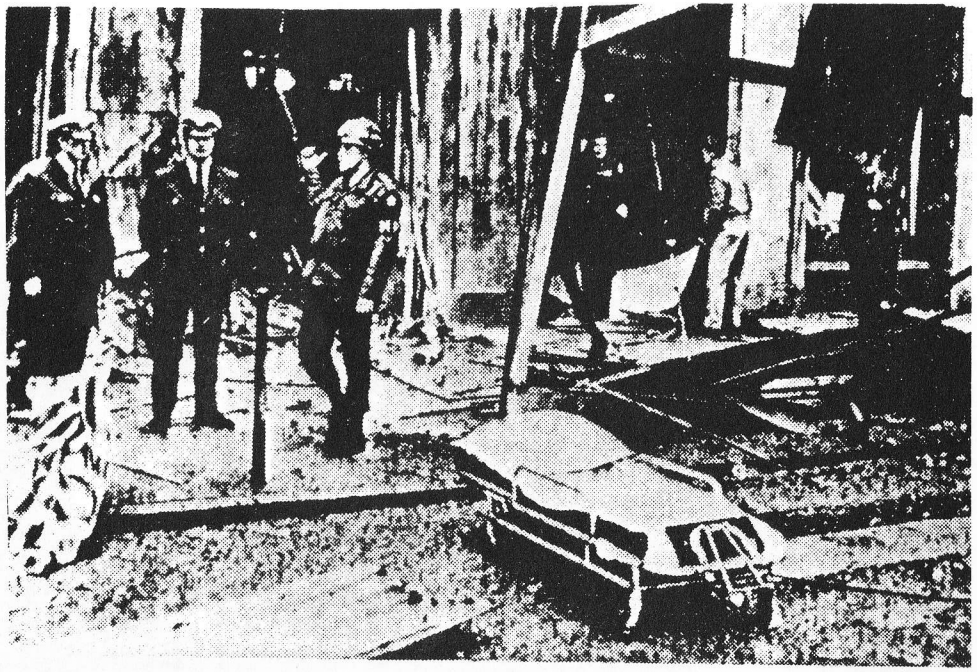
MAY 29: Horst Herold calls together the leaders of all the regional commissions to announce a nationwide sweep search on May 31. It is to involve the entire FDR police force and is code-named *'Operation Watersplash.'*

However, when Herold's big break came it had nothing to do with the search. It came from an anonymous tip-off that *young people* in *big cars* were bringing gas cylinders to a garage in the Hofekweg district north of Frankfurt. BKA men located the garage and checked it out. Substances they found, which were confirmed to be explosives, were replaced with bonemeal and the garage staked out.

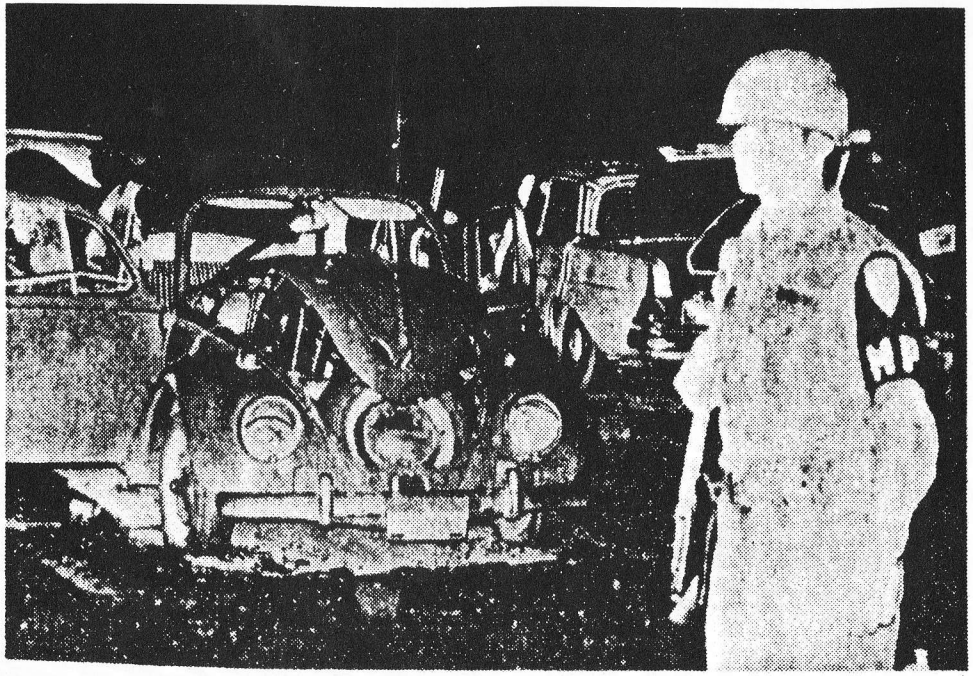

s.p.k.
Socialist Patients Collective
Patient info No. 1
MENTALLY ILL
"The system has made us sick!
Let us strike the death blow
at the sick system
CIVILIZATION







Bomb damage to the officers' mess of the United States Army headquarters, Frankfurt, May 1972.



Bomb damage in the parking lot of USAEUR barracks, Heidelberg, May

LET'S ROB BANKS!





[9] 1972: CAPTURE - THE FRANKFURT GARAGE SEIGE - BLACK SEPTEMBER - A CLEAR AWARENESS THAT YOUR CHANCE OF SURVIVAL IS NIL - ULRIKE MEINHOF IDENTITY PARADE - RED AID AND THE GUN SPEAKS.

JUNE 1: 5.50am. A Porsche Targa pulls up outside the garage and 3 men get out. 2 of the men, Holger Meins and Andreas Baadar, go into the garage, the third man, Jan-Carl Raspe, stayed outside by the Porsche. Soon he became aware that he was not alone. Infact several hundred police were swarming all over the place. 'Hitler's Children', predictably claims he tried to leg it, but Stefan Aust's version has it that first a squad car approached him and told him to stay put, then 2 policemen rushed him. Raspe then took flight, firing as he ran but was eventually captured in a nearby garden.(A male nurse, on his way to work, was also pounced upon and arrested before he could explain himself.)

In the meantime, one of the surveillance cars had been pushed up against the garage doors and Baadar had fired through the side of the doors. Then holes were knocked in the thick glass panels at the back of the garage. At this point, Baadar and Meins were laughing and waving their guns at the police.

After tear gas was shot through the holes, the top BKA man on the scene told them to throw out their guns, take off their outer clothing and come out with their hands up. Baadar and Meins pushed one side of the door out. The police, thinking they were about to surrender, removed the car. Thereupon, Baadar flung the teargas grenades back at the police.

7.45am. An armoured car was driven into the garage doors and more tear gas fired into the garage.

Finally, a Det.Sgt. Honke got into an overlooking apt, where he got Baadar in his sights and shot him in the leg. Shortly after that, Holger Meins came out with his hands up. He was ordered to strip to his underpants then walk towards the police line.

10 minutes later, the armoured car went in once more, this time supported by police in bullet-proof vests. They found Andreas Baadar, hair dyed blond, lying bleeding, still clutching his gun. One of the police kicked it out of his hand then 4 of them dragged him away, still struggling, on a stretcher.

These events were relayed live across the FDR by a Frankfurt TV crew who stopped off on their way to a race track - but what wasn't shown to the good volks of the FDR was the brutal beating administered to Holger Meins when he arrived in the police cells.

After the arrest of Baadar, Meins and Raspe, Gudrun Ensslin joined Ulrike Meinhof, Klaus Jünschke and Gerhard Müller in Hamburg. Spirits were understandably low, as Jünschke put it, *"It was like going downhill out of control, if you jump out you're done for, if you carry on you're done for just the same."*

JUNE 7: Ensslin was being driven through Hamburg by Jünschke. She thought he was driving erratically, so they switched to a taxi, the driver of which looked at her suspiciously. Panicking, Gudrun went to a boutique to buy new clothes, and while she was trying something on, the manageress moved her jacket and saw her gun. The manageress called the police and delayed her until two policemen arrived. Thereupon, Gudrun made calmly for the door but was grabbed by one of them; and after a desperate struggle - during which she put both cops on the ground - she was overpowered.

Police report of apt. search, key to which found on Gudrun Ensslin at time of arrest:

'Re: Hunt for violent anarchist criminals.
Subject: Conspirators' apt. at 71 Seidenstr. Stuttgart.
Attached: 22 Mickey Mouse comic books.
The attached Mickey Mouse comic books were found in the above mentioned apt. There are good grounds for suspecting that these Mickey Mouse books were read by the gang member Andreas Baadar.'

JUNE 9: Brigitte Mohnhaupt and Bernard Braun arrested in Berlin.

JUNE 15: The *Schilli* finally turn on, and turn in, Ulrike Meinhof. Fritz Rodewald, a left-wing teacher and trade-union member living in Hanover, was asked to put up 2 people who turned out to be Ulrike Meinhof and Gerhard Müller. He agreed but then had second thoughts and rang the police. (True to trendy lefty form, he later donated the reward money to the RAF defence fund.)

Not long after plain clothes police arrived at his building, Gerhard Müller came out to make a phone call and was promptly nabbed. Reinforcements were called in, but there was to be no repeat of the Frankfurt siege. Ulrike Meinhof was arrested without much of a struggle when she answered the door to Rodewald's apt.

However, once she was captured Ulrike caused quite a commotion, struggling for hours; hence the unflattering, swollen faced pictures that will be used for posterity. To give Andreas Baadar his due, he still looked cool - dark glasses and peroxide hair - when he was dragged out of the garage.

JUNE 25: Police raid another apt. in Stuttgart and scottish ex.pat. Ian Macleod is shot dead. Nothing but the most tenuous rumours linked Macleod with the RAF. He was merely an unfortunate statistic on Herold's computer, whose apt. may or may not have been used by the group.

JULY 7: Irmgard Möller and Klaus Jünschke arrested in Offenbach, after being set-up by new RAF member Hans-Peter Konieczny.

SEPTEMBER 5: *'Black September'* commando unit climb the fence of the Olympic Village in Munich and shoot their way into the Israeli team quarters. 2 israeli athletes are killed and 9 more taken hostage. After a day's televised bargaining, the commando unit and their hostages are driven to Fürstenfeldbruck airport. They were all to be flown to Cairo, but as the palestinians boarded their plane police marksmen opened fire. In the ensuing gun battle all the Israeli athletes (11 in all) one of the police and 5 of the palestinians are killed; leaving 3 to carry the can.

RAF prisoners spend first year of imprisonment in seperate jails; isolated not only from ordinary prisoners but from each other. Ulrike Meinhof spends a year in almost complete acoustic isolation before bad publicity forces the prison authorities to move her. In a letter smuggled out, she tried to describe it;
'The feeling that your head is exploding... the feeling of your spinal chord being pressed into your brain... furious aggression for which there is no outlet. That's the worst thing. A clear awareness that your chance of survival is nil...'

RAF code of conduct in jail: 'Not a word to the pigs, in whatever guise they may appear, particularly as doctors. Not a single word. And naturally we give them no assistance, never lift a finger to help them. Nothing but hostility and contempt... No provocation; that's important. But we will defend ourselves implacably, relentlessly, with what human methods we have.'

SEPTEMBER 20: Ulrike Meinhof is taken to Zweibrücken prison to take part in an identity parade. Naturally against her will. In fact she objected so much, that the other women in the parade were told to act like they were resisting. the resulting chaos - with all the women struggling and shouting, *"I'm Ulrike Meinhof!"* - made it impossible for the witnesses to recognise the real one. Even though she was then the most famous woman in Germany.

LATE 1972: *'Red Aid'*, the political prisoners' support group, put out a series of leaflets, intending to show how the RAF prisoners were being broken down and denied basic rights. However, the prisoners themselves were not impressed. Andreas Baadar:

'Because our comrades are half dead, they can't think we're anything else ourselves. They're twisting the thing the same way the pigs twist it worldwide: Violence is taboo, they dig themselves in behind death like a lot of parsons...

'The gun livens things up. The colonialized european comes alive, not to the subject and problem of the violence of our circumstances, but because all armed action subjects the force of circumstances to the force of events...

'I say our book should be entitled, 'THE GUN SPEAKS'.'

Around this time, Baadar was called by the defence at the Horst Mahler trial in Berlin; to give evidence about prison conditions - Regarding which, Baadar announced the first RAF hunger strike; which was to last 2 months.

Baadar's lawyer at the time, Hans-Christian Ströbele, got the Federal Prosecutor to relax the conditions and take Ulrike Meinhof out of the *'Dead Section'* of Ossendorf jail. Baadar was dubious but Ströbele managed to persuade him to call off the hunger strike. No sooner had he done so than Ulrike Meinhof was back in the *'Dead Section'*. Ströbele didn't last long as Baadar's brief.

FEBRUARY 1973: RAF defence lawyers have their own token hunger strike outside the Federal Supreme Court; and Gudrun Ensslin hassles her lawyers to get Amnesty International and the like onto their case. Neither has much effect, and when Ulrike

Bomb damage in the parking lot of USAEUR barracks, Heidelberg, May 1972

[10] 1973/74: AGAINST LEVIATHAN AGAINST HISTORY - THE RESISTANCE OF THE CELL - STAMMHEIM - THE THIRD HUNGER STRIKE AND THE MARTYRDOM OF HOLGER MEINS.

Meinhof was finally moved, after 8 months of complete acoustic isolation, it was to a cell previously occupied by a child murderer. Nice.
MARCH: *'Black September'* gunmen hold american, belgian and jordanian diplomats hostage at the Saudi Arabian Embassy in Khartoum. Their demands include the release of a *'Black September'* man held in Jordan, Sirhan Sirhan, Bob Kennedy's assassin and the RAF prisoners. When their demands aren't met,
they kill 2 american diplomats and one belgian.

'By art is created that great Leviathan, called a Commonwealth or State, which is but an artificial man.'
- opening sentence of Hobbes' 'Leviathan', quoted at the beginning of 'Moby Dick'.

In order to confuse the mail censors, Gudrun Ensslin gave everybody covernames from 'Moby Dick', a RAF favourite. All the names had allegorical significance; Gudrun was the cook, "who kept the pans well scoured and preached to the sharks"; Baadar was 'Ahab', the captain, who "destroyed himself in the hunt for Moby Dick": Horst Mahler was "a prosperous retired whaler... though a sworn foe to human bloodshed, yet had he in his straight-bodied coat, spilled tons upon tons of Leviathan gore." (Gudrun was in a generous mood when she chose that one.)

Holger Meins became 'Starbuck', the chief mate, described in 'Moby Dick' thus; "Starbuck's body and coerced will were Ahab's, so long as Ahab kept his magnet at Starbuck's brain; still he knew for all this the chief mate, in his soul, abhorred his captain's quest"; Jan_Carl Raspe was 'Carpenter', the multi-purpose coffin-maker for the victims of the hunt for the great white whale; Gerhard Müller, who later turned state's evidence, was 'Queequeg', "an old idolator at heart, he yet lived among these christians, wore their clothes, and tried to talk their gibberish."

The RAF prisoners managed to keep operating as a group by way of mail to and from the 'Red Lawyers'; and they maintained their dynamic force by a strict 'info-system', instigated by Gudrun Ensslin; 'If we dont make it systematic, sooner or later there'll be a balls-up, and then there'll be people out of action, in jail, pious, stupid...'

The RAF idea of an order she described thus; 'An order results from the construction of the collective and the breaking down of every kind of hierarchy. An order is something you're convinced of, or something you come to be convinced of. If that's not possible, then you're out...' When Astrid Proll failed to whole-heartedly participate in the first hunger strike, Ulrike Meinhof wrote, 'I told her she'll be thrown out of the RAF... I didn't mean it as a threat, just as a fact.'

The 'Info-system' was used as a vigorous dialectic in criticism and self-criticism. It was also used to amass voluminous libraries on how to be an Urban Guerrilla. Books that got passed the censors included such titles as; 'The German Journal of Weaponry', 'Military Technology', 'Radio Technology', 'Small-scale Warfare Instructor', 'Urban Guerrilla Warfare', 'Special Forces Handbook' and 'The Explosives Expert.'

The RAF experiment - staking life and freedom to show the state in its true colours - was being taken a stage further. As Gudrun Ensslin put it, to 'the Auschwitz stage': 'the difference between the Dead Section and Isolation is the difference between Auschwitz and Buchenwald. It's a simple distinction; more people survived Buchenwald than Auschwitz. Those of us in there, to put it bluntly, can only be surprised they dont spray the gas in. Nothing else surprises us...'

Ulrike Meinhof: 'When we speak of torture, all you can say is; what do you want, you're still alive.'

MAY 8 - JUNE 29: Second Hunger Strike. This time 40 prisoners take part, including many who were not in the RAF. Prison authorities employ force-feeding for the first time. Conditions improve slightly as hunger strikers' health deteriorates rapidly. Order goes out over the *'info-system': 'Everyone who doesn't mind or can stand the forcible feeding, go on refusing food. Everyone else - for instance, Andreas - stop at once. And damn it, that's an order!'*

Outside, the headlines, that summer, were left to the *June 2 Movement*; they'd also been given a boost by the return of Fritz Teufel, after doing 2 years in Hitler's old nick for attempted arson.
JULY 7: Gabi-Krocher-Tiedemann (J2M) arrested in Bochum after a shootout.
JULY 27: J2M bank raid in West Berlin nets DM200,000.
AUGUST: Inge Viett (J2M) escapes from Berlin jail by sawing through her bars. Police attack workers attempting to occupy the Ford Plant at Cologne; a series of strikes had virtually crippled the FDR at this time.
OCTOBER: More J2M arrests in Berlin; and British Army practising *'Repression of Workers' Strikes'* in FDR.
NOVEMBER 13: Till Meyer (J2M) escapes from Castro-Rauxel prison.
DECEMBER 12: Gabi Krocher-Tiedemann gets 8 years for attempted murder of a policeman.
EARLY 1974: More large scale strikes and police raids in Hamburg and Frankfurt. British Yacht Club bombing trial begins. 50 people arrested and 25 police injured in demonstrations outside.

Back inside: the first sign of any relaxation of isolation torture; Gudrun Ensslin moved to Ossendorf and put in the cell next to Ulrike Meinhof. They are allowed to exercise together.

But every silver lining comes with a cloud...
APRIL: Ensslin and Meinhof become the first residents in the especially refitted high security wing of Stuttgart's Stammheim jail. They still retain the right to exercise together plus 4 hours in the same cell each day, but their cells were now searched every day, a woman prison officer checked on them every hour and they were still banned from all community activities; except visits from lawyers and family. (By this stage Ulrike Meinhof had broken off all contact with her children.)

Baadar, Raspe and Meins stay put for the time being, in Schwalmstadt, Wittlich and Cologne respectively. With trials in the offing, preparations begin in earnest for the third hunger strike. Baadar: *'I dont think we shall call the hunger strike off this time. That means some people will die...'*
AUGUST 27: Ulrike Meinhof taken from Stammheim to Berlin Moabit Criminal Court, where she is to be tried, along with Horst Mahler (again) and Hans-Jürgen Bäcker for their part in the Baadar rescue. Ulrike says nothing until she is allowed to make a statement announcing the third hunger strike. Their demands include; the right to strike, unsupervised visiting and an end to mail censorship. Horst Mahler, who Meinhof totally ignored at Moabit, does not take part in the hunger strike, and in due course he is released from custody.
SEPTEMBER 10: J2M members, posing as detectives, rob a Berlin arms store.
OCTOBER 2: Baadar, Ensslin, Meinhof, Meins and Raspe officially indicted on 5 murder charges. The trial to begin in a year at Stammheim. Baadar and Raspe now join Ensslin and Meinhof in the Stammheim high-security wing.

Holger Meins stayed put in Wittlich because his health had deteriorated so much. Prison doctors begin force feeding him and Ensslin. By the end of the month, virtually all the hunger strikers were being force fed. RAF lawyers, Otto Schilly and Klaus Croissant, charge the prison doctors with *'deliberate mistreatment and sadistic torture.'* Force feeding is described by Holger Meins as a sort of aural enema; with the patient/victim strapped down *'Clockwork Orange'* style and his/her mouth levered open with a crowbar.

Manfred Grashof briefly gave up his hunger strike, immediately resuming it when he received a letter from Meins;
'Either a pig or a man, either survival at any price or a fight to the death, either problem or solution. There's nothing in between... rather sad, having to write you something like this. Of course I dont know myself what it's like when you die or when they kill you... ah, well, so that was it. I was on the right side anyway... everybody dies anyway. Only question is how, and how one lived, and that issue's clear enough: Fighting the pigs as a man for the liberation of mankind; a revolutionary in battle with all ones love for life, despising death.'
NOVEMBER 9: Holger Meins dies of starvation after presiding Judge Prinzing refuses to allow an outside doctor in to see him; and prison doctors ignore express instructions to transfer him to intensive care.
NOVEMBER 10: *'Avenge Holger Meins'* demonstrations throughout Europe; several arson attacks on court buildings; and Supreme Court president, Gunther Von Drenkmann, shot and killed during a bungled J2M kidnap attempt. RAF popularity at its zenith; Imprisonment had only strengthened their political stature. From 1970 to '72, police were after about 40 people; by 1974, this figure had leaped to 300 and the BKA had 10,000 on its sympathizers' file.
NOVEMBER 26: *'Action Winter Journey'*: police raids throughout FDR; 80 apts raided, including RAF lawyers' offices from which trial documents are taken; 50 arrests but no significant ones.
NOVEMBER 29: Berlin Moabit Court: Ulrike Meinhof sentenced to 8 years for attempted murder. (i.e.Her part in the

[11] 1975: JEAN-PAUL SARTRE GOES TO STAMMHEIM - THE LORENZ KIDNAPPING AND THE STOCKHOLM EMBASSY SIEGE.

Baadar rescue.) Hunger strike falling apart: Gerhard Müller, Margrit Schiller and Irene Goergens come off. Ulrike Meinhof and Ingrid Schubert sympathise with Goergens, but Gudrun Ensslin condemns her as a sellout. Relations between Meinhof and Ensslin at an all-time low. Baadar remains remarkably neutral (and relatively un-mysogynist), calling them both *'grotesque madwomen.'*

DECEMBER: Gudrun Ensslin suggests, through the *'info-system'*, that somebody commits suicide every month until the isolation torture stops. Klaus Croissant had a more subtle idea. He arranged for Jean-Paul Sartre to visit Stammheim, to interview Baadar. The interview was never published; Sartre thought the RAF *'endangered the Left.'*; and Baadar, like a true Punk Rocker, just thought Sartre was *'OLD'*. But the german press presence assured plenty of publicity for the hunger strike.

DECEMBER 20: *'Baadar/ Meinhof Law'* passed by the *Bundestag*, allowing the trial to continue in the absence of the defendants (if they had made themselves unfit to appear); and to bar lawyers suspected of *'supporting a criminal association.'* Defence lawyer Ströbele was barred merely for describing himself as a socialist. Croissant, Groenwold and Lang also barred, even though they had already been sacked by their clients.

FEBRUARY 1975: Third RAF Hunger Strike called off after 145 days and the deaths of Holger Meins and Judge Von Drenkmann. The RAF prisoners had now drawn out the battle plans for the next 2 years. The RAF, inside and out, would now devote all its time and energy to the freeing of the prisoners.

Baadar, Ensslin, Meinhof and Raspe were now allowed several hours together each day and almost daily visits from their lawyers. On the outside, Angelika and Volker Spietel had taken over the running of the *'info-system'*, from Klaus Croissant's office in Stuttgart. After the death of Holger Meins, they went underground and joined the remnants of the *'4.2 Group'* (Second Generation RAF/SPK, named after the date most of them were busted.) From Stammheim the word came out that this time they wanted to see less planning and more action.

FEBRUARY 27: 3 days before the Berlin mayoral elections, Peter Lorenz, the leading Christian Democrat (CDU) candidate, is kidnapped by J2M.

FEBRUARY 28: Along with a photo of Lorenz, with *'Prisoner of J2M'* notice round his neck, the kidnappers' demands: amnesty for those arrested at *'Avenge Holger'* demos; the release of Horst Mahler, Verena becker, Gabi Kröcher-Tiedemann, Ingrid Siepmann, Rolf Heissler and Rolf Pohle; to be accompanied to their destination by Former Mayor Albertz (of Shah's visit fame); and while negotiations are in progress, a police cease-fire; otherwise Lorenz would end up the same way as Von Drenkmann.

The demands were reasonable. Nobody convicted or accused of murder was on the list; and there was no mention of the Stammheim Four, except a footnote: *'To our comrades in jail. We would like to get more of you out, but at our present strength we're not in a position to do it.'* Horst Mahler was the only non-J2M member and he elected not to go.

MARCH 2: Former Mayor/ Pastor Albertz flies to Frankfurt, where he meets the J2M prisoners (and is bugged doing so, against his will) in a room under the airport complex (and it is complex too, I can tell you. I got lost as a bastard there, coming back from Berlin). Then they boarded a Lufthansa Boeing 707, each of the former prisoners was given $20,000 spending money and the take-off was shown live on TV.

MARCH 3: After being refused permission to land in Libya, the plane comes down at Aden in Yemen, and Pastor Albertz returns to FDR.

MARCH 4: Albertz appears on TV, giving the code-word, *'a wonderful day like today'*, and Peter Lorenz walks free in the Berlin Volks Park with some small change to call his family. However, all the niceties stopped there. An immediate nationwide search was launched for the J2M. Gerald Klopper and Ronald Fritsch were arrested merely for *'supporting the kidnapping'*. And in return a J2M leaflet was circulated, detailing what an asshole Lorenz was/is (his CDU party won the election by the way.) plus information extracted during his 6 days imprisonment in a Kreuzberg basement (near where I stayed).

APRIL 25: As the finishing touches were given to the building erected at Stammheim, specifically for the *'Baadar/ Meinhof Trial'*; 6 former SPK members - Siegfried Hausner, Hanne-Elise Krabbe, Karl-Heinz Dellwo, Lutz Taufer, Bernhard-Maria Rössner and Ullrich Wessel - entered the West German Embassy in Stockholm.

Once inside, they produce guns, obtain the keys to the upper floors and take 12 embassy officials hostage. Swedish police arrive not long after, occupy the ground floor and prepare to move up. By this time, one of the guerrillas had got to a phone and called down to the police - that if they didn't get out immediately, the german military attaché would be shot. The police stayed put. This was to be a lot messier affair than the Lorenz Kidnapping.

At mid-day, the kidnappers rang the German Press Agency and announced; *'The Holger Meins Commando is holding members of the embassy staff in order to free prisoners in West Germany. If the police move in we shall blow the building up with 15 kilos of TNT.'* Then they repeated their demand to the swedish police down below. There was still no response, so the german military attaché, Baron Von Mirbach, was made to walk out onto the landing and shot. 2 swedish policemen, stripped to their underpants to show they were unarmed, dragged the dying attachë downstairs. And only then did the police retreat to the building next door.

After that, the kidnappers called the German Press Agency again, and specified their demands. They wanted 26 prisoners freed in all, this time including Baadar, Ensslin, Meinhof and Raspe. Chancellor Helmut Schmidt heard the news at Palais Schaumberg, and informed the assembled *'Crisis Staff'* that he wasn't prepared to deal this time. Then he gave the go-ahead for an assault on the Embassy by a special anti-terrorist squad.

So that left the Swedish Minister of Justice with nothing but safe conduct to negotiate with. And the kidnappers weren't interested, insisting that if their demands were not met, they would shoot a hostage every hour.

10.20pm. The economic attachë appeared at a window, 3 shots were fired and the old man slumped forward. The swedish police prepared to fire K62 stun gas into the upper floors, then storm the building. But before anybody had a chance to do anything, the building was rocked by a series of detonations.

The force of the blast threw policemen to the ground, and along with window frames, guttering and office chairs, Ullrich Wessel was blown out into the embassy grounds. All the kidnappers and hostages were badly burnt, but Wessel was the only one to die in the blast. However, despite particularly severe burns, Siegfried Hausner was flown back to the FDR, where he died of his injuries in Stammheim, evening the score. (It was later proved that the explosion had been set off by accident.)

MAY 9: Karl Roth and Werner Sauber shot by police at a roadblock. Sauber's wounds also prove fatal.

MAY 21: *DAY 1 of the trial of Baadar, Ensslin, Meinhof and Raspe begins at Stammheim.* First of many objections to the court appointed defence lawyers raised by Ulrike Meinhof.

JUNE 5: *DAY 2:* Baadar, still without a defence lawyer of his own choice, petitions for suspension of the trial until he's found one, and is allowed unsupervised conversations with lawyers. (At the time, Baadar's claim that the prosecution was bugging cells used for lawyers' visits, was scoffed at. But it was later admitted that cells were bugged at the time of the Lorenz Kidnapping and Stokholm Embassy seige: *'2 cases of justifiable emergency.'*)

JUNE 11: *DAY 4:* Baadar allows Hans Heinz Heldmann to represent him. Heldmann immediately applies for a 10 day adjournment to talk to his client and study the case files he hasn't yet been issued. Then Otto Schilly, defending Meinhof, asks for an adjournment on the grounds that the defendants are no longer fit to stand trial. When both applications are rejected, all the *chosen* defence lawyers walk out. Presiding Judge Prinzing then adjourns.

JUNE 15: *DAY 5:* Despite extensive cross-examination by Schilly, Heldmann and Baadar, prison doctor Henck maintains that the defendants are fit to stand trial. After an adjournment there's more court appointed defence lawyer baiting, ending in an uproar that the defendants have to create in order to be allowed to leave.

JUNE 18: *DAY 6:* Baadar reads out a statement on *'Fitness to stand trial'*, that our own Mark Downham would be proud of; *"The basic problem, on this point too, is the antagonism that calls for the state machine to make re-education, or brain washing, a legitimate project. That is, in order to subdue the subject the state machine must be able to constitute it. The cause at issue between the repressive state machine and the captured revolutionary, howver, is that both know that in their*

[12] THE TRIAL: THE DEFINITION OF TERRORISM AND THE BAADAR-MEINHOF GANG'S BILL GRUNDY.

irreconcilability, as in their relationship, they express the maturity of the development wherein contradiction between productive forces and the circumstances of production becomes antagonistic in the final crisis of capital, and thus the expression of the trend whereby the legitimisation of the bourgeois state has fallen apart."

Judge Prinzing withdrew his permission to speak. Then Ulrike Meinhof applied for an examination by an independent doctor because she was finding it difficult to follow the proceedings. Her application was, needless to say, denied.

JULY 3: *DAY 13:* Jan-Carl Raspe makes the first of many challenges to Prinzing and the court on grounds of bias.

AUGUST 5: *DAY 23:* Application after application had been made by the defendants and their lawyers in order to raise the trial to a political level. To get more directly to the point, Baadar quoted an interior minister's definition of terrorism:

"'The basic rule of terrorism is to kill as many people as possible. Numb horror is the state of mind terrorists obviously wish to produce in more and more people throughout the world.'"

Baadar continued, *"I would say that is the precise definition of Israel's policy towards the Palestinian Liberation Movement, that is the precise definition of the USA's policy in Vietnam, until its defeat... Numb horror is, infact, exactly the state of mind the Federal prosecutors office wants to produce in more and more people by having more and more 'dead sections' built in prisons..."*

Ulrike Meinhof warmed to this *state monopoly on terror* line: *"Terrorism is the destruction of utilities such as dykes, waterworks, hospitals, power stations. All the targets at which the american bomb attacks on North Vietnam were systematically aimed from 1965 onwards. Terrorism operates amidst the fear of the masses. The Urban Guerrilla Movement, on the other hand, carries fear to the machinery of the state."*

Defendants removed from court.

AUGUST 19: *DAY 26:* The defendants, having been expelled from the courtroom for causing another disturbance, are recalled individually to have their personal data examined. Judge Prinzing had been trying to get to this initial stage of the trial - before the charges are read - since Day 1.

Jan-Carl Raspe is dragged back into the courtroom by 2 prison guards.
PRINZING: "Please sit down."
RASPE: "I wont sit down."
PRINZING: "Then I must draw the following points to your attention. We now intend to proceed to the examination of personal data."
RASPE: "That doesn't interest me."
PRINZING: "At this point you have an opportunity to give your own account of yourself. The consequence of your failing to do so will be that we must proceed with the trial."
RASPE: "All I have to tell you is that I've been dragged in here by force. In the circumstances I'm not giving an account of myself. I'm going down again now, and naturally you'll continue with this spectacle."
PRINZING: "It is your duty, as a defendant, to remain here."
RASPE: "If you wont expel me from court anyway, I'll climb out over this balustrade somehow."
- attempts to do so, but guards prevent him. Thereupon Prinzing decides to have Raspe removed. A few minutes later, Ulrike Meinhof is carried into the courtroom by 4 prison guards;
PRINZING: "Please sit down, Frau Meinhof."
MEINHOF: "I've no intention of sitting down."
PRINZING: "You have no intention of sitting down. Would you at least make use of the microphone, so that we can hear what you have to say?"
MEINHOF: "I dont want anything to do with this. I'm in no position to defend myself, and naturally I cant defend myself either."
PRINZING: "Will you give an account of your personal details?"
MEINHOF: "In these circumstances I will not give any account of my personal details."
- makes to leave the dock, but stopped by the guards.
MEINHOF: "I want to go."
PRINZING: "It is your duty, as a defendant, to remain here."
MEINHOF: "I'm not letting anyone force me, you arsehole!"
PRINZING: "Frau Meinhof, I observe that you have just addressed me as 'arsehole', as 'you arsehole.'"
PRINZING, after consulting his colleagues;"The defendant is expelled from court for the rest of today's hearing for calling the presiding judge, 'You Arsehole.'"
- Andreas Baadar is brought in and refuses to sit.
BAADAR: "Get on with it and expel me, will you?"
PRINZING: "Herr Baadar, this is not a question of your own wishes."
BAADAR: "Then list all the disturbances, or do I have to call you names? I'm finding this very difficult. You want to force me to stay here?"
PRINZING: "It's not that I want to; I must."
BAADAR: "What are you waiting for, do you want to provoke abuse or what?"
PRINZING: "I dont want to provoke anything, I would far rather you refrained from abuse."
BAADAR: "I shall disrupt the trial, this manoeuvring of yours is a dirty trick."
PRINZING: "There is no dirty trick involved. The rules of procedure oblige me to act as I do."
BAADAR: "So what do you want? Are you set on having physical violence here, or what?"
PRINZING: "I want you to sit down and take part in the hearing in an orderly manner."
BAADAR: "Hell, it's filthy manipulation, the way you're forcing me to spend 5 minutes insisting you expel me. I simply want to be out of here."
PRINZING: "It is not a question of your personal wishes. Your duty as a defendant is to remain here."
BAADAR: "Oh, alright, carry on with your ridiculous procedure. I shall create a disturbance."
PRINZING: "So far you are creating no disturbance."
BAADAR: "Well, let me tell you, Prinzing, you'd better expel me now or I'll find myself forced to abuse you."
PRINZING: "Herr Baadar."
BAADAR: "Are you set on hearing it then? Alright, you can have it, you can have it all sorts of ways."
PRINZING: "I do not wish to hear it."
BAADAR: "Well, you can hear me tell you you're a fascist arsehole."
- Gudrun Ensslin is led into the courtroom and forced to stand infront of the dock.
PRINZING: "Ah, a 'fascist arsehole.'"
BAADAR: "Now will you expel me?"
ENSSLIN: "And me too, you old swine."
BAADAR: "I'll say it again, Prinzing, loud and clear; you're an old fascist arsehole!"
- Prinzing orders Baadar's microphone to be switched off.
ENSSLIN: "We're not fit to stand trial, and owing to that we wont participate in this, you old swine."
PRINZING: "You have created a disturbance. I understood you to call me an old swine; did I hear that correctly or was I mistaken? I would like to have that ascertained; is it right? And you, Herr Baadar, have called me a 'fascist arsehole.'"
- still asks Gudrun Ensslin if she will give an account of her personal details.
ENSSLIN: "Old swine."

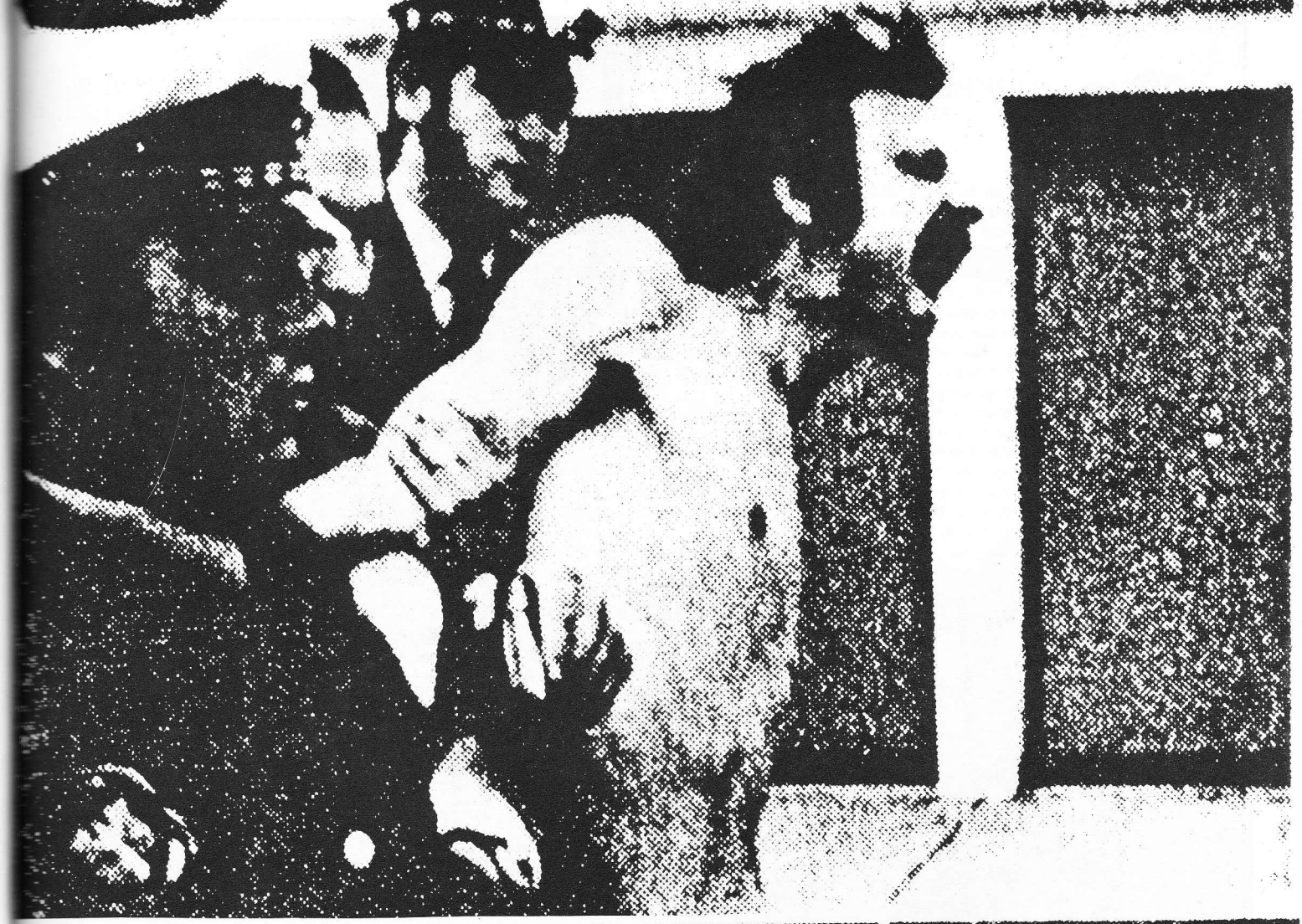
Then, finally, the personal data and charges were read, in the defendants absence: *- Andreas Baadar, unemployed; Gudrun Ensslin, student; Ulrike Meinhof, journalist; Jan-Carl Raspe, sociologist; charged jointly with 4 murders, 54 attempted murders and forming a criminal association.*

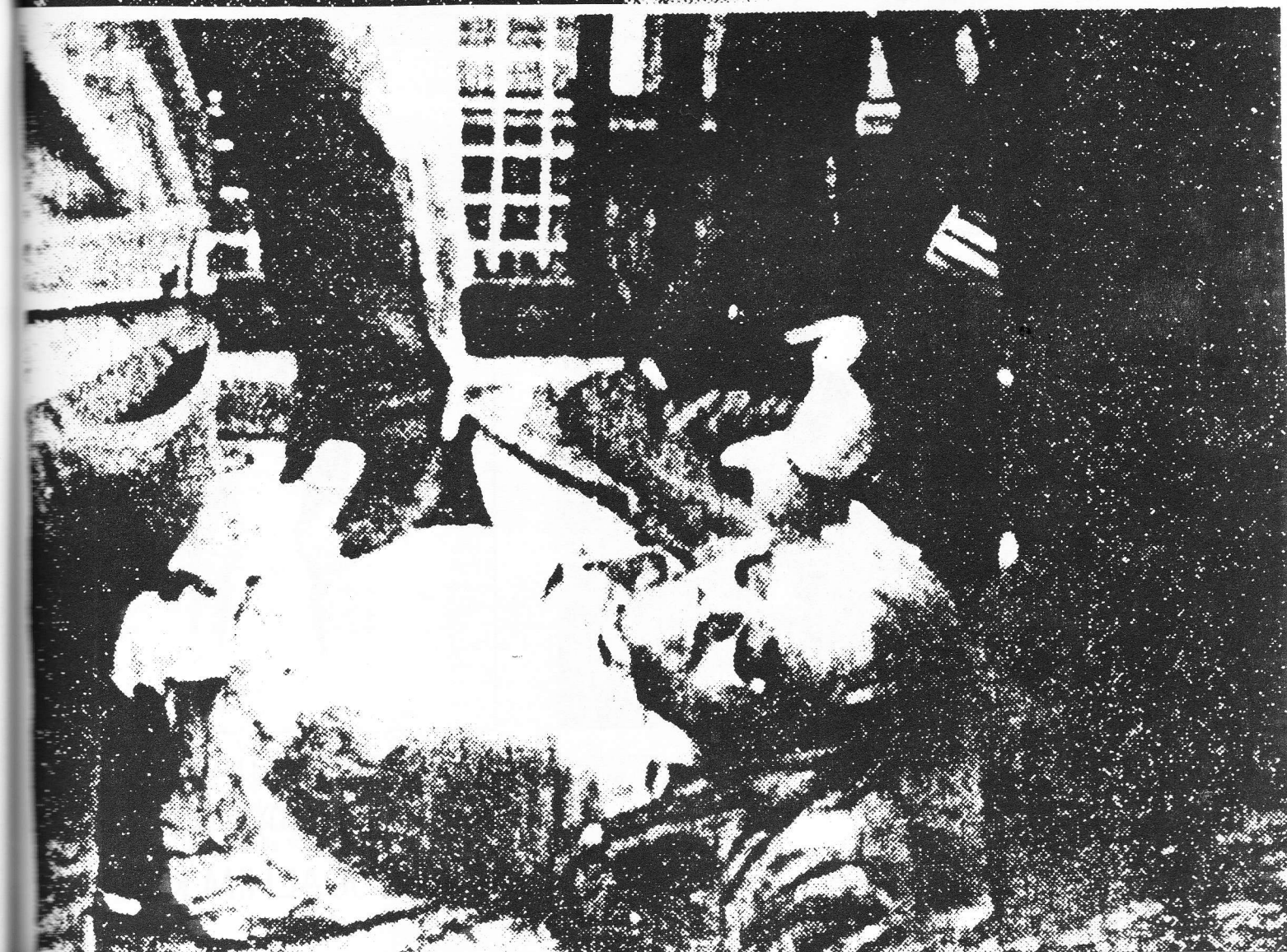
Meanwhile the *June 2 Movement* had been keeping itself busy. Their most popular actions were the distribution of thousands of free U-bahn and bus tickets, and 2 bank raids in West Berlin, during which they gave out chocolates to the customers and staff.

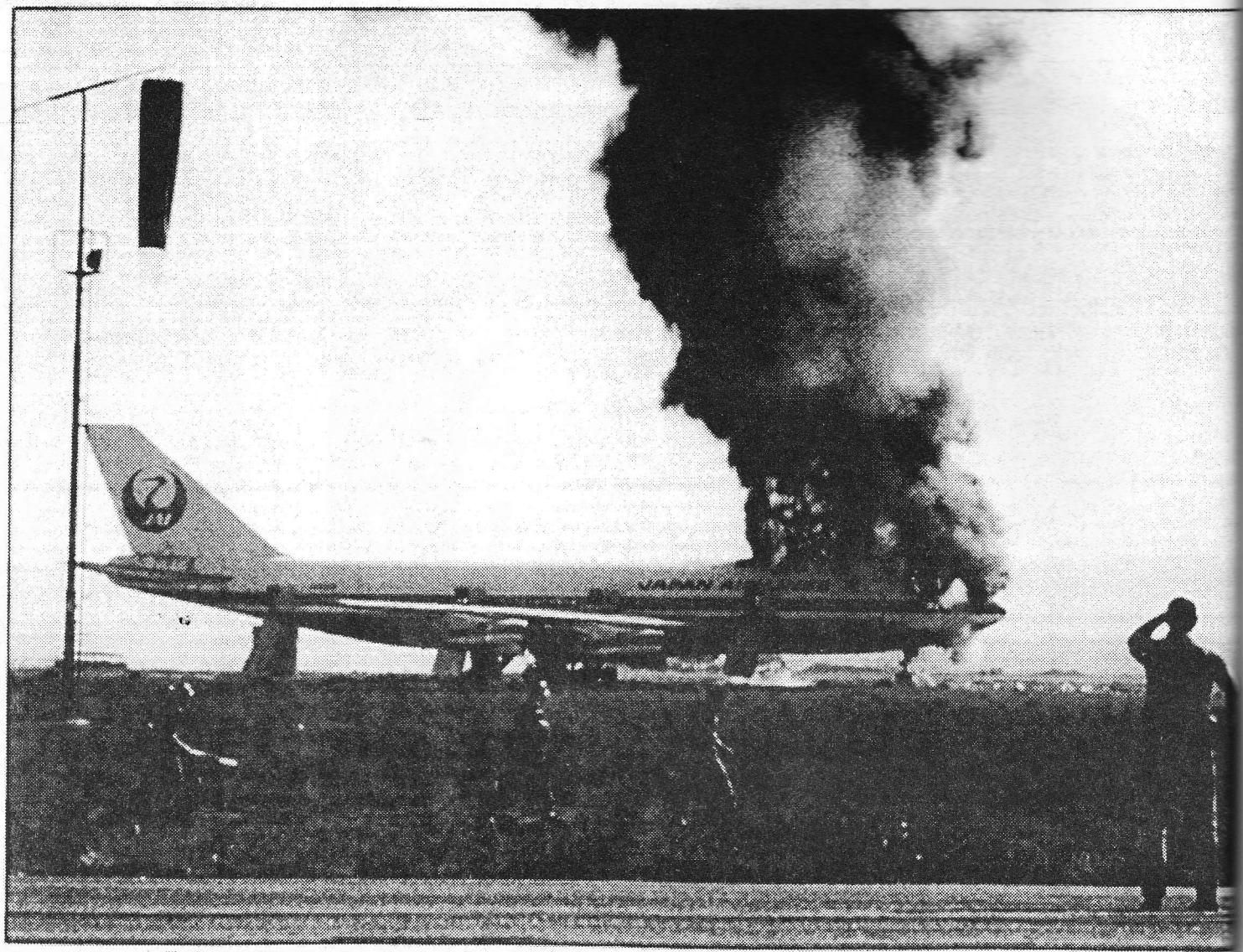
However, by September, J2M members Till Meyer, Ralf Reinders, Inge Viett, Julianne Plambeck, Fritz Teufel and Gabrielle Rollnick were all arrested and charged with the Lorenz kidnapping, the bank raids, and Reinders with the Von Drenkmann assassination. Rainer Langhans and Dieter Kunzelmann had settled down by this time. And Bommi Baumann ended up in India with a guru, when he was meant to be getting arms. (Nowadays Dieter Kunzelmann is back in the public eye as a Green MP, and is responsible for the *'Alternative List'* of the Berlin Chamber of Deputies.)

DECEMBER 21: Vienna: 5 gunmen shoot their way into a conference of *'The Organisation of Petroleum Exporting Countries'* (OPEC). 3 people are killed in the process: an austrian cop, an iraqi bodyguard and a libyan civil servant. Austrian SAS immediately attempt to storm the Conference Room but are forced to retreat. The guerrillas holding 11 oil ministers and 60 others hostage, are a PFLP backed commando headed by Ilich Ramirez Sanchez, otherwise known as *'Carlos; the Jackal.'*

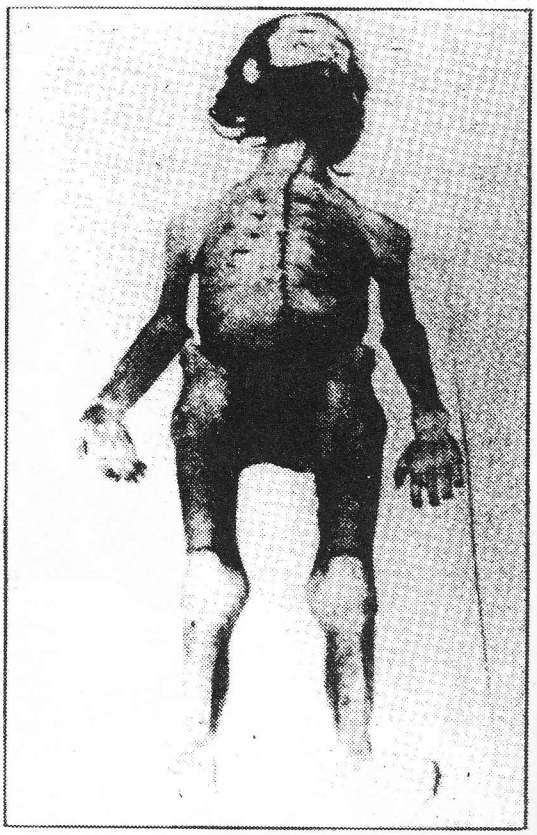
Although the OPEC raid was to go down as *Carlos'* finest hour, the venezuelan enigma was already reknowned for











(Above) 1973: One of the famous Japan Airlines jets blown up in Libya after the hostages' release.
(Left) December 1975: Jean-Paul Sartre goes to Stammheim. (Good name for a band?) Pictured with Klaus Croissant and Hans-Joachim Klein in the foreground.

November 1974: The laid-out corpse of Holger Meins. Although 6 feet in height, Meins died weighing only 6 stone 8 pounds.

'I have kept this picture in my wallet to keep my hatred shar

HANS JOACHIM KLEIN

[13] 1975/76: THE OPEC RAID - CARLOS - THE DEATH OF ULRIKE MEINHOF - RAID ON ENTEBBE AND KLAUS JÜNSCHKE'S COURTROOM LEAP.

the assassination of Edward Sieff, the british Zionist chairman of Marks and Spencer; the Japanese Red Army assault on the French Embassy in the Hague; and the rocket launcher attack on an El Al jet at Orly airport.

More than a match for the austrian govt, who soon capitualted; allowing the kidnappers safe passage, with their hostages, to a destination of their own choice. The whole thing was basically a PR exercise, forcing the OPEC countries to re-affirm support for the palestinian cause.

The only snag was, during the austrian SAS counter-attack, one of the guerrillas had been seriously wounded. He was Hans-Joachim Klein, a member of the RAF/*Red Aid* offshoot,*'Revolutionary Cells'* (RZ), who had acted as Jean-Paul Sartre's chauffeur when he visited Stammheim. While the negotiations were in progress, Klein was taken out of the OPEC building on a stretcher, and operated on in a nearby hospital. Even then, he was still in a critical condition. But *Carlos* and Klein himself insisted that he be flown out with the others, not forgetting the 42 non-austrian hostages, including the oil ministers.

Algeria, who were particularly anxious to get their oil minister back in one piece, offered itself as the destination-country. And it all passed off smoothly, that is without any further bloodshed. A little detour to Tripoli ensured that Iran and Saudi Arabia coughed up contributions to the palestinian cause of upwards of $5 million. (Their ministers, Amouzegar and Sheik Yamani respectively, were to be executed at one point.) All the remaining hostages were dropped off in Algiers, and *Carlos* followed Leila Khaled into the annals of terrorist folklore, never to be heard of again.

JANUARY 1976: After court appointed medical experts confirm that the Stammheim prisoners are not fit to stand trial for more than 3 hours a day, Judge Prinzing rules that the trial will be continued in their absence. Defendants officially admit to membership of an Urban Guerrilla group and claim *'political responsibility'* for the various bomb attacks. After 8 months in court, the actual trial now begins.
LATE JANUARY: Dierk Hoff, the metal sculptor, testifies for the prosecution.
FEBRUARY/ MARCH: Letters claiming responsibility for the bomb attacks read out. Evidence heard regarding the Hiedelberg US Armybase, Augsberg and Munich Police HQ bombings. Defendants seldom in court.
APRIL: As evidence is heard about the controversial Hamburg Springer building bombing, conflict between Ulrike Meinhof and Gudrun Ensslin heightens. Ensslin wrote that she thought Meinhof was *'trying to crack up'* so she could get out of the RAF.

MAY 4:*DAY 106:* Ulrike Meinhof appears in court for the last time - Not even staying to hear her defence counsel, Otto Schilly, call for Richard Nixon, Willi Brandt and Helmut Schmidt to give evidence. The latest defence initiative was to show that the US Govt. had violated international law by its military intervention in Laos, Cambodia, Nam; and because West German airbases were used, they could be considered as legitimate targets for international retribution.

MAY 9: Ulrike Meinhof found hanging from the window grating in her cell. Official version: she tied a rope made from strips of towelling round her neck, climbed on a stool, attached the rope to the grating, and jumped. *'Suicide by strangulation. No extraneous factors.'*

A second post-mortem, called by Ulrike's sister and defence counsel, agreed with the original findings. But later an *'International Investigatory Commission'* found evidence of possible rape: the initial chemical examination had got a positive reaction to a sperm test in the genital area - Further tests were all negative.

There was also some doubt that the towelling rope could have been pushed through the grating without assistance of some kind. And most suspicious of all, there was no suicide note. Ulrike Meinhof had written about everything else she had done, but not her *'final act of rebellion.'*
MAY 11:*DAY 109:* After Ulrike's name had been crossed off the court agenda, Prinzing attempted to carry on as if nothing had happened. Raspe, Ensslin, Baadar and the lawyers, Schilly and Heldmann, all make applications for an adjournment and question the suicide verdict. Even the court appointed defence lawyer Künzel, applies for an adjournment until after the funeral.

The Federal Prosecutor opposes all the applications, and all the defendants, defence lawyers and some of the spectators were either expelled or walked out in disgust. After the mid-day break, Jan-Carl Raspe made a surprise re-appearance. *"I just wanted to say,"* he said to Prinzing, *"that your manner and function leave no way of relating to you except waiting in a corner with a gun."*

Numerous demonstrations throughout Europe, most notably in Frankfurt and West Berlin. West German Consulate in Nice bombed by *'Ulrike Meinhof Commando.'* Also buildings of german firms, Kloekner and Thyssen in Paris, and US Armed Forces Radio station in Frankfurt.
MAY 16: Thousands attend Ulrike Meinhof's funeral in Mariendorf, West Berlin. 26 of them arrested.

JUNE 27: An Air France Airbus, full of Israeli tourists, is hi-jacked en-route from Tel Aviv to Paris. After a touch-down in Athens, the plane is redirected to Entebbe in Idi Amin's Uganda. Should be a drum-roll or something after that. In return for the hostages, the kidnappers demand the rlease of 40 prisoners held in Israel, 5 in Kenya, one in France, one in Italy and 6 in West Germany. Significantly the germans do not include Baadar and Ensslin, but Jan-Carl Raspe is named along with Ingrid Schubert and Werner Hoppe of the RAF, and Fritz Teufel, Ralf Reinders and Inge Viett of J2M.

As immortalised in the various *'Raid on Entebbe'* films, after as much stalling as possible, the Israelis appear to be on the verge of conceding, then send in a crack commando unit (which includes James Woods if I'm not very much mistaken). During the raid all the hi-jackers are killed, and all the hostages are flown back to Israel (except the brit. Dora Bloch, who Idi Amin was having for lunch.)

The chief of the german anti-terrorist squad (GSG 9), Ulrich Wegener, along as an advisor, was shot in the hip while actually participating in the raid. (Those GSG 9 boys just couldn't stay put.) But he wasn't the only german involved in the saga; as Jillian Becker gleefully points out at the beginning of *'Hitler's Children'*, the hi-jackers included 2 RZ members; the founder and *Carlos* cohort, Wilfried Böese and Brigitte Kuhlmann.

Becker sets the tone of her book by describing when the Israeli hostages were separated from the others (An obviously suspect move: treating all Israelis as Zionists), one of the hostages told Böese that he was no better than his Nazi forebears; *'...Böese replied that this was something quite different from Nazism... what they wanted was world marxist revolution. To the hostages at Entebbe the difference was hard to see. The hostages did not die. As all the world knows, armed israelis descended out of the sky on the day set for the slaughter, gathered them up and carried them back through the air to safety in Israel. It was Böese and his comrades who were shot dead...'*

Meanwhile, back at Stammheim...
JUNE 28: *DAY 121:* Defence calls 2 americans, who used to work for the CIA at US military HQ, in the IG Farben building in Frankfurt. (Incidentally, the IG Farben multinational was responsible for the *'Zyklon B'* gas used in the concentration camps.) Their evidence would have been along the lines that the FDR was a party to war crimes committed by the yanks in Vietnam. Which would have led back to the RAF applying an *'international right to resist'* with its actions. But their evidence was found inadmissable; *'The Vietnam war is not the subject of the trial.'*
JULY 7: Inge Viett, Gabrielle Rollnick, Julianne Plambeck and Monika Berberich escape from max.security prison in West Berlin. They simply overpowered a guard and went over the wall.
JULY 8: *Day 124:* Former RAF member, Gerhard Müller, called to give evidence for the prosecution. Müller had eventually given into police pressure to talk, in exchange for a reduced sentence.
JULY 21: Monika Berberich recaptured in West Berlin; and Rolf Pohle picked up in Athens. Pohle is eventually extradited after Chancellor Schmidt threatened Greece with heavy economic consequences.
JULY 22: *DAY 129:* Brigitte Mohnhaupt, doing 4 years for membership of a criminal association, is called by the defence to refute the evidence Müller had been giving that the RAF had an authoritarian structure.
JULY 28: *DAY 131:* Klaus Jünschke, who had also been called to refute Müller's evidence, harangues Prinzing a bit, then runs around the witness box, vaults the judges' bench and pulls Prinzing to the ground. (When Jünschke was sentenced the following year, his leap at Prinzing was cited as proof of his *'fanatical hatred'* of the state. Jünschke got life for *'joint murder'* during the Kaiserlautern bank raid, even though there wasn't much evidence that he

[14] 1977: THE FALL OF JUDGE PRINZING AND THE ASSASSINATION OF FEDERAL PROSECUTOR BUBACK - EVERY CAPITALIST HAS A TERRORIST IN THE FAMILY - THE VERDICT AND STALIN'S ORGAN.

was even there.)
AUGUST 3: Baadar and Raspe get extra charges against them after a punch-up with 2 of the 7th floor Stammheim guards.
AUGUST 4: *DAY 134:* Prinzing withdraws prisoners right to mingle in the 7th floor corridor.
NOVEMBER 30: Red lawyer Siegfried Haag, former partner of Klaus Croissant, arrested near Frankfurt. Haag had gone underground before the trial to help reconstruct the RAF. Police raids following his capture come up with photos taken inside Stammheim. When the trial resumed a week later the defence counsel were told to take off their shoes and open their trousers before entering court. Despite indignant objections the *trouser edict* stood for the remainder of the trial.

JANUARY 10, 1977: *DAY 171:* Otto Schilly produces evidence that Judge Prinzing has passed on papers concerning the trial to Appeal Court Judge Mayer. Mayer, in turn, had made the papers available to the press. Schilly's evidence was a letter from Mayer to the editor of *'Die Welt'*, suggesting he use the trial papers to discredit *'Der Spiegel.'* Pretty damning stuff. Prinzing disallowed the challenge, but the writing was on the wall.

Prinzing's final downfall was when he rang the court appointed defence lawyer, Künzel, who had once again supported Schilly's challenge, and accused him of letting the side down. Hans Heinz Heldmann used this to issue the 85th challenge to the judge on the grounds of bias. And that was Prinzing's lot. He was discharged and replaced by the associate judge Foth.
EARLY FEBRUARY: More clashes on the 7th floor between prisoners and guards.
MARCH 15: *DAY 184:* After the bugging of nuclear scientist, Klaus Traube goes public, showing how close the FDR had got to *'Big Brother'*, Otto Schilly applies for the suspension of the trial until it can be proved that the defendants and their lawyers are'nt being bugged also. Once again Schilly's application was found to be unfounded.
MARCH 17: *DAY 185:* Interior and Justice ministers admit to the press that during the Stockholm siege and after Haag's arrest, conversations were monitored; *'circumstances of justifiable emergency.'* (They did not admit that certain cells had been bugged since March '75, as was discovered later.) All the court appointed lawyers back Schilly's motion to suspend the trial until the matter's cleared up. Judge Foth eventually adjourns.
MARCH 22: Top Secret Internal Committee meeting of the *Bundestag* about the Stammheim bugging affair.
MARCH 29: *DAY 187:* Last appearance of the defendants. Baadar makes an application for the 2 Social Democrat Chancellors, Willy Brandt and Helmut Schmidt, to be called, to face charges that the RAF had been persecuted since 1972, *'according to a conception of anti-subversive warfare contrary to common law.'* Jan-Carl Raspe applied for secret service men to be called to prove that they were bugging the 7th floor. Gudrun Ensslin announced the beginning of the 4th Hunger Strike. None of them appeared in court again. (Neither did Manfred Künzel, the court appointed defence lawyer, who walked out in disgust over the bugging affair, never to return.)
APRIL 7: A Suzuki motorbike pulls up next to a Mercedes taking Federal Prosecutor Buback to the High Court in Karlsruhe. The rider and pillion passenger of the Suzuki produce automatic weapons and shoot Buback and his 2 bodyguards dead. Buback was responsible for all the RAF trials. His assassination was claimed by the *'Ulrike Meinhof Commando.'*
APRIL 21: *DAY 191:* Penultimate day of the trial. Court appointed lawyers sum up. Defendants send message that they have nothing more to say.
APRIL 28: *DAY 192:* Presiding Judge Foth delivers the verdict, *'in the name of the people';* defendants found guilty of jointly committing 4 murders, in conjunction with 7 attempteds, and 27 other murders in conjunction with bomb attacks; Baadar and Raspe had 2 more attempteds and Ensslin just the one; and all guilty of forming a criminal association. Each gets life imprisonment.

APRIL 30: Stammheim governor Nusser agrees to bring a certain number of prisoners together. 4th hunger strike called off.
MAY 3: Gunther Sonnenberg captured after a shootout in Bonn. He's accused of participating in the Buback killing.
MAY/JUNE: Conversion of the 7th floor to accomodate the extra prisoners. For the first time RAF prisoners associate with ordinary prisoners employed on the conversion job. (In theory this is the most likely time that anything - ie. guns - could have been smuggled in.)
END OF JUNE: Wolfgang Beer, Helmut Pohl and Werner Hoppe from Hamburg, join the 3 remaining originals, and Ingrid Schubert who'd been there a year, and Irmgard Möller who'd arrived in January'77; making 8.
JULY 30: Jurgen Ponto, head of the Dresdner Bank - Germany's second largest, unwittingly lets a RAF commando into his Oberusel home. One of them, Susanne Albrecht, is the daughter of a Hamburg Lawyer - an old friend of the Pontos. Once inside, her male companion pulls out a gun and fires. There was a struggle and another girl, later identified as Brigitte Mohnhaupt, shoots Ponto 5 times. Apparently it was meant to have been a kidnap. Ponto died in hospital.
AUGUST 5: Strange goings on on the 7th floor; Irmgard Möller had permission to spend the night in Gudrun Ensslin's cell. However, contrary to all the rules, Andreas Baadar is locked in with them as well. Nothing happens for an hour, then 8 prison guards charge down the corridor and escort Baadar and Möller back to their cells.
AUGUST 6: Guards lock Baadar and Ensslin's cells during association period. Relations between prisoners and guards tenser than usual.
AUGUST 8: More trouble over the locked doors; a bit of a scuffle between Raspe and one of the guards, then 30 prison guards storm the 7th floor. As a result of the ensuing turmoil, which appears to have been for no other purpose than for the guards to let off steam, Beer, Hoppe and Pohl are sent back to Hamburg and all the prisoners go on hunger strike again.
AUGUST 26: A couple visit the painter Theodor Sand and say they're interested in buying one of his paintings. The painter's house happens to be opposite the Federal Prosecutor's Office in Karlsruhe. Around mid-day, the couple make their move. Then a Renault van, with *'A.Krieg - Instant Customer Service'* on its side, pulls up outside and a group of young people get out and carry metal objects up to Sand's apt.

This was Peter Jürgen Boock's *'Stalin Organ'*, a multiple rocket launcher, which was to be trained on the Fed. Prosecutor's Office. However it took Boock several hours to construct his creation and he later claimed he deliberately sabotaged it. Indeed the rocket launcher did'nt work, but the judge at Boock's trial did'nt believe his sabotage story and sentenced him anyway.

This and the aborted Ponto kidnapping was the work of the third generation RAF, who now consisted of Brigitte Mohnhaupt, Sieglinde Hofmann, Elisabeth Von Dyck, Christian Klar, Willy Peter Stoll, Peter Jürgen Boock, Susanne Albrecht, Adelhaid Schulz, Rolf Clemens Wagner and Stefan Wisniewski. They had'nt achieved much more than the second SPK generation so far, but they were just warming up.

SEPTEMBER 5: Despite clues aplenty and an armoured escort, Employers Leader and Daimler-Benz Chief Exec. Hanns-Martin Schleyer is kidnapped in Cologne.

Just like in the movies his car and its police escort are forced to stop by a pram left out in the road. As soon as they do so, masked gunmen appear, shooting the 3 policemen and Schleyer's driver dead. Schleyer himself is bundled into a Volkswagen minibus and driven away. BKA orders immediate nationwide alert, and at Stammheim TV sets and radios are confiscated and Baadar, Ensslin and Raspe are moved to new cells.

SEPTEMBER 6: The Volkswagen minibus is found along with a note demanding that all investigations be called off or Schleyer will be shot. BKA chief Herold flies to Bonn for an emergency meeting with Chancellor Schmidt. The 2 former *Wehrmacht* officers agree not to deal over the former high ranking SS officer, Schleyer. Herold, confident that with time, his computer will come up with a lead.

The press were'nt informed about the letter in the minibus, to force the kidnappers to get in touch again. That afternoon, another letter duly arrived at the house of a protestant dean in Weisbaden. It contained 2 photos; the famous one of Schleyer holding the *'Prisoner of the RAF'* placard, and one he had on his person; and the kidnappers (the *'Siegfried Hausner Commando'*) demands:

They reiterated that if investigations did'nt stop immediately Schleyer would be shot; and in return for his release demanded that Andreas Baadar, Gudrun Ensslin, Jan-Carl Raspe, Verena Becker, Werner Hoppe, Karl-Heinz Dellwo, Hanna Krabbe, Bernd Rössner, Ingrid Schubert, Irmgard Möller and Gunther Sonneberg be taken to Frankfurt Airport the next day and flown to a country of their

[15] GERMAN AUTUMN PART 1: THE HANNS-MARTIN SCHLEYER KIDNAPPING: DEADLINES AND DELAYING TACTICS.

choice; accompanied by human rights activists Pastor Niemöller and Denis Payot.

The letter concluded, optimistically; *'We assume that Schmidt, after he showed in Stokholm how fast he can make decisions, will endeavour to clarify his relationship with this fat magnate of international economics clear just as quickly.'*

First it was announced on TV news that the kidnappers' letter had arrived too late for the deadline to be met. Then Schmidt met with the CDU opposition leader Kohl (today's chancellor) and officially got his approval for the hard line. After that an all-party emergency meeting was called. Schmidt made his statement that there would be no capitulation to the kidnappers' demands. And as a first step RAF prisoners would be completely isolated from each other, their lawyers, everybody. (However, obviously tampered with radio equipment was returned to the prisoners, so that their short-wave broadcasts to each other could be listened in to.)

SEPTEMBER 7: As a further stalling device Herold asks the kidnappers, over the radio, to produce unmistakable proof that Schleyer is still alive. This was to take the form of taped answers to personal questions only Schleyer could know, and was to be dragged out for 6 weeks.

Tapes containing Schleyer's answers and fresh demands for TV coverage arrive at the homes of other priests. Once again the BKA played for time, claiming the videotape had arrived too late for transmission and suggesting an intermediary. The hunt for Schleyer was now in full swing, albeit discreetly and a strict news blackout had been imposed.

SEPTEMBER 8: Kidnappers' second letter published; only concession so far and that was after a 2 day delay.

SEPTEMBER 9: Another letter demanding a decision arrives at the French Press Agency in Bonn. Once again the letter isn't published. The kidnappers, obviously aware of what's going on, get Schleyer to write letters to old friends, urging a quick decision. One to his son says if the delays go on he will be liquidated and someone else will be kidnapped.

SEPTEMBER 10: Denis Payot, a swiss lawyer and human rights activist, agrees to be intermediary. That night he is contacted and told that the next day one of the RAF prisoners is to appear on TV, to confirm that flight preparations are going ahead. However there was a discrepancy in the Schleyer statement, he'd given the wrong month of a meeting he'd attended. The BKA used this as an excuse to stall for more proof and started to ask for more specific details of the flight.

SEPTEMBER 12: Package left in a Dusseldorf hotel containing more proof that Schleyer is still alive and a tape saying the ultimatum will be extended to midnight, and only the RAF prisoners can say where they want to go.

After more emergency meetings, a new communique is drawn up and conveyed to the kidnappers, through Payot: preparations had begun, the RAF prisoners would be asked if and where they wanted to go: the 4th ultimatum had been broken.

SEPTEMBER 13: Alfred Klaus of the BKA, goes to Stammheim with flight questionaires. Baadar names Algeria, Vietnam, Libya, Yemen and Iraq as possible destinations, and says the govt. must ask the countries to accept them.

Meanwhile Payot had recieved another message from the kidnappers, requesting that he cease his intermediary role because it was just being used as a delaying tactic. In response to their next midnight deadline the BKA make another lame concession; they would *begin* negotiations with Algeria and Libya; 5th ultimatum isn't met.

SEPTEMBER 14: Minister of State Wischnewski flies to Algeria and Libya. Another video-tape of Schleyer arrives at the French Press Agency in Bonn, and kidnappers ring Payot again; suggesting that the prisoners' departure be televised that night after closedown. That night TV detector vans scour a certain area of Cologne on a clairvoyant's advice. Herold's computer clearly wasn't earning its keep.

SEPTEMBER 18: Minister of State Wischnewski flying about, acting busy. Questions and answers still going back and forth. Kidnappers tell the BKA: *"All we have to say is that we are not going to spend another fortnight negotiating."*

SEPTEMBER 20: New law passed at unprecedented speed, legalizing the hitherto strictly illegal total contact ban inflicted on the RAF prisoners.

SEPTEMBER 24: More stalling by the BKA; expecting answers from 4 destination countries shortly. Kidnappers call Payot again; *"We are just wondering how long M.Payot is going to play this game. We are beginning to feel we have no time and no inclination to play it ourselves. End of Message."*

(Extensive wiretapping showed that most of the calls were coming from phone booths around Cologne train station, but a few came from Gare du Nord in Paris.)

SEPTEMBER 26: Wischnewski in Vietnam. BKA tell kidnappers Libya and Yemen have refused to take the prisoners. Kidnappers tell Payot *"No more proof that Schleyer is alive will be given except with concrete indications of the exchange."* Jan-Carl Raspe adds Angola, Mozambique, Guinea-Bissau and Ethiopia to the list.

SEPTEMBER 28: Japan Airlines plane hijacked by Japanese Red Army, demanding the release of 9 prisoners. Japanese govt. concede to the hijackers' demands.

SEPTEMBER 30: Wischnweski back from Vietnam. BKA announces that Nam and Algeria have refused to accept the prisoners.

OCTOBER 2: BKA demand another sign of life from Schleyer and refuse to bring the prisoners together. Arndt Muller, the lawyer suspected of smuggling stuff into Stammheim, is arrested in Stuttgart. And so is Volker Spietel, when he returns from a protest tour of Denmark, and Klaus Croissant in Paris. Also Croissant's Stuttgart offices are searched again and sealed up.

OCTOBER 4: Police begin search of Cologne tower block they'd had under surveillance for some time. Car with the same number plates as the one used in the kidnapping parked in the underground garage. Police ascertain that Schleyer had been brought there in the boot, and one of the apts. eventually check out as being in Angelika Spietal's name; but it had been well vacated by then.

OCTOBER 6: After Baadar, Ensslin, Raspe and Moller issue *identical* appeals against the contact ban, prison doctor Henck reports that Raspe is suffering from severe depression and suicidal tendencies. Andreas Baadar writes to the Higher Regional Court: *'Putting together all the measures adopted over the last 6 weeks... one can conclude that the administration... is hoping to incite one or more of us to commit suicide, or at least to make suicide look plausible.*

'I state here that none of us intend to kill ourselves. Supposing, again in a prison officer's words, we should be "found dead", then we have been killed in the fine tradition of all the judicial and political measures taken during these proceedings.'

Palma de Mallorca; a young man books in at the Saratoga Hotel, with an iranian passport in the name of 'Ali Hyderi'. The following day he is joined by a girl with an iranian passport in the name of 'Soraya Ansari'.

OCTOBER 8: New picture of Schleyer, holding *'31 days a prisoner'* placard, arrives at Payot's office. In the accompanying handwritten letter, Schleyer pleads: *"The uncertainty is the worse thing to bear. In my first statement after the kidnapping, I said that the decision about my life was in the hands of the Federal Govt. and I thereby accepted that decision. But it was a decision I meant; I was not thinking of vegetating in constant uncertainty, in which state I have been for a month."*

Palma de Mallorca: a second apparently iranian couple arrive and book into the Costa del Azul hotel, near the Saratoga. Their iranian passports are in the names of 'Riza Abbasi' and 'Shanaz Holoun'. Abbasi books 2 first class tickets for Lufthansa Flight 181 to Frankfurt on October 13. At the same time Ali Hyderi was booking 2 economy class tickets on the same flight.

The iranian couples are really another of Wadi Haddad's PFLP commandos; Hind Alameh, alias 'Shanoul Haloun'; Nabil Harb, alias 'Riza Abbasi'; Suhaila Sayeh, alias 'Soraya Ansari'; and the leader, Zohair Youssef Akache, alias 'Ali Hyderi', already wanted for the assassination of the North Yemen PM in London.

At Stammheim, Baadar, Ensslin, Raspe and Möller were speaking with the BKA man Klaus, and threatening to *'take the decision out of Schmidt's hands by deciding for themselves, in the way still open.'* Gudrun added; *"This is something that concerns the govt, because the govt. is responsible for the facts which account for it; 5 years of torment and murder, the show trial, the constant electronic surveillance, torture by drugs and solitary confinement - the whole wretched ritual carried out to break our will and consciousness, and it is also responsible for the way this inhuman conception has been taken to extremes over the last 6 weeks; total social and acoustic isolation, and all the harassment and torments that are supposed to finish us off."*

Then she repeated a promise that Baadar had made previously; if they were exchanged and the govt. didn't try to

[16] GERMAN AUTUMN PART 2: THE LUFTHANSA HIJACKING: ANNA-MARIA'S BIRTHDAY PARTY AND THE DEATH OF A PILOT.

extradite them back again, they had their assurance that they would not return to the FDR.

OCTOBER 13: 13.00 hours: Lufthansa jet *Landshut*, a Boeing 737, flight No.LH 181, takes off from Palma de Mallorca for Frankfurt, with 86 passengers and 5 crew on board.

Just after take-off, 2 men rush into the cockpit and drag co-pilot Jürgen Vietor out into the gangway. Simultaneously 2 women stand up, holding hand grenades above their heads.

The co-pilot, stewardesses and 1st class passengers are moved back to Economy, where they are reseated, young men in the window seats. Over the intercom, the hijack leader, who remained in the cockpit, introduces himself as *'Captain Martyr Mahmud'*.

14.38 hours: Air Traffic Cotrol at Aix-en-Provence reports a deviation in the Lufthansa's flightpath. 2 hours later it comes down at Rome's Fiumicino Airport, 1,000 metres from the main terminal. Armoured vehicles surround the plane and *Captain Mahmud* addresses the tower, in english; *"The group I represent demands the release of our comrades in german prisons. We are fighting against the imperialist governments of the world."*

By this time, Interior Minister Maihofer was aware of the situation. From Bonn he got Cossiga, his opposite number in Italy, on the line and told him; *"Whatever happens the Lufthansa jet must not be allowed to fly on. Shoot out the tyres."* But Cossiga wasn't so sure. He consulted Enrico Berlinguer, the leader of the Communist Party (at the time tolerated by Cossiga's Christian Democrat Party, not least because Berlinguer was a close relation of Cossiga) and they agreed that there would be no bloodbath on italian soil. The plane was refuelled and took off again at 17.42 hours.

In Bonn, the *'Smaller Crisis Staff'* had already decided to stick to its hardline.

19.55 hours: Another Lufthansa jet takes off from Frankfurt Airport, carrying Interior Ministry and BKA men. At a stopover at Cologne/ Bonn Airport, they are joined by 30 highly trained and armed commandos of the special GSG 9 *anti-terrorist* unit, under the command of Ulrich Wegener, the Entebbe veteran.

20.30 hours: The hijacked Lufthansa lands at Larnaca. After refuelling, it flies on.

23.13 hours: Shortly after the departure of the hijacked plane, the plane with the GSG 9 men on board lands at Larnaca. It too refuels, then flies on towards the Persian Gulf.

OCTOBER 14: Schleyer kidnappers contact Denis Payot in Geneva to announce that the passengers and crew of the Lufthansa are under their control; and add the release of 2 palestinians and a $15 million ransom to their demands. No more extensions of the deadline and no further contact. Anymore delays will mean Schleyer's death. Schmidt,Maihofer,Wischnewski and Herold talk until 5 in the morning.

Meanwhile the hijacked Lufthansa had landed in Bahrain, and the GSG 9 men pursuing it had been told to turn back. However their orders were soon altered; they were to await further instructions at Ankara, in Turkey.

From Bahrain the hijacked plane flew on to Dubai, where *Captain Mahmud* forced the pilot, Captain Jürgen Schumann to land despite the runway being blocked. At the last moment, the airport controller had the blockade removed on his own authority. The Dubai Minister of Defence arrived at the airport and asked the hijackers to release the women, children and sick. *Mahmud* said there would be no compromise.

Things were getting very hot and bothered on the plane. Until, that is, *Mahmud* overheard the purser, Hannelore Piegler saying, *"What a day for a birthday,"* to one of the stewardesses, Anna-Maria Staringer. *Mahmud* immediately offered his own greetings and ordered a birthday cake and champagne. The Dubai catering staff made a cake with *'Happy Birthday Anna-Maria'* on it, and all the passengers were given a piece and some champagne.

While this was going on, the stewardesses had written a message to Chancellor Schmidt - *'We put our lives in your hands, and ask you most fervently to save us.'* - on a picture postcard of the actual *'Landshut'* aircraft. The other stewardess, Gaby Dillmann, asked *Mahmud*to sign it. Then he came up with the idea of writing, *'With Complements of the S.A.W.I.O.' (Struggle Against World Imperialism)* on the postcards and giving them out to the passengers as souvenirs.

However the party atmosphere soon changed when during a baggage search, *Mahmud* discovered there were israelis on board. After beating up one woman, he threatened to execute all the israeli passengers the next day.

Just before midnight, another Lufthansa jet lands at Dubai, unseen by the *Landshut*. On board are Wischnewski, a psychologist who had been advising the govt. on the Schleyer kidnapping, and Gaby Dillmann's boyfriend, the co-pilot, Rüdiger Von Lutzau.

Back in Bonn, Schleyer's son, Eberhard, agrees to meet the kidnappers' emissary to hand over the $15 million ransom; on condition that the other demands are met and no violent action is taken against the kidnappers while he's doing it.

OCTOBER 15: German Press Agency announces that the Govt. are to meet the kidnappers' demand; that Eberhard Schleyer hand over the $15 million. Howver on BKA Chief Herold's advice they had no intention of doing any such thing.

Eberhard is flown to Frankfurt and taken to the Deutsche Bundesbank to collect the money (which was to be radioactively marked), but that's as far as he got. The exchange was delayed because the *'Larger Crisis Staff'* hadn't reached a decision. Or so they told Schleyer Junior. He wasn't having any of it though, and got his lawyers to appeal to the Constitutional Court for an Interim Injunction forcing the Federal Govt. to free the prisoners, in order to save his father's life.

After being given the runaround some more by the govt, Eberhard finally got to speak to the kidnappers, who weren't much better. They told him to fly to Paris, from where he would take a long journey, destinations to be announced along the way, and at some point he would be approached by the emissary. The govt. jumped on this: too dangerous for Eberhard and too much of a risk that the money wouldn't reach the right people. Kidnappers and govt. finally agree to having the ransom given to the prisoners on their release. Horst Herold was very proud of this little scam of his, which saved the FDR $15 million.

Also, the Constitutional Court rejected Eberhard's appeal for their intervention; the govt. had informed them of the preparations for the GSG 9 unit to storm the plane, and basically they decided Hanns-Martin Schleyer's life wasn't as important as keeping the RAF prisoners locked up.

While all this was going on, Alfred Klaus was visiting Stammheim again with another questionaire: This time asking for the prisoners approval of the hijackers' suggestion of Somalia as a possible destination. Baadar said he'd prefer to go to Vietnam, who he knew were prepared to take them, but if the Lufthansa commando really did say Somalia, it was OK with him. Same went for the others.

OCTOBER 16: Ulrich Wegener, the GSG 9 Commander, and Major Alistair Morrison and Sgt.Barrie Davis of the SAS (along for the party and to show off their new stun grenades), start training Bedouin troops. The Dubai Minister of Defence wouldn't allow the GSG 9 unit to perform on his territory, he wanted his boys to do it.

However *Mahmud* was threatening to shoot the pilot if the aircraft wasn't refuelled: During the night the power had failed on the plane and the air conditioning cut out. Captain Schumann had eventually persuaded *Mahmud* to allow a generator to be brought out to the plane. *Mahmud* realised that the men who brought it out were german.

In the morning, he forced Schumann to kneel in the gangway and pointed his gun at his head, accusing him of sending messages out. The Dubai Defence Minister had been praising the captain over the radio for passing out coded info: 4 unlit cigarettes in the rubbish, indicating the number of hijackers. *Mahmud* had been listening.

After making Schumann march up and down the gangway, *Mahmud* repeated his threat, adding that after the pilot, he'd shoot a passenger every 5 minutes. The plane was refuelled pretty sharpish. More threats and the generator was disconnected; and at 15.19 hours, local time, the Lufthansa jet took off again for Aden.

During the flight the hostages were tied and plastic explosive was fixed to the cabin wall. Then despite being refused permission to land again, co-pilot Vietor managed to bring the plane down on a track next to Aden airport. It was then immediately surrounded by hundreds of Yemeni troops. Schumann and *Mahmud* spoke to them over a loudhailer but didn't get any response. Finally *Mahmud* allowed Schumann out to check the bodywork. An hour passed. *Mahmud* became very agitated and said, *"If the pilot doesn't come back, I'm blowing the plane up. If he does come back, I'll execute him."*

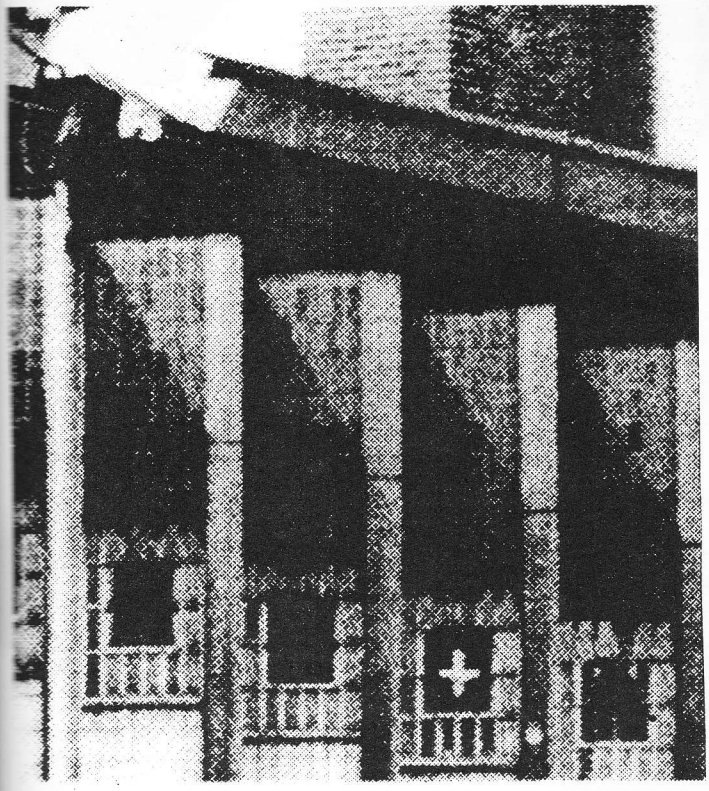
Schumann did come back and, true to his word, *Mahmud* ordered him to his



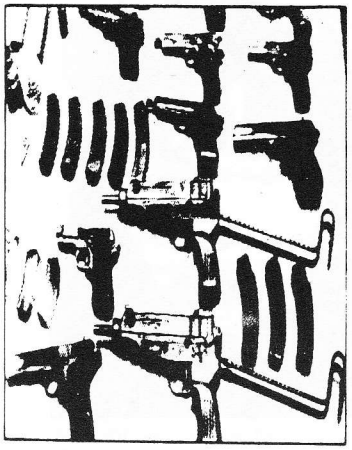


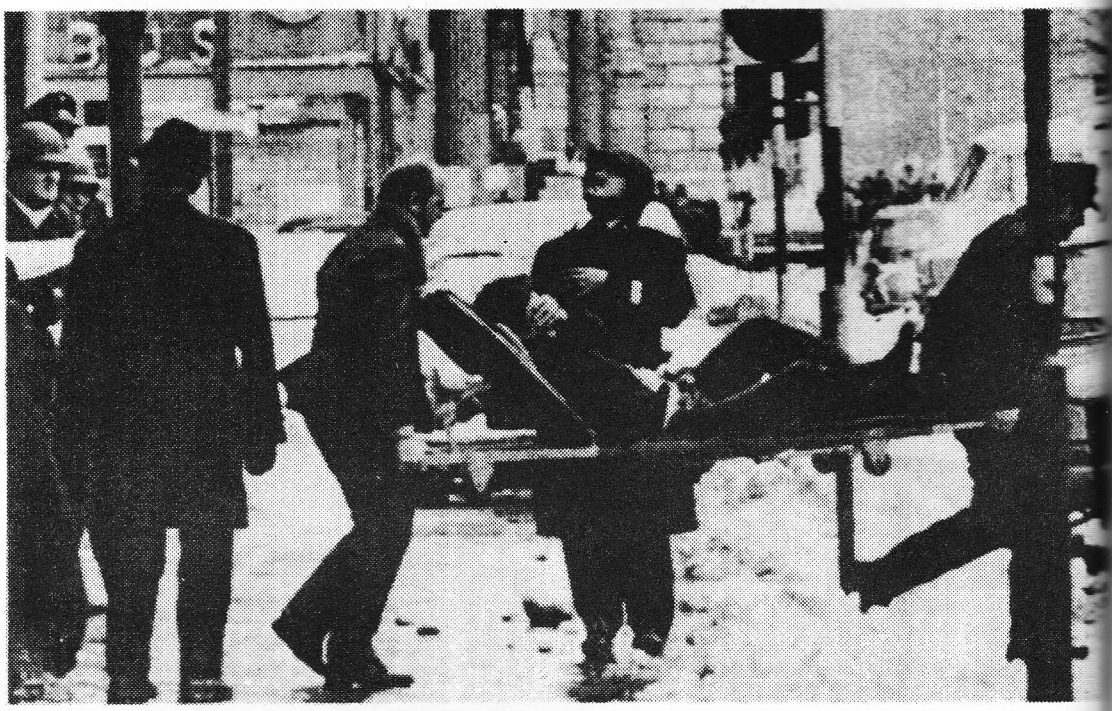


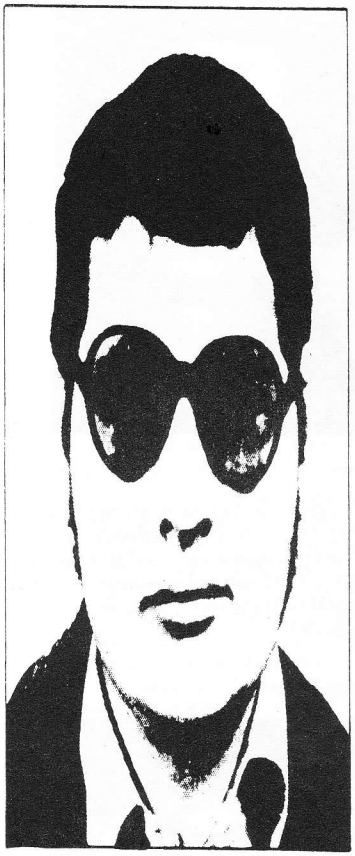
Ulrike; before; at the time of arrest (June 15,1972); in prison, 1975; and after - a towelling cross appears in a cell window at Stammheim and masked demonstrators at her funeral in Mariendorf, West Berlin (May 16, 1976).

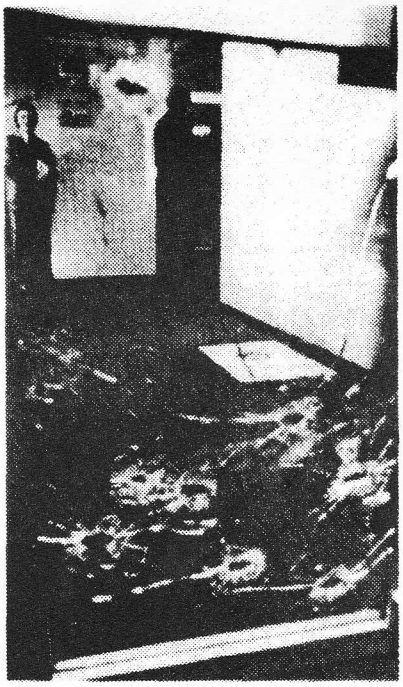




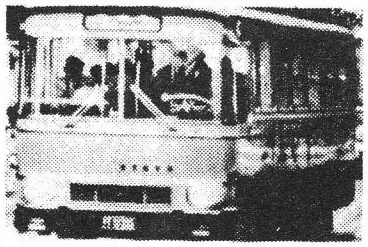








December 21, 1976: (Above) Hans-Joachim Klein being carried out of the OPEC building; (Middle Left) Glass doors riddled with bullet holes inside the building; (Middle) The bus leaving for the airport, with Carlos on the right, waving at onlookers: (Bottom Right) Boarding the plane, Carlos is on the left this time in a white trenchcoat; (Middle Right) American Fragmentation Grenade acquired by the RAF in 1971 and used by Carlos at OPEC and at almost every other 'Euroterror' event in the 70's; (Bottom Left) Gabi Kröecher-Tiedemann and former Berlin mayor/ pastor Albertz about to take off for the Middle East after the J2M Lorenz kidnapping.









[17] OCTOBER 17/18, 1977: HEROES PART 1: POLITICIANS, PRIESTS AND PSYCHOLOGISTS AND FIRE MAGIC AT MOGADISHU - THE JOB'S DONE.

knees and said, *"This is a revolutionary tribunal. You put everyone here in danger of being blown up. You've betrayed me once already. I'm not forgiving you a second time. Are you guilty or not guilty?* Schumann tried to explain. *Mahmud* struck him in the face, *"Guilty or not guilty?"* Schumann tried again, but *Mahmud* hit him even harder then shot him in the head.

16.21 hours, german time. Minister of State Wischnewski's plane takes off from Dubai. South Yemeni airspace is closed to it also, so it flies onto Saudi Arabia and lands at Jedda.

OCTOBER 17: 2.02 hours, german time. The refuelled hijacked Lufthansa takes off from Aden, with the body of Captain Jürgen Schumann propped up in a cupboard.

4.34 hours. Co-pilot Jürgen Vietor brings it down in the Somali capital, Mogadishu.

7.09 hours. Wischnewski's Lufthansa takes off from Jedda, to join the hijacked plane at Mogadishu 4 hours later. *Mahmud* saw it arrive and radioed the tower; *"Tell the german representative there's nothing for us to talk about. I dont want to speak to him unless he can tell me the prisoners in Germany have been released,"* then he added, *"We wont be needing anymore to eat. Our deadline runs out in 3 hours, and after that everyone will either be dead or free."* The body of Captain Schumann was dropped out of the plane via the emergency chute.

Meanwhile, at Stammheim, an unexpected critic of the hijacking was making a statement. Andreas Baadar had finally got to speak to a politician, albeit an undersecretary Hegelau, representing under-minister Schüller, who didn't know anything about the case.

Baadar began, *"It's really too late for this conversation. the chance of exerting any influence has been lost now."* Then, with nothing to gain by it, he said the original RAF had never condoned operations involving innocent civilians; but the govt. had to realise that the new generations would be more brutalised and consequently more brutal.

"We dont know Schleyer's kidnappers and other people the police are after personally. If the BKA's saying these operations were masterminded from prison, that can't be so except in the ideological area. The armed combat has internationalised itself. It could be the Japanese or the Palestinians who are going to decide the course of events now."

In an almost confessional manner, he continued to say that in retrospect he still felt their reaction to the Vietnam war was a justified one, but he admitted they'd made mistakes and played into the state's hands. He concluded by saying that the prisoners would have to die one way or another.

Gudrun Ensslin actually got a catholic priest (and a protestant one) for her *confession*. The priests had been sniffing around do-gooding, since the total contact ban pricked a conscience somewhere. Contrary to Baadar for once, Gudrun gave the priests the *'By Any Means Necessary'* line; but the main reason she called them was an *'If anything happens to me'* request.

She told the priests to make sure that 3 sheets of paper, in a file marked *'Lawyer'* in her cell, made it to the chancellor in the event of her death. The priests listened politely, then dutifully told the governor and nothing more was ever heard of the 3 sheets of paper.

At Mogadishu the hijackers ultimatum had been extended to 3.00pm, german time. Wischnewski was in conference with the Somali govt, desperately seeking their permission to send the GSG 9 unit in.

In the meantime, the Somali Chief of Police was talking to the hijackers; telling them that the german govt. wouldn't accept their demands but if they released the hostages the Somali govt. would promise them safe conduct. *Mahmud* came to the mike again; *"That doesn't alter anything. We shall blow the plane up a soon as the deadline runs out, that is, in exactly 34 minutes... If you happen to be in the tower then, you'll see the plane explode into a thousand pieces..."*

Then he allowed the stewardess, Gaby Dillmann, to speak to the german envoy. Unbeknown to her, her boyfriend, co-pilot Rüdiger Von Luzau, was transcribing all the radio communication from the other Lufthansa. What she had to say was worth listening to anyway; *"We know it's the end now. We know we shall have to die. It will be very hard for us, but we'll die as bravely as we can. We're all too young to die, even the old people are too young to die. We just hope it will be quick and we dont feel too much pain. But perhaps it's better to die than to live in a world where human life counts for so little. In a world where something like this is possible. Where it's more important to keep 9 people in prison than to save 91 lives. Please tell my family it wasn't too bad. And please tell my boyfriend - his name's Rüdiger Von Lutzau - that I loved him very much. I didn't know there were any such people as the members of the german govt. who are partly responsible for our death. I hope they can live with this on their consciences."*

Plastic explosive had been fixed to the cabin walls again and all the passengers tied up and doused with alcohol. Next, the Somali Minister of Information tried for another 24 hours. Then, after a curt, *"there's no alternative to blowing up the plane in exactly 23 minutes from now,"* he came down dramatically to half-an-hour; so that the near vicinity could be evacuated. *Mahmud* said he'd consider it. Then the german chargé d'affaires in Mogadishu had a go. *"I am listening, representative of fascist imperialist West Germany,"* jeered *Mahmud, "go on, read out your message."* It was the old *very important news* coming shortly, once we've overcome a technical hitch; the Somali president himself was speaking with the Chancellor of the FDR on their behalf.

"But you've had 96 hours for all that," replied *Mahmud*,but he grudgingly gave them the half-hour to clear the vicinity of the plane. Needless to say the somalis took their time. 12 minutes after the new deadline expired, the german chargé d'affaires came back on the line. This time it was a blatant lie: the german govt. had capitulated after all and the RAF prisoners would be along shortly, well in a day actually...

"You dare to ask me to extend the dealine until morning - is that it, representative of the west german fascist regime?"

"In principle, yes." (The psychologist, Wolfgang Salewski was advising the chargé d'affaires on everything he said - but it could so easily have been Eric Idle.)

The Chargé d'Affaires then asked if he could go off to check how far it was from the FDR to Mogadishu. *Mahmud* replied; *"OK, 4 minutes to go before the deadline runs out. If you're trying to trick us or play games with us... I'd rather play with explosive..."*, but he eventually relented and agreed to extend the deadline to 3.30am, local time (1.30am german time.) The hostages were untied again.

The GSG 9 unit, which had been flown back to Bonn the previous day, was reactivated along with another 2 units. The Lufthansa Boeing 707 carrying the lot had taken off, initially destination unknown. It had refuelled at Crete and when Chancellor Schmidt got permission from the Somali president to send them in, it was circling over Djibouti.

19.30 hours local (17.30 german). Under the cover of darkness, the GSG 9 plane lands at Mogadishu, 2,000 metres from the hijacked plane. No one on the *Landshut* noticed its arrival. They were busy making lists of which hostages would be exchanged for which RAF prisoners.

OCTOBER 18: In true *'SWANT'* style, the GSG 9 squads took 2 hours to unload their equipment (read weapons). While they did this, Ulrich Wegener crawled up to the *Landshut*, just like in the comics, to check out the terrain; and the Chargé d'Affaires, obviously prompted by the psychologist, kept *Mahmud* occupied.

Fibbing again that the prisoners had left Germany at 19.20 hours(german), he almost pushed his luck too far, saying they wouldn't arrive in Somalia until 4.08 (german) - after the new deadline. But *Mahmud* accepted it. Then the Chargé d'Affaires strung him along, letting *Mahmud* give him instructions for how the exchange would take place:

...*"No one to approach the Lufthansa aircraft, commanded by the Halimeh unit without previous permission."*

"Understood."

...the GSG 9 shock troops were by then approaching the Lufthansa aircraft(albeit crawling with blackened faces), with previous permission alright, but not from *Captain Mahmud...*

...*"We'll make further arrangements with the comrades coming from Turkey."*

"Would you repeat that?"

Mahmud obliged. It was the last full sentence he was ever to complete.

"Understood."

"If they come..."

At this point the SAS stun grenades went off outside the cockpit, incapacitating *Mahmud*. It was 0.05am german time. Before the dazzling and er shocking effect of the brits' grenades wore off (6 seconds), Ulrich Wegener had the front door open. Simultaneously 3 more GSG 9 squads came in through the emergency exits and rear door.

Blanks were fired in the air to make the hostages get down. then they switched to live ammunition. One of the girl hijackers died instantly, the other one dived into the

[18] HEROES PART 2: THE NIGHT OF STAMMHEIM - MURDER = SUICIDE = MURDER - THE TIME OF LEGENDS AND AFTERMATH - LA LUTTA CONTINUA.

toilet and shut the door, which was disintegrated in a hail of bullets. Miraculously she was the only one to survive.

Mahmud was shot dead in the cockpit. The other man, Hind Alameh, got a shot in before he got his. The plastic explosive went off to add to the melee, but did little damage - compared with what the GSG 9 men were doing at any rate - the stewardess Gaby Dillmann got a slight leg injury from it. And that was it.

0.12am german time. All the passengers safely off the plane via the emergency chutes, Minister of State Wischnewski reports back to Bonn, *'The Job's done.'*

0.38am. Stammheim: news of the hostages release comes over the radio in the 7th floor guards' room. The guard on duty, ironically named Springer, checks on the prisoners. Not a sound. His night duty report read: *'23.00 hours. Baadar and Raspe given medicaments, otherwise no incidents.'*

THE OFFICIAL VERSION: Springer and his colleagues were the last people to see any of the prisoners alive; when they tucked Baadar and Raspe in at 11.00pm.

Jan-Carl Raspe heard the news on a small transistor he had concealed in his cell. He told the others over the tampered with intercom, and they agreed on a suicide pact.

Baadar had a 7.65 calibre FEG pistol, which had been concealed in Cell 715 during the alterations. When he returned to his original cell, he brought it with him and hid it in his record player. To give the impression of a struggle, he fired a few shots around his cell. Then he put the empty cartridges by his bed, reloaded, put the barrel of the gun to the nape of his neck and blew a hole through his forehead.

Jan-Carl Raspe had a 9mm Heckler and Koch pistol behind the skirting board of his cell. He put the barrel of the gun to his right temple, 'Deer Hunter' style, and fired.

Gudrun Ensslin tied an electrical chord to the grating above her window and, like Ulrike Meinhof, stood on a chair, tied the other end of the chord round her neck and kicked the chair away.

Irmgard Möller pulled up her sweater and stabbed herself 4 times in the chest with a table knife.

THE FACTS: Irmgard Möller survived. Her version of the night's events was somewhat different to the official one: she read until 4. Then before going to sleep she called out to Raspe, who sounded fine. She didn't undress because they thought they were about to be released. At 5 she heard thudding and squealing sounds. The last thing she remembered, before she came to on a stretcher, was a *loud rushing noise* in her head. She denied there had been any suicide pact.

There were also 5 independant witnesses in the cells below. None of them heard any shooting, although Baadar was heard flushing his toilet at 2.

The exact time of Baadar and Ensslin's deaths could not be ascertained, because it took over 12 hours to fly in independant foreign experts. Jan-Carl Raspe died in hospital. At least he got out of Stammheim alive.

Discrepancies in the official enquiry were manifold. Scientific evidence that the bullet which killed Baadar was fired from 30 to 40cm away was covered up. The mysterious sand on Baadar's shoes was never properly accounted for. (There was even a theory that Baadar had been flown out to Mogadishu to trick the hijackers, shot there and flown back.) Irmgard Möller's sweater, which could have proved it wasn't murder (If it didn't have stab marks in it), was inexplicably cut to shreds.

It was never asked if the emergency monitoring methods (i.e.bugging), used at the time of Stockholm/Lorenz, were in use. Nobody was allowed to ask anything about the *Crisis Staff* meetings, and they still aren't.

OCTOBER 19: The French newspaper, *Liberation*, recieves the final communique from the Schleyer kidnappers;

'After 43 days of captivity we have put an end to the corrupt and miserable existence of Hanns Martin Schleyer.

'Herr Schmidt, who from the start has been reckoning with Schleyer's death in his power calculations, can find him in a green Audi 100 with Bad Homburg number plates in the Rue Charles Peguy in Mulhouse.

'His death in no way measures up to our grief and anger over the slaughter at Mogadishu and Stammheim. We will not forget the blood spilled by Chancellor Schmidt and the imperialists who support him! The fight has only just begun!'

Schleyer's body was found in the boot of the Audi, near the french/german border. He had been shot 3 times in the head.

Rome: 4 police wounded and 25 demonstrators arrested, when a march on the West German Embassy turns into a pitched street battle. At least 20 bomb attacks on german businesses throughout Italy.

France: 2 german car factories and many Mercedes torched. A german paper company in Toulouse is raised to the ground and a german owned factory in Versailles bombed. *'Andreas Baadar Group of the Armed Faction Movement'* claim responsibility. (Not quite as catchy as *'ACTION DIRECTE'* who are on their way.) A Mercedes-Benz garage in Limoges burnt down with the word *'VENGEANCE'* written on the one wall still standing.

Greece: shoot-out between police and 4 guerrillas attempting to bomb a german electronics factory near Athens. 2 of the police are wounded.

OCTOBER 21: Biggest manhunt yet launched in Germany and France for the Schleyer Kidnappers. No holds barred now. Every possible media throughout europe used to broadcast their descriptions.

OCTOBER 27: Andreas Baadar, Gudrun Ensslin and Jan-Carl Raspe buried in a communal grave at Stuttgart's Waldfriedhof cemetary. 1,000 police with sub-machine guns there to see them off, and also to catalogue and search the mourners.

A banner reading, *'GUDRUN, ANDREAS AND JAN WERE TORTURED AND MURDERED IN STAMMHEIM. THE FIGHT GOES ON.'* held up by demonstrators wearing PLO kaffiyehs.

'Yet that the students, being young, should be emotional does not seem to require special explanation. The emotion was no doubt sincere, but the causes of it may not have been the ones they flattered themselves by laying claim to. They got a regular stirring up from the media - pity and indignation roused on behalf of story characters, existent or not. Learning about wars, exploitations, oppressions in the same way as they learnt about the fate of fictional victims, they felt strongly not because they were a generation of visionaries but because they were a generation of televisionaries.'
- JILLIAN BECKER, 'HITLER'S CHILDREN', 1977.

'"We must neither govern nor be governed," writes Marcel Havrenne so neatly. For those who add an appropriate violence to his humour, there is no longer any salvation or damnation, no place in the universal order, neither with satan, the great recuperator of the faithful, nor in any form of myth, since they are living proof of the uselessness of all that. They were born for a life as yet to be invented, it was on this hope that they finally came to grief.'
- RAOUL VANEIGEM, 'BASIC BANALITIES', 1962.

DURING 1978 a lot of the third generation RAF were rounded up; Ingrid Schubert had gone the same way as Meinhof and Ensslin, found hanged in her Munich prison cell; Gabi Kröcher-Tiedemann (J2M) was arrested along with Christian Moller, after a shoot-out on the swiss border and sentenced to 15 years; the J2M founders Ralf Reinders, Ronald Fritzch, Gerald Klopper, Fritz Teufel, Till Meyer and Andreas Vogel, had a lengthy *'Stammheim'* style show-trial at Moabit and equally lengthy sentences - Till Meyer managed to escape again, during the proceedings, but was recaptured along with Gabrielle Rollnick, Gudrun Strumer and Angelika Godel in Bulgaria; Brigitte Mohnhaupt,Sieglinde Hofmann, Peter-Jürgen Boock and Rolf Wagner were arrested in Yugoslavia, but later freed and flown to an undisclosed country of their choice; Willy Peter Stoll was gunned down in a Dusseldorf restaurant; Angelika Speitel and Michail Knoll were captured after a gun battle near Dortmund, which left one policeman dead; Elisabeth Von Dyck was shot dead in 1979; Juliane Plambeck and Wolfgang Beer in 1980.

However Christian Klar, Brigitte Mohnhaupt and Adelhaid Schulz remained at large until the end of 1982. Their arrests were almost as big a blow to the RAF as the capture of Baadar, Ensslin and Meinhof. But the group was never entirely wiped out. Inge Viett, Susanne Albrecht and Sigrid Sternbeck were still on the loose. And indeed still are.

After the Klar/ Mohnhaupt/ Schulz bust-and subsequent trial for Schleyer killing, etc,etc - the RAF restructured itself along the lines of the later SPK - a hardcore of 20 or so, which organise and carry out the more important attacks; then a buffer of *'Fighting Units'*, about 200 people who can provide safe-houses, cars and suchlike; and for further support they can call on several thousand *'sympathisers'* from the squatting and anti-nuclear movement.

[19] POSTSCRIPT: 1977 - 1987: 'EUROTERRORISM' - NOT SO SAFE EUROPEAN HOME - BR/AD/CCC AND THE COMING OF THE AUTONOMEN - BIBLIOGRAPHY - INFLUENCES - PLAGIARISM.

But as Andreas Baadar had predicted in his final statement, after the deaths of the RAF founders things internationalised.- Most notably (and debatably) in Italy of course,where the *'RED BRIGADES'* came closest to bringing down their admitedly never too stable state. Founded by Renato Curcio in 1970, the *BR* could claim closer links to your actual workers than any other european guerrilla group.

They were at their best from June 1976; when they assassinated the Genoa prosecutor-general Coco; escalating their activities throughout 1977; and culminating in the kidnap of 5 times italian PM Aldo Moro, on March 16, 1978.

Moro, who was about to present a coalition between the right-wing Christian Democrats and the Communist Party, was held for nearly 2 months before being executed and dumped in the backseat of a Renault, halfway between the Rome offices of the Christian Democrats and the Communists.

Previously *BR* leaders had been enraged with the RAF for stealing their fire with the Schleyer kidnapping. But although the Moro kidnap was more of a success, the *BR* went downhill after; splitting in two (The *'Militarist'* and *'Movementist'* groups), crippled and discredited by police/ state/ vatican/ you name it infiltration, it fizzled out by 1983; to re-emerge, in part, recently as the *'Fighting Communist Union'*.

Things really started rockin' again with the emergence of the french urban guerrilla group, *'ACTION DIRECTE'*. Founded in 1979 by Jean-March Rouillan, a veteran of the anti-Franco *'International Armed Revolutionary Group'* of the early 70's, and Nathalie Menignon, a 20 year old former bank-clerk, they set about building up an underground network, financed by bank robberies. Without much success at first - By the end of 1980 most of them, including Rouillan and Menigon, were locked up.

Then President Mitterand came along, following the traditional but controversial practise of offering amnesty to several thousand prisoners on his election. These included the *Action Directe* leadership. With their new lease of life, they got serious, dumping their original anarchist leanings and linking up with Lebanese and *Red Brigades* exiles, to fight western imperialism more along the lines of the RAF.

In 1984 *Action Directe* moved their base to Belguim, where they helped set-up the *'COMBATANT COMMUNIST CELLS' (CCC)*. This was the beginning of a unilateral urban guerrilla front in europe; or *'EUROTERRORISM'* as it became known. Gone was the late 60's/ early 70's habit of imitating south american guerrilla groups; and also the pacifism of the early 80's anti-nuclear movement; *Euroterrorism* was a declaration of war on NATO and the *Military Industrial Complex; 'MacDonalds Imperialism.'*

In October 1984, CCC launched a series of attacks on military installations and multinational companies. Their targets included the Brussels offices of Litton Business Systems (the makers of CRUISE) and Honeywell (B-52 and Peacekeeper ICM), NATO oil pipelines, US banks, etc, etc. Then, at the end of 1985, after nearly 30 such operations, the CCC leaders - Pierre Carette, Pascale Vandageerde, Didier Chevoloet and Bertrand Sassoye - were arrested and events in Belguim tapered off to nothing again. Guess they must have hit the right 4 people...

However, in 1985, the rejuvenated RAF were back in on the act, formally announcing a pact with *Action Directe* on January 15. Shortly after, AD shot and killed top defence official, Rene Audran, and claimed responsibility for the *'Elisabeth Von Dyck Commando.'* The following week, the RAF assassinated MTU arms manufacturer, Ernst Zimmerman, and claimed responsibility for the *'Patrick O'Hara Commando.'* (That really put the shits up the security forces. Nobody had ever got on with the IRA before.)

In April, AD planted a car bomb outside the International Monetary Fund in Paris. Then in August, a RAF/AD commando bombed the Rhein-Main USAF airbase. Also throughout 1985/86 there were attacks on NATO installalations in Greece, Portugual, Spain, Denmark and Holland, in support of RAF hunger strikes.

However the RAF pulled off its most important coups of recent years on its own; For the assassination of top Siemens nuclear scientist, Karl-Heinz Beckurts, RAF members posed as gardeners in a Munich suburb, monitoring the route Beckurts took to work. Then on July 9, 1986, a bomb in a peat turf bag was detonated by remote control as Beckurts' car passed by, killing him and his chauffeur instantly.

The last time the RAF made major headlines was in January 1987, when foreign ministry official, Gerold Von Braunmuhl was shot dead outside his home in Bonn. And in March, when a car bomb exploded outside the British Forces Rhein-Dahlen HQ.

By 1986 the RAF had fallen back into old habits; forming links with palestinian groups. And the *Action Directe* star was no longer in the ascendancy. Andre Ollivier's *'National Section'* in Lyons was severely depleted, and after the assassination of Renault boss, Georges Besse (no Kidding) on November 17, 1986, the police net closed in on AD leaders Rouillan and Menigon (suspected of being one of the motorcyclists who gunned down Besse outside his Paris home.)

On February 21, 1987, the eve of the Georges Ibrahim Abdullah trial, the french *anti terrorist* squad *'RAID'* stormed a farmhouse near Orleans and netted the leaders of the *'International Section'*; Rouillan, Menigon and Joelle Aubron (believed to be the other Besse assassin). The *'RAID'* raid (haha), which was very popular with the press because Nathalie Menigon *'gave herself away by making regular trips to buy food for her pet hamster': 'TRAPPED BY A HAMSTER'*, came just before a major new AD offensive. A Big name politician or businessman was to be held hostage for the release of Regis Schleicher, Joelle Aubron's husband and leading AD man facing a double cop killing rap. But that seems to have been *Action Directe*'s lot.

So, as we finally get up to date, the ball's firmly back in the west german court. Despite the recent phenomenal sell-out by Astrid Proll, the only original RAF survivor, who has sunk to the depths of giving *anti-terrorist* talks on german TV, begging to be allowed back in the UK and, worse still, talking to the *'Daily Mail'* about it! And the slightly less reactionary, but equally sickening *volte-face* by Dany Cohn-Bendit, who recently espoused the wonders of the german electoral system in *'City Limits.'*

The arrival on the scene of the *'AUTONOMEN'* groups, providing a more anarchist and virtually un-infiltratable alternative to the RAF, RZ and *'Rote Zora'* (the all-women group), makes West Germany still a lot more interesting place to be than the UK. Well, it's better than bottling it up.

'THE BAADAR-MEINHOF GROUP: The Inside Story of a Phenomenon.' by Stefan Aust. (Bodley Head)
- starts off as a refreshingly objective look at the subject but before long you start thinking - which side are you on mate? This appears to have been Stefan Aust's problem all along; Ulrike Meinhof's *Konkret* colleague and the only person from the Left to come out of *'Hitler's Children'*, not portrayed as a bloodthirsty, baby-eating nazi moron; Aust was, lets face it, one of the *schilli*.(He never mentions them by name throughout the book.)

Nonetheless it's a great read, well recommended and thoroughly and unashamedly plagiarised here. Stefan Aust is also responsible for *'STAMMHEIM'*, the film of the play of the the trial transcript; winner of the *Golden Bear* award at last year's Berlin Film Festival.

'HITLER'S CHILDREN' by Jillian Becker. (Michael Joseph)
- the state approved (and financed?) version of the events.

'CARLOS: PORTRAIT OF A TERRORIST' by Colin Smith. (Sphere)
- only marginally better than *'Hitler's Children'* but *Carlos* still comes out of it as a pretty cool guy.

'RED ARMY FACTION' (Patrick Arguello Press)
- essential document and chronology.

'THE GERMAN GUERRILLA: TERROR, REACTION AND RESISTANCE' (Cienfugos Press and Soil of Liberty)
- interview with Hans-Joachim Klein whilst on the run from just about everybody, *June 2 Movement* and RAF philosophy.

'ON TERRORISM AND THE STATE' by Gianfranco Sanguinetti. (Chronos)
- the real italian story and post-situationist party line *'on terrorism.'*

'ANARCHY #38' (Freedom)
- *'Armed Struggle in Western Europe'*; recent RAF/ AD/ RZ communiques - Dellwo/ Taufer/ Folkerts/ Vogel hunger strike in Celle/ the killing of Johannes Thimme/ *'Euroterrorism'* and RZ attacks in Dusseldorf and Cologne.

- further articles in *'THE INDEPENDENT'*, *'TODAY'*, *'BLITZ'* (the only things worth reading in the pop press last year), *'CITY LIMITS'*, *'TIME OUT'*, *'INTERNATIONAL TIMES'*, *'STERN'*, *'RADIKAL'* and *'TOT ODER LEPENDIG'*.

Herbst 1977: Schleyer-Entführung, die Befreiungsaktion von Mogadischu und der Tod in Stammheim – drei Ereignisse, die die Bundesrepublik verändert haben

TAGE DES TERRORS

Zehn Jahre ist es her: Ein Dutzend Terroristen, der harte Kern der »Roten-Armee-Fraktion« (RAF), versucht den Staat mit der Entführung des Arbeitgeberpräsidenten Hanns Martin Schleyer in die Knie zu zwingen. 44 Tage und Nächte lang dauert das Duell. Auf der einen Seite: brutalisierte Idealisten wie der Lehrersohn Christian Klar. Auf der anderen Seite: der »Krisenstab« der Bundesregierung, in dem der Präsident des Bundeskriminalamtes Horst Herold Polizei, Politiker und Geheimdienste kommandiert. Was trieb die Täter? Wie reagierten die Hüter des Staates auf die bis heute größte Herausforderung durch den Terrorismus? Der STERN beschreibt bisher unbekannte Hintergründe, Details und Dialoge und zeichnet Psychogramme von Jägern und Gejagten

Eine Serie von Jürgen Petschull und Peter Sandmeyer



Der Terrorist Christian Klar wurde von der Polizei überwältigt, als er ein Waffenversteck räumen wollte



Das Opfer Hanns Martin Schleyer wurde vor seiner Ermordung in einem Versteck der RAF gefangengehalten



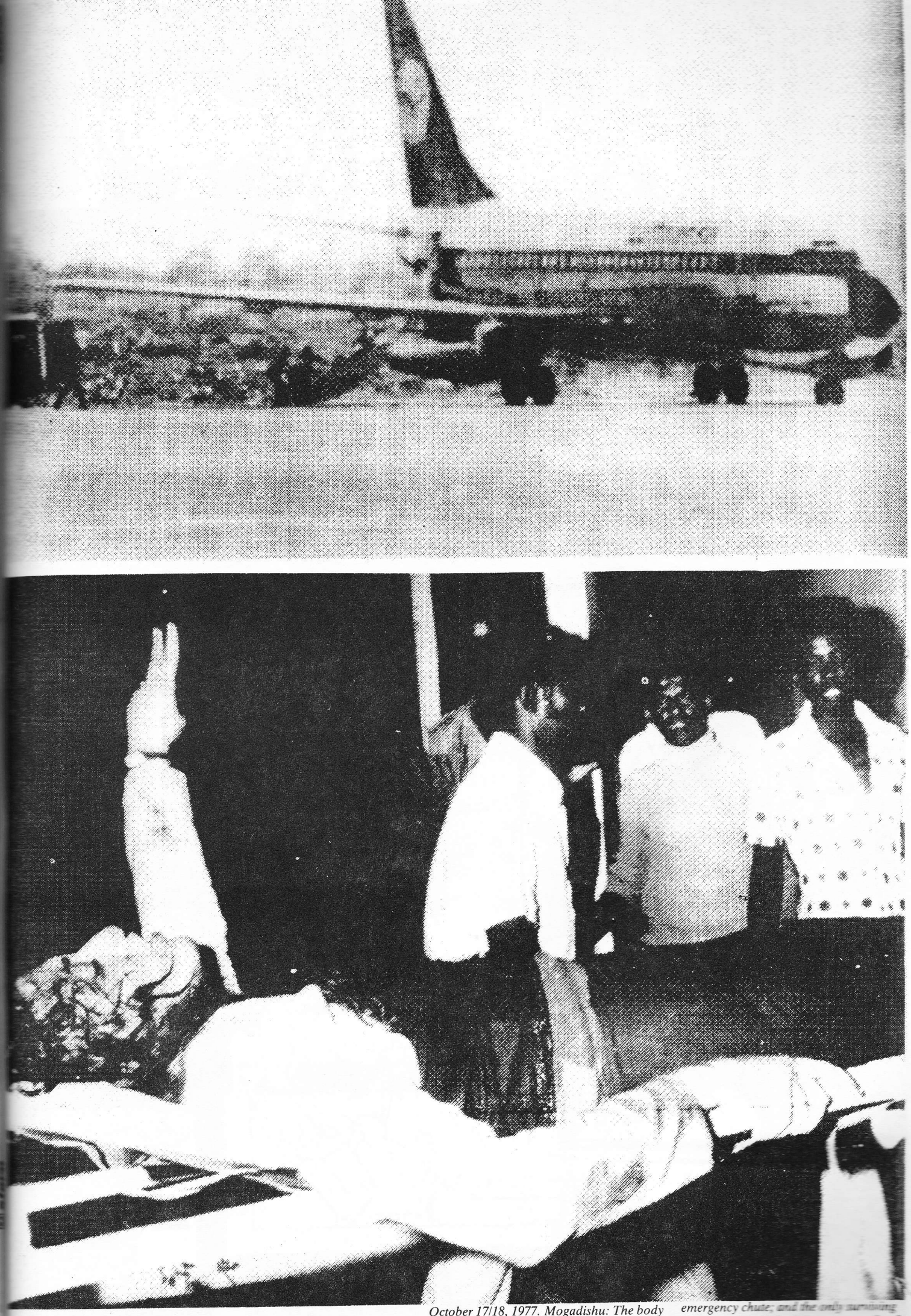
Der Jäger Horst Herold, der damalige Chef des Bundeskriminalamts



Mogadischu Arabische Guerilleros kaperten einen Lufthansa-Jet, um RAF-Mitglieder freizupressen



Stammheim Ein Gefängnis als Beton-Symbol der Staatsmacht



October 17/18, 1977. Mogadishu: The body of Captain Jurgen Schumann is dropped out of the hijacked Lufthansa plane via the emergency chute, and the only surviving member of the Palestinian commando after the GSG9 assault.



Am 18. Oktober 1977 starben in Gefängnis Stuttgart-Stammheim die Terroristen Andreas Baader, Gudrun Ensslin und Jan-Carl Raspe; Irmgard Möller war schwer verletzt. Selbstmord, sagten die Behörden. Mord, blieb es im Ausland. Bundeskanzler Schmidt verlangte wegen »des Ansehens Deutschlands in der Welt« eine peinlich genaue Untersuchung. Es wurde eine peinliche Untersuchung — voller Schlampereien und Widersprüche. Drei Jahre danach steht fest: Der Tod der Terroristen muß neu untersucht werden

DER FALL STAMMHEIM

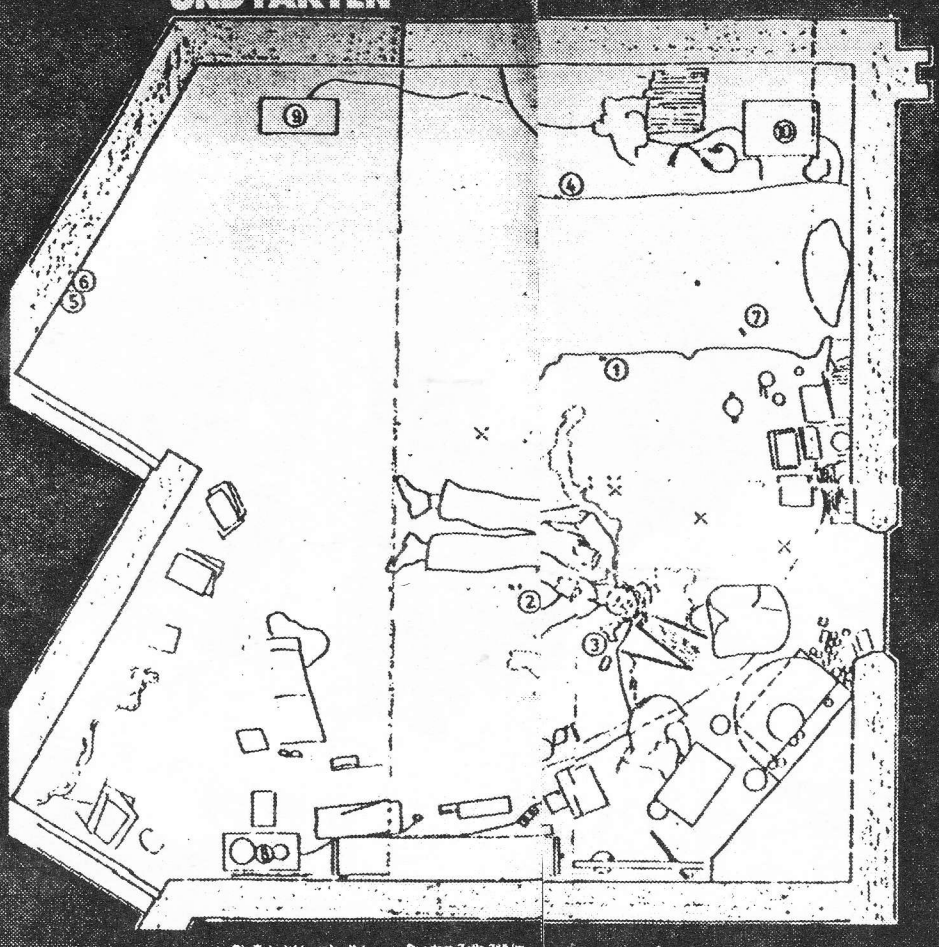
So fanden Justizbeamte den toten Andreas Baader: offenbar Angst, den Kopf in einer Studentenbude, eine Pistole, Marke Eigenbau, den Kolben mit Klebeband umwickelt, mit dieser Waffe in seiner Stammheimer Zelle erschossen haben soll, um einem Komplott vorzubeugen

DER FALL BAADER



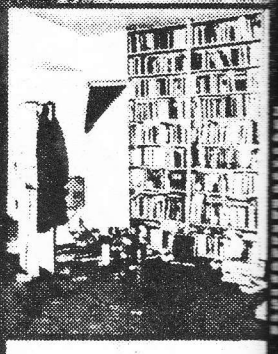
Andreas Baader starb im Alter von 34 Jahren. Er war Mitbegründer und Chef der »Roten Armee Fraktion« (RAF). Auf das Konto der RAF-Terrorgruppe gehen Banküberfälle, Bombenanschläge und Morde. Nach fünfjähriger Untersuchungshaft und zweijährigem Prozeß war Baader 1977 zu lebenslanger Haft verurteilt worden. Als er mit einem Schuß im Hinterkopf tot in seiner Zelle gefunden wurde, sagte der damalige Bundesinnenminister Werner Maihofer: »Man kann die Perfidie auch so weit treiben, daß man seine eigene Tötung zur Hinrichtung macht.« Doch so einfach ist der Fall nicht. Gerichtsmediziner sagten, Baader habe sich durch einen Schuß mit aufgesetzter Pistole getötet. BKA-Experten fanden bei Schmauchuntersuchungen heraus, der Todesschuß müsse aus 30 bis 40 Zentimeter Entfernung abgefeuert worden sein. Der Widerspruch blieb ungeklärt. Die Ermittlungsakte Baader wurde geschlossen

WIDERSPRÜCHE UND FAKTEN



Die Tatortskizze der Kripo von Baaders Zelle 719 im Stammheimer Gefängnis. Die einzelnen Spuren hat die Polizei durchnumeriert: ❶ das tödliche Projektil, ❷ Hülsen der ersten beiden Schüsse, ❸ die Tatwaffe, eine ungarische FEG-Pistole, liegt in einer Blut-lache (gestrichelt), ❹ Hülse des tödlichen Geschosses, Projektil in der Zellenwand, ❺ ungeklärte Gewebeteile an der Wand, ❻ Einschuß und Projektil in Baaders Bett, ❼ – ❾ Lautsprecherboxen, ❿ Plattenspieler mit einem Hohlraum als möglichem Pistolenversteck

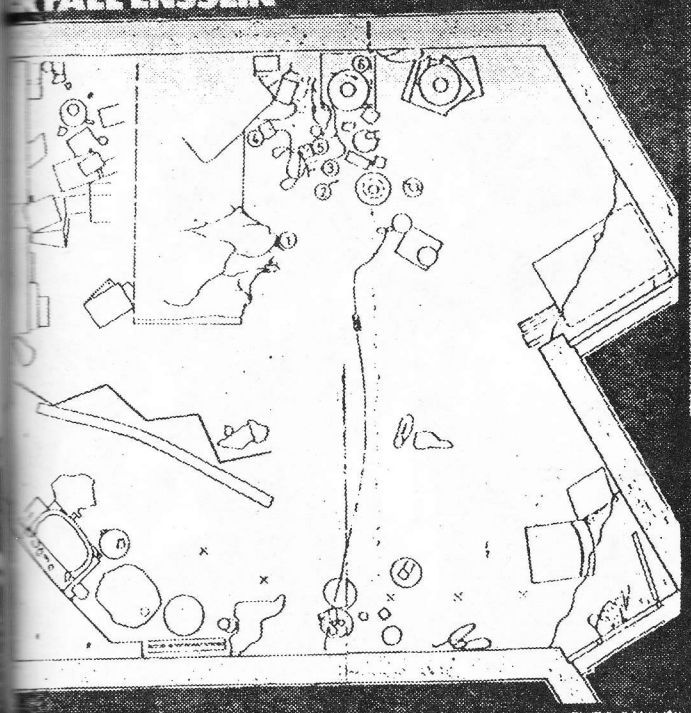




5



ER FALL ENSSLIN

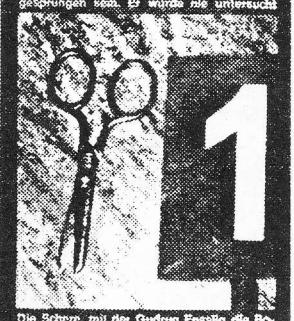


Die Tatortskizze der Kripo von Gudrun Ensslins Zelle 728: ❶ Schere, ❷ + ❸ abgeschnittene Stecker vom Lautsprecherkabel, mit dem sich Gudrun Ensslin erhängt haben soll, ❹ + ❺ Lautsprecherboxen, ❻ Plattenspieler. Die Leiche der Erhängten (Foto rechts) ist in der Skizze in der rechten unteren Ecke eingezeichnet. Davor ist eine Decke gespannt, die auf einer Stuhllehne aufliegt. Obwohl das Kabel beim Abhängen der Leiche riß, wurde es nie auf seine Belastbarkeit geprüft

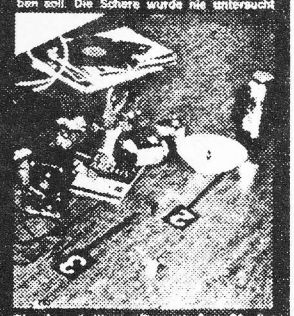




Das Fenster, an dem die Leiche hing. Von dem Stuhl soll Gudrun Ensslin in den Tod gesprungen sein. Er wurde nie untersucht



Die Schere, mit der Gudrun Ensslin die Boxenkabel für die Schlinge abgeschnitten haben soll. Die Schere wurde nie untersucht

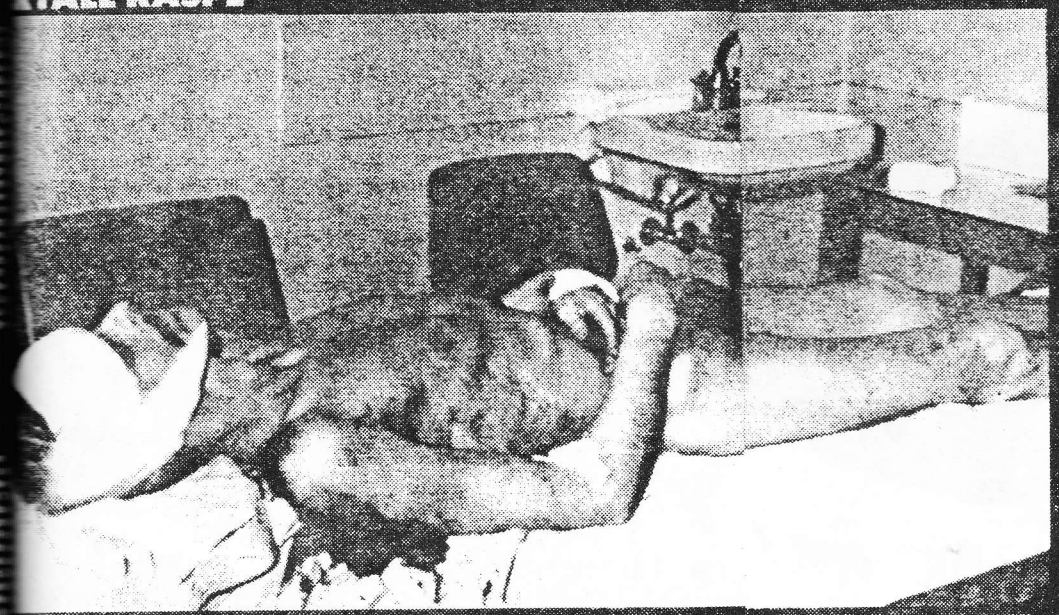


Die abgeschnittenen Boxenstecker. Ob die beiden Kabelenden und die Schlinge tatsächlich zusammengepaßt, wurde nie untersucht

WIDERSPRÜCHE UND FAKTEN

Gudrun Ensslin starb im Alter von [illegible] Jahren. Schlagzeilen machte sie erstenmal, als sie 1968 zusammen mit Andreas Baader zwei Frankfurter Kaufhäusern anlegte. 1972 wurde sie als »Rädelsführerin« der RAF in einer Hamburger Boutique verhaftet. Im Gefängnis in Stammheim fand ein Kassiber mit Mordbefehlen an die RAF-Leute im Untergrund sichergestellt. Er soll von Gudrun Ensslin stammen. Als sie erhängt in ihrer Zelle aufgefunden wird, sind sich alle einig: Selbstmord. Doch am Tatort wird geschlampt. Es wird nicht einmal rekonstruiert, ob sie sich allein aufhängen konnte. Ein medizinischer Test, der die Frage Mord oder Selbstmord eindeutig geklärt hätte, wird versäumt

ER FALL RASPE





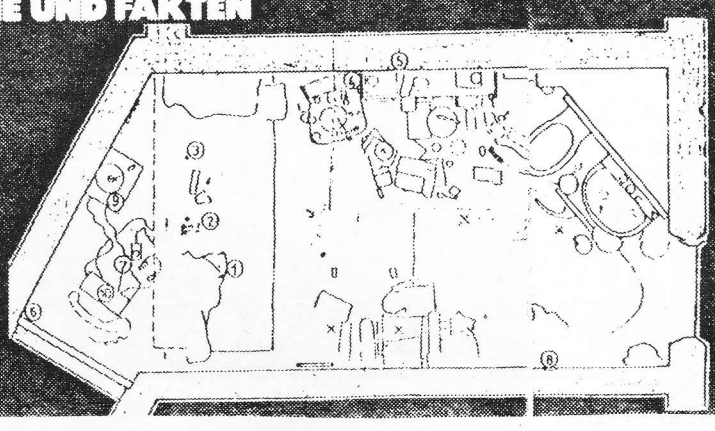
Mord schien für die Gerichtsmediziner auch, weil hinter Raspes Bett angeblich kein Platz für einen Schützen gewesen sei. Ein Irrtum, wie dieses Foto zeigt



Mit diesem Radio, das Raspe trotz Kontrollen auch nach der Schleyer-Entführung besaß, soll er die Meldung von der Geiselbefreiung in Mogadischu gehört haben

WIDERSPRÜCHE UND FAKTEN

Jürgen Raspe starb im Alter von [illegible] Jahren. Der Diplomsoziologe arbeitete in Berlin und veröffentlichte ein Buch über Kindererziehung. In Berlin kam er auch mit Andreas Baader zusammen, der Raspe unter. 1972 wurde er nach einer Schießerei mit der Polizei zusammen mit Gudrun und Holger Meins in Frankfurt verhaftet, 1977 wegen mehrfachen lebenslanger Haft verurteilt. Als er tödlich verletzt in seiner Zelle gefunden wird, steht sofort fest: Selbstmord. Obwohl zwei Zeugen aussagen, daß Raspe habe die Waffe mit der rechten Hand gehabt haben, ziehen Kriminologen ein vorgetäuschten Selbstmord. Trotzdem stellt der Staatsanwalt das Ermittlungsverfahren ein



Die Tatortskizze der Kripo von Raspes Zelle 716: Der Schwerverletzte ist abtransportiert. Raspe starb im Krankenhaus und wird zur Obduktion aufgebahrt (Foto oben). Die Spuren: ❶ zwei Patronen, Kaliber 9 Millimeter, ❷ Pistolenmagazin und Patronen, ❸ Patrone, ❹ das tödliche Geschoß in der Wand des Bücherbordes, ❺ Blut und Gewebsteile an der Zellenwand, ❻ möglicher Platzpatronenschuß in der Fußbodenleiste, ❼ Radio, ❽ Kabel, ❾ Plattenspieler, ❿ Lautsprecher



So wie bei dieser Rekonstruktion soll Raspe seine Pistole hinter der Fußbodenleiste der Zelle versteckt haben. An der Waffe fehlt eine Patrone



October 27, 1977: The funeral of Baadar, Ensslin and Raspe at Stuttgart's Dornhalden cemetery. 'GUDRUN, ANDREAS AND JAN WERE TORTURED AND MURDERED AT STAMMHEIM.'

strid Proll: 'Terror Of The Gun Girl'



Astrid Proll at the garage (above) and defiant in court in Germany.

…hours after the Anti-… arrested Astrid Proll …London garage where she …ics to school-leavers, …ed up the scent. Their …afternoon of September …ities workshop initiated …trial-by-headline. …mears, and downright …Proll's friends and work-

…, a supervisor at the …ices project, recalls …ting pulled about. There …ll of them. The phone …that I was not being allowed …conversations. When …ing, there was a scuffle …and four reporters ended …me. The call was mysteri-…ected.'

…recalls being virtually …by a reporter later that …waking to discover …ists peering through his …ows at 4.00a.m. the next …beleaguered residents at …y Park Road address had …

…the *Daily Mirror* opined …involvement of women in …terrorism' was due to …of liberated women trying …th careers. The results were, …gression, sterility, loss of …ary chests.

…the reaction from their …the subject, Dr Ivor Mills …University. According to …20 *Mirror*, Mills came …clusions studying women …have never done any work …this,' he said, 'and I have …the editor of the *Mirror* …to explain how my name …in that tripe. So far I have …

…ll, the *Daily Mail* com-…ural bungling and sheer …tion to invent the 'Susanne …' and seriously implicate …ed, Karin Monte. This …ing the *Mail*'s interroga-…ber of Proll's friends, …alker, the day after the …ion,' John Morris recalls, …p against the wall being …by reporters. His hand …When Walker said he'd …a woman-friend of Proll …Morris remembers, …ers jumped in and said …her last name? Was it …' The confused Walker …have been something …

…was the *Mail*'s implica-…mediator Karin Monte was …member Susanne Albrecht …connection with the …under the September …

18 headline 'Yard Hunt Terrorist Girl No 2'.

Monte, who has never been connected with the RAF and who did not meet Proll until she had established herself in London as 'Anna Puttick', angrily proceeded to Paddington Green police station, where she cleared herself of all suspicion, and then to the *Mail*, where she succeeded in gaining a retraction. 'The press,' she declared afterwards, 'do the police's job for them – public persecution, insinuations, gossip, smears.'

Meanwhile Astrid Proll awaits her appeal against extradition as a top-security prisoner in Brixton. Although she has never been convicted of any crime, and although the German police are not interested in her political activities since her arrest there in 1971, they are still demanding her return to stand trial for pre-'71 RAF bank raids and the attempted murder of two policemen. Proll, whose trial in Germany was suspended when she fell dangerously ill with low blood pressure after three years' imprisonment, believes that such an ordeal could kill her. Even if she (unlike *eight* RAF prisoners so far) survives German imprisonment, it is very unlikely that she will receive a fair hearing there.

Over the last five years the Federal Republic has adopted a series of edicts, laws and amendments to criminal procedure that virtually prejudge anyone accused of 'terrorist' activity. As one German writer, Sebastian Cobler describes it, 'The courts have thereby become organs of justification rather than justice.' Or as former Federal Attorney General Buback put it in an interview with *Der Spiegel*, 'State security (sic) survives because it is run by people who are committed to it. And people like me who are committed to it will always find a way.'

This way has included the formation of special state courts responsible for political cases such as those involving charges against 'unconstitutional organisations', 'anti-constitutional sabotage', 'undermining the loyalty of the armed forces to the constitution', and so on. They are run by 'suitably experienced judges' with 'special competence to take decisions in this field'.

Other major changes have included considerable extension of the state prosecutor's powers over the accused so that they can now compel defendants to make statements without lawyers present, confiscate documents that come to light in searches and open letters indiscriminately. They can also decide for how long and in what conditions political defendants are kept.

More important to the course of a fair trial is the procedure known as 'common knowledge' whereby the prosecution in a political trial can introduce any evidence it likes if this can be established as generally 'known to the court'. This sort of evidence is per se introduced as *proved* evidence which cannot be rebutted by contrary testimony by the defence. The measure was first introduced in 1935 under the Nazis and was adopted into the German criminal code in 1950 for political cases.

In January 1975 the prosecutors' power was further extended so that lawyers who attempt to argue the cases of their clients on political grounds can be summarily removed from a trial for obstructing 'the orderly administration of justice' or 'procedural sabotage'. Defendants are then given state-appointed lawyers.

This is one of a number of measures which restrict the rights of anyone accused of political crimes to be represented. Joint defences are now prohibited in Germany, even when defendants are accused in a group of 'criminal association'. The rights of lawyers to issue statements has been seriously curtailed and letters between lawyer and client can be intercepted and examined at the prosecutor's discretion.

Lawyers involved in political trials in Germany have been put under such pressure over recent years that it has been impossible for them to defend their clients. They have persisted only at the risk of being branded criminals themselves. As Otto Schilly, Gudrun Ensslin's defence lawyer put it in an interview last year on London Weekend TV's 'Weekend World', 'Our conversations are bugged, we are attacked by the public in different ways. There's no lawyer at all in political proceedings who hasn't an investigation against him, in a criminalist or a disciplinary court. Our reputations are destroyed in ways you can't imagine. We are defiled. We are called the "fellow travellers of terrorism", we are called the "lawyers of terrorism" and so on. In this atmosphere defending is not possible.'

More than 30 lawyers have been put on trial in Germany either directly or indirectly as a result of Red Army Fraction cases. Perhaps the most renowned of them is Kurt Groenewold who last year was accused of 'criminal association' with his clients in a trial which was considered so disgraceful it was internationally condemned by, among others, the Haldane Society and the New York Center for Constitutional Rights.

Groenewold's 'crime' was publicising the strict conditions of isolation in which political prisoners in the Federal Republic can legally be kept, conditions which – as Groenewold and others pointed out – invariably lead to the 'physical destruction of prisoners'. This, of course, is one of the major fears about Proll's extradition. The conditions in the *Tote Trakt*, or 'Silent Wing' of Ossendorf Prison near Cologne have been widely reported, but it is as well to be reminded of them. Ulrike Meinhof spent 231 days in the wing, in a small cell where everything – from floor to ceiling – was painted brilliant white, where a white neon light was never turned off, where the only window was so high on the wall she was unable to see even the sky. The cell was totally sound-proofed apart from a radio permanently tuned to one channel. Astrid Proll also spent time in the 'Silent Wing' – a total of four and a half months. British studies of this sort of sensory deception showed in 1959 that volunteers who managed to last out for more than 10 hours were incapable of thinking straight. Some experienced surges of fear and panic.

Ulrike wrote of her experiences. 'There is a feeling one's head is exploding, that one's skull is about to split. The feeling that one's spine is drilling into the brain, that one is pissing one's soul away . . . pains in the head . . . flashes . . . the cell moves constantly . . . frantic aggressiveness for which there is no outlet . . . the feeling that the whole layer of skin has been ripped away.'

'We must keep the prisoners temporarily under isolation in order to make it possible for the prosecution to achieve a proof without any loop-hole so it will stand up in court,' the Minister of Justice for Hessen said to Dutch TV in an unguarded moment. This tactic of isolation has now been incorporated into the German legal framework by the 'Contact Ban', a law allowing the total isolation from the outside world of political prisoners who are still believed to be 'supporting a terrorist organisation'. The ban applies to lawyers as much as it does friends and relatives. During its passage through the Bundestag (Parliament) SPD Deputy Coppick, one of only 16 members who voted against it said, 'Under the new law no one, however innocent, can be sure of not being imprisoned and vanishing for weeks and months without contact with a lawyer or even his relatives. In terms of the rule of law I consider this intolerable.'

Ulrike Meinhof, of course, 'committed suicide' as a result of her prison conditions (one of eight RAF activists to die in gaol.) Despite dangers to Astrid Proll there is virtually no chance of the British Government refusing to extradite her, though under the terms of this year's Suppression of Terrorism Act it could decide to try her in Britain. This law came about to bring British law into line with decisions taken at a European Convention for the Suppression of Terrorism in 1976, a meeting that for the first time made it impossible to argue a political defence in fighting extradition for crimes of violence.

Astrid Proll may have broken German law for political reasons but in the Federal Republic she will be classed as just another violent criminal. And as Chancellor Schmidt said of 'terrorists' in a Bundestag debate in 1975, 'As violent criminals they put themselves outside the rules of our democratic state.' *(Steve Haywood and Mandy Merck)*

The Friends of Astrid Proll are sponsoring a picket of Bow Magistrates Court at 10.00am, Tuesday October 26.



THE SEXY SECRETS OF TERROR GIRL

From the *Sunday Mirror* . . .

On-Again Off-Again

THE OFFICIAL ABC SECRETS TRIAL

'The unfortunate illness of Mr Justice Willis,' as the prosecution described it, was the latest blow to hit the accident-prone ABC Official Secrets case last week. Willis, aged 70, suffered a mild

Tuesday, October 3. Despite the dropping of an important charge against Duncan Campbell – 'collecting information which could be useful to an enemy' – with its 14-year penalty, the

SEXY SECRETS OF TERROR GIRL



ASTRID PROLL Obsessed by gadgets

THE secret life of terror girl Astrid Proll began to emerge yesterday.

Friends told of her hidden loves, her delight at being a mechanic, and her strange obsession for consumer goods.

But the cocktail she prepared yesterday for Astrid Proll, one of the world's most wanted terrorists, was a bitter brew with no sweetness in it.

She has been caught by West German police since 1971 when she fled alive on trial as terrorist by the prosecution counsel described as 'evil'.

Once in Britain Astrid got a job as a mechanic with Germany to escape [illegible]

Sunday Mirror Reporter

trained as a sex medical therapist. A Government-run sex centre in Berlin, Britain's neighbour.

There she got a £4,000-a-year job as a senior sex therapist, working with students at the Institute for Sexual Research.

Another girl who lived in a squat with Astrid in the German capital said: 'She was obsessed by gadgets.'

He said: 'Astrid never made a secret of being a lesbian.

'At a party she took a girl lover up and made love to her.

'She also took a fancy to Brian Sonnenberg, a son of her employer, Berlin millionaire Fritz Sonnenberg.

'Astrid is now awaiting extradition to Britain. Yard men have had a first slap by obtaining a special warrant.

He said: 'Astrid was almost obsessed by gadgets,' said the girl.

She turned around loads of stolen goods.

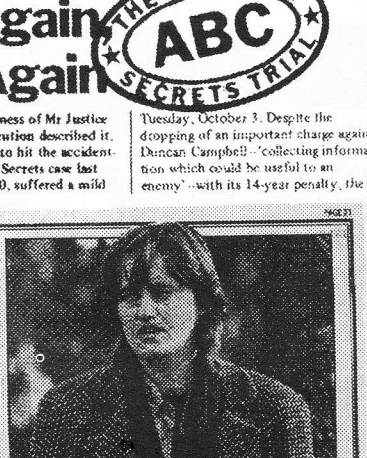
The girl said that Astrid was very fond of posing but was no sex symbol because of Women's Lib sentiments.

Astrid is now awaiting extradition to Britain. Yard men have had a first slap by obtaining a special warrant.

CAMP DAVID 'COLLAPSE'

ONLY a miracle can save the Camp David summit meeting between the leaders of Israel and Egypt, Egyptian newspapers said yesterday. Israel was not making any real concessions and seemed set on a path that would lead to war. Meanwhile 60,000 heavily armed troops [illegible] to the Lebanese border.







THEN: Astrid and Andreas Baader

Femail ON SUNDAY

Taming of Astrid the terrorist

THE SELF-ASSURED woman sitting in a top Hamburg restaurant sent back the wine — it wasn't the right vintage — then turned her attention to the subject of her mother's children.

[illegible] are on hand to prepare [illegible] with proper regard for their peculiar [illegible]

[illegible] Astrid Proll, [illegible] Baader-Meinhof gang, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

RZ Attacks

The Revolutionary Cells give reasons for series of attacks.

Statement from the RZ on the bomb attacks in Dusseldorf and Koln, on the Deutsche Bank, the Confederation of the Metal Industry, and Hoechst.

It is both ironical and significant that on the 1st May, the unions called together their unprotected clientele to celebrate Labour Day in a festive and fighting spirit, but the following day, almost before the sound of the speeches had died away, the Capitalists of the World, united, were celebrating in a victorious mood the height of their economic power.

The capitalists who were meeting could be satisfied that, particularly of late, they have made gains on several fronts in the class war. What was won by a 100 years of proletarian class struggle, doggedly and with great courage, is being destroyed with unbelievably bold and sweeping measures, its substance being perverted and smashed-in. Capital is on the offensive – and how!

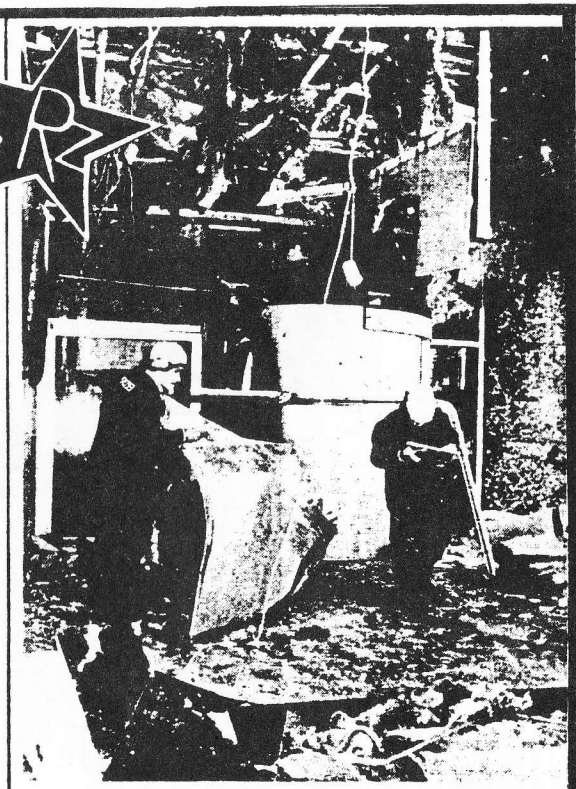
And at the bottom? Lack of guidance, and confusion, even over the basic ideas. Thus, behind the "growing mass of socially powerless, the new poor" we find none other than the classic figure of the proletarian, who is merely being decked out with new German terminology. It is quite evident, however that this much remains the same, even today, the proletarians have nothing to sell but their labour.

Farewell to the proletariat? Don't make us laugh! Despite many new names nothing basic has changed. We are still caught up in the same, unresolved class struggle.

The foremost protagonists in this struggle are:
the banks, especially the **Deutsche Bank**, which in boards of trustees and directors, decides over the availability of investment and credit facilities, and thus directs the restructuring of relationships in production, and through the weapon of debt repayment schedules, bleeds the Third World economically, while crushing it politically.

The **Confederation of the Metal Industry**, as the most powerful faction of capital, In the area of wages policy it is setting the trend in a change to a qualitatively new and severely intensified era of exploitation.

After a more flexible and effective use of labour is established, the next thing will be to abolish Saturdays as a day off.



The Deutsche Bank in Dusseldorf after a visit from the RZ.

The chemical industry **(Hoechst)**, which through its complete control over the world's nutrition, decides not only what will be produced, how, but also to whom, and therefore has a direct influence on the structural relationships of the system of oppression. Their influence on the living conditions of the people of the whole world is second to no other industry. They own people's bodies, make them ill, kill them. This Moloch has been impervious to all criticism up to now. Its profits continue to explode, like its gas tanks.

Revolutionary Cells

28.4.85





RAF Calls Off Hunger Strike

To the imprisoned revolutionaries.

We ask you to stop the hunger strike. It has achieved all that it is likely to in terms of political mobilisation. Our experience is that the anti-imperialist front has not evolved, on a political practical, or organisational level, to the point where it is able to put limits on the destructive interests of the state.

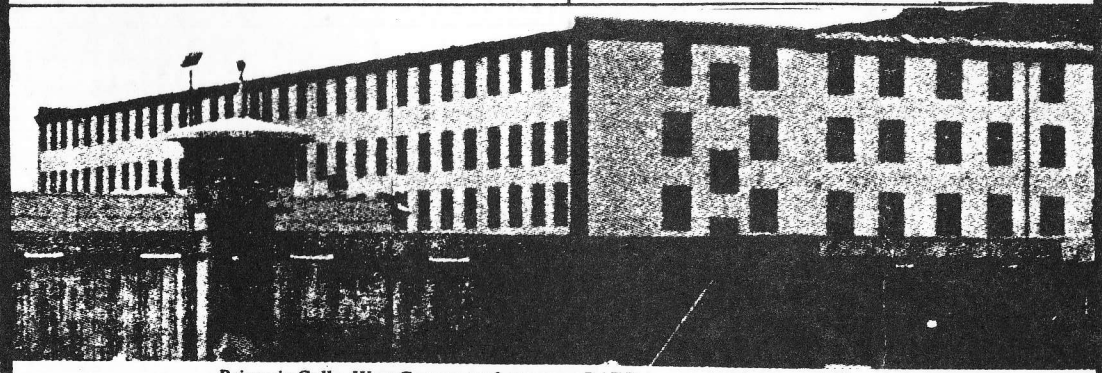
The calculated policy of the State prosecutors has changed the situation radically. In trying to eliminate the political cadre, and to solve the problem that the prisoners will not give up the struggle, they have adopted the US-stye hard line, and will stop at nothing. They can only be overthrown by us and the militants...

RAF

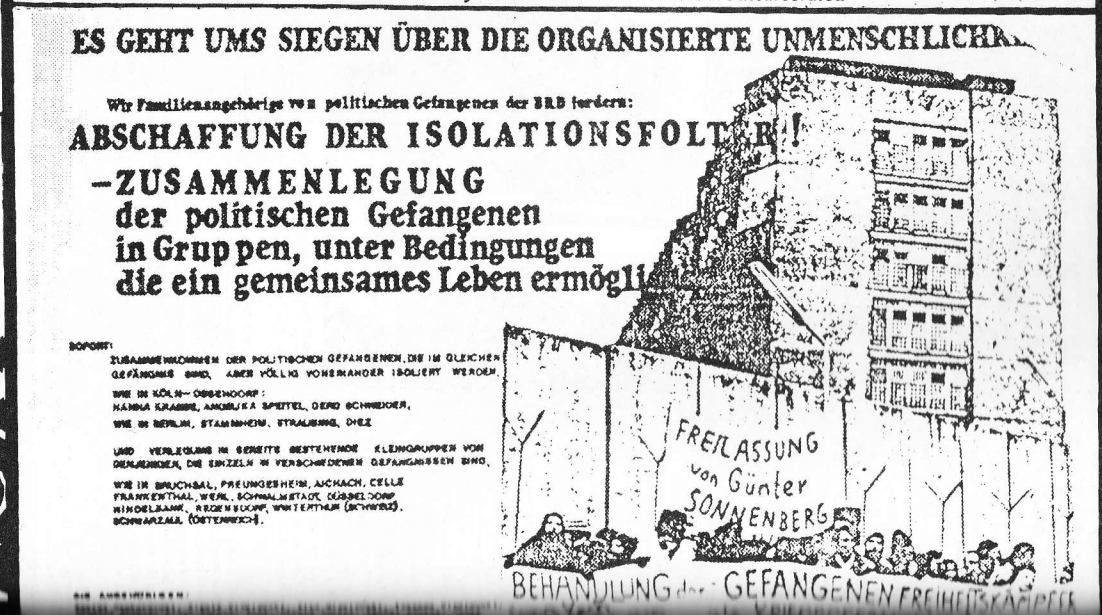
2.2.85



Andreas Vogel, RAF prisoner on hungerstrike



Prison in Celle, West Germany where some RAF Prisoners are incarcerated



Savagery of the enemy within

By Jonathan Fenby

...R a summer marked by Middle ...n bomb attacks, France has been ...ainly reminded of the dimensions of ...me-grown terrorist problem by the ...er on Monday night of Georges ..., the chairman of Renault, a killing ...med yesterday by the extremist group, ...n Directe.

...n many ways, domestic terrorism ...nts both the French and German ...rnments with a greater challenge ...n violence imported from the Middle ...t. Interior ministers from the two ...tries agreed on Monday to set up ...t teams to co-ordinate their fight ...st violent extremism.

"...t least with state-sponsored terror-..., you can try to negotiate with a for-... government, or its secret services," a ...ch official reflected. "Even with ex-...ist groups based abroad, you can try ...pen up channels of communication. ...with our own terrorists, there is noth-... you can do except to try to stop them ...atch them."

The problem for the French and West ...mans is that, despite all the means at ...r disposal, their police forces have ...t done a very good job at either check-... or catching members of Action ...ecte or the German Red Army Fac-... (RAF). Official buildings in West ...many, from post offices to ministries, ...y posters showing the usually sullen ...s of leading figures in the RAF. A re-...d of DM50,000 (£18,000) is on offer ... each of the 18 RAF suspects. But still ...ders of the RAF remain at large, ...ing them Barbara and Horst-Ludwig ...ert, suspected of killing the head of an ...n firm in 1985, and two women sus-



Action Directe's Jean-Marc Rouillan...



...and Nathalie Menigon

pected of having played leading roles in killing a prominent banker, Jürgen Ponto, in the terrorist heyday of the 1970s.

In France, the Mitterrand administration released several Action Directe members or sympathisers in its first flush of liberalism after winning power in 1981. The releases came back to haunt Mr Mitterrand and his ministers as Action Directe went on the attack. The right-wing parties made much of the Socialists' supposed "laxism" towards extremists in the run-up to this year's general election. Among the most virulent critics of the Socialists was the Gaullist leader in the Senate, Charles Pasqua. Now, Mr Pasqua is France's Interior Minister. In the killing of Mr Besse, Mr Pasqua and Prime Minister Jacques Chirac have to deal with one of the most striking incidents of terrorism against an individual since the Baader-Meinhoff gang kidnapped and killed the West German employers' leader, Martin Schleyer, in 1977.



From Middle Eastern bomb attacks like this in September to home grown terror

The terrorists, whether West German or French, would deny that their victims were killed as individuals. The ideology of Action Directe and the RAF sees such men as representatives of a system. One underlying theme of European extremist groups is that, by provoking the police and their political masters into repression, terrorism will turn the supposedly downtrodden proletariat to revolt. There has been little sign of anything like that happening.

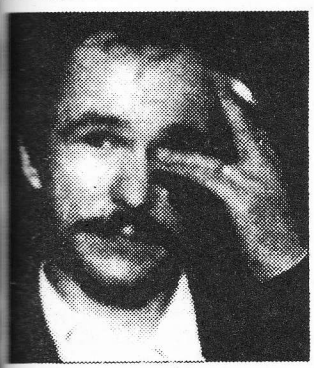
Recently, the French and West German groups have joined in a self-proclaimed alliance against Nato imperialism, linking themselves with a similarly-minded Belgian groups. They have attacked targets ranging from power pylons to computer companies. Civil servants, military personnel and top managers of companies deemed to be supporting US-led imperialism in Europe have been among those murdered.

Apart from the human cost, and occasionally costly destruction from bombs, the effect of the campaign has been minimal. Neither Action Directe nor the Red Army Faction are reckoned to count more than 20 active members. But they still keep going. How?

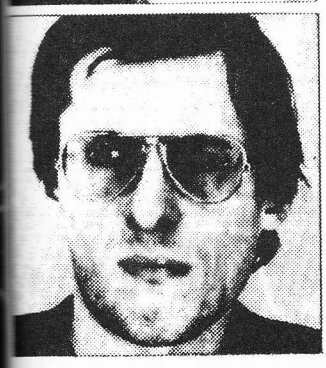
"Because they trust nobody, live a life of their own and take just as long as it needs to plan their attacks," a French police source said yesterday. Their isolation makes the use of informers difficult. Their planning enables them to strike with deadly speed, as in the shooting of Mr Besse by two people driving past his home on a motorcycle. They appear to be well supplied with arms and explosives, and to be frugal in their approach to weapons.

On top of all that, there is the ideological factor. Given their nature, it is impossible to know how the minds of the French and German terrorists work. But police who have tracked them for years believe that they still base themselves on an idological foundation, a belief that they are playing a necessary historical role in destroying the capitalist state. However wrong they are, nothing is likely to shake either Action Directe or the RAF from such convictions. Indeed, the more isolated they are, the more destructive they may be. The Franco-German liason teams have a hard road ahead of them.

Additional reporting: Sheila Jones in Bonn.





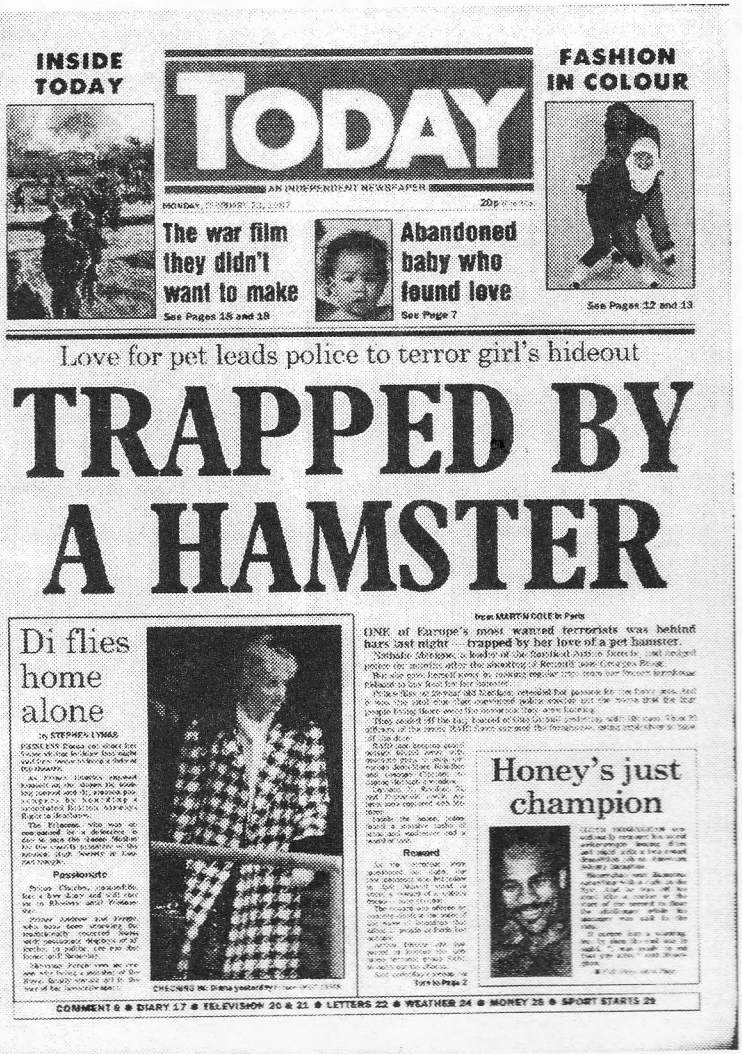


Jean-Marc Rouillan and Nathalie Menigon of ACTION DIRECTE and Pierre Carette, the founder of CCC. The CCC shook their country (albeit Belgium) to the foundations, only to have their logo ripped off by Sigue Sigue Sputnik.









INSIDE TODAY

TODAY

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

FASHION IN COLOUR

The war film they didn't want to make

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Abandoned baby who found love

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Love for pet leads police to terror girl's hideout

TRAPPED BY A HAMSTER

Di flies home alone

Honey's just champion

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Tired of being targets: Frankfurt police protest against murders.

Balaclava gangs step up German violence

MARK FRANKLAND ■ Bonn

TWO shots from a stolen police pistol have revived the apprehensive West German debate about political violence.

During a demonstration at the perimeter of Frankfurt airport last Monday night, someone firing the missing Swiss Sig-Sauer automatic killed two policemen. It was the first time in the history of the Federal Republic that policemen have died while battling violent demonstrators.

The murders are politically explosive because they do not seem to be the work of the Red Army Faction, the tiny group of professional terrorists who are suspected of killing two businessmen and a senior diplomat last year and who are condemned out of hand by all parties.

The man now held under suspicion of murder by the Frankfurt police — they found him with the gun at his girl friend's house within hours of the shooting — is a 33-year-old unemployed commercial artist named Andreas Eichler.

He comes from the little-known world of the *Autonomen*, the Autonomous Groups, an uncoordinated collection of young people who, through a combination of a taste for anarchy and a lack of political theory, condemned to form and re-form, like restless amoeba. Eichler's present home is with the Revolutionary Do-It-Yourselfers, whose speciality seems to be sabotaging nuclear-generated electricity pylons.

The *Autonomen* appear at many political demonstrations — for example, at Hamburg last month, where squatters are in conflict with the city government, and also without fail each Sunday at Frankfurt airport, where the extension of the runway six years ago (last Monday was the anniversary of the start of the clearing operation) led to some of the most violent civil battles in post-war Germany.

Members of these groups dress in black and wear balaclava helmets or crash helmets, with motor-cycle masks. If there is fighting, their weapons are metal frisbees, steel pellets fired from catapults, Molotov cocktails and Very pistols.

Fighting there usually is. As papers recovered by police from a recent debate among the groups made clear, one result of having no definite political goals is that violence has become an end in itself. "If nothing gets thrown", one of the debaters is reported to have said, "faces fall and people go home dissatisfied."

Although television shows snippers of such violence, both public and politicians seem to have brushed it into little-visited corners of the mind. Monday's killings have changed that. Thousands of policemen demonstrated themselves last week in the larger cities. Some marched with rifle targets pinned to their backs. Even conservative politicians who tried to soothe them were met with shouts of: "Do something about it, then".

The killings are particularly embarrassing for the Left. Demonstrations which the Autonomous Groups support are usually for sterling left-wing causes such as "peace" and the environment.

Several of the best-known leaders of the Greens cut their teeth leading demos against the Frankfurt runway. Although they now condemn violence, Jutta Ditfurth, a formidable young woman who represented the Greens in this year's pre-election TV debate among the party leaders, still insists that the German State needs "terror" to "draw attention away from its own daily violence."

In less-educated minds, such thinking can become a slogan seen sprayed on various walls: *Polizei = S.A. S.S.*, equating today's police with Hitler's. It may also explain why, when several hundred Autonomous Group sympathisers met in Frankfurt to discuss the crisis, suggestions that steel pellets fired from catapults might also be "deadly weapons" met with little approval.

When Parliament debated the murders last Thursday, the Interior Minister demanded that wearing masks at demonstrations be made a criminal offence.

There are policemen and lawyers, not to mention liberals, who doubt the effectiveness of this. And if the MPs had walked along the Rhine towards the old centre of Bonn, they would have seen a slogan suggesting that masks are scarcely essential for those who believe they are combating a violent State.

The work of a group of revolutionary feminists, it reads:

Burn your mask and show your face,
World war will finish the human race.

Last night's bombing, another in the Marxist link-up?

High-tech terror stalking Europe



Fire-extinguisher bomb found near the U.S. air Rhein-Main



by CHRISTOPHER DOBSON

THE car bomb attack on the British Forces headquarters at Rheindahlen, probably by the German Red Army faction, following the murder in Rome last weekend of General Licio Giorgieri by the Fighting Communist Union, the "international" section of the Italian Red Brigades, is unwelcome evidence that there is more cooperation between Europe's terrorists groups than the security services had previously recognised.

When the Euro terrorists announced two years ago that they had set up an international consortium to wage a "Western European Revolutionary offensive" against the "multi-national structure of NATO" old hands in the business of fighting terrorism tended to scoff.

Training

Their experience had shown that while terror gangs might co-operate for pragmatic reasons in certain operations and that Palestinian groups used training facilities and weapons to buy the services of European terrorists, there was no true feeling of identity between the gangs.

Nobody, for example, trusted the IRA. And there was certainly no joint command running a Mafia-like terror international.

Now the experts are not so sure. What is emerging is a pattern of "high-tech terrorism" with remarkable similarities in methods and targets.

The Rheindahlen attack follows the pattern of a car bomb attack on the US Air Force base at Rhine-Main by the Red Army Faction in August 1985.

While still certain there is no master terrorist pulling the strings—Carlos despite his notoriety, is written off by the Israeli Secret Service, Mossad, as a "two-operation flash in the pan."—the experts are unhappy about the now obvious identity of purpose of the new gangs.

These gangs, the Red Army Faction and the all-woman Red Zora of West Germany; the Fighting Communist Cells (CCC, of Belgium; Action Directe of France; the Forcas Populares 25 de April (FP 25) of Portugal and now the Fighting Communist Union; have risen from the remnants of groups like the Baader-Meinhof gang largely destroyed by the security services.

They retain their national characteristics but whereas the traditional groups concentrated on trying to destabilise the governments in their own countries with the anarchic belief that something better would emerge from the ensuing chaos, the new groups follow a joint strategy of attacking NATO installations and murdering senior officials connected with defence.

Strategy

NATO pipelines, computer centres, research laboratories and military headquarters have all been attacked but this concentration on "high tech terrorism" by the international section of the group has often been obscured by the purely domestic operations carried out by the home teams.

A clearer view of the joint strategy may be obtained by looking at the men they have murdered.

General Giorgieri was Director General of the space and air armaments division of Italy's defence ministry. Ernst Zimmerman, shot by the Red Army Faction in 1985, was President of the West German Aerospace and Arms Industrial Association. General Rene Audran, gunned down by Action Directe, was head of France's world-wide arms sales organisation.

Herr Gerold Von Braunmuhl, murdered by the Red Army Faction last October, was head of the political department in West Germany's Foreign Ministry. Herr Karl-Heinz Beckurts, another Red Army Faction victim, was Siemens' research and technology director. M. Georges Besse, killed by two Action Directe women, was managing director of Renault.

Some were lucky and escaped: Signor Antonio Da Empoli, economics adviser to the Italian Prime Minister, was wounded by the Fighting Communist Union a year ago.

Suicide

M. Henri Blandin, comptroller-general of the French Army, and M. Guy Brana, vice-president of the French equivalent of CBI, both survived attacks by Action Directe.

In each case the target was an important member of the military, of industry or the civil service, men who make a country work, men on whom a country relies in time of war.

The attacks were carried out after careful reconnaissance and planning and were executed ruthlessly. Long justifications in terrorist bureaucratese were left at the scene of each murder. And the killings were claimed by hit teams given the name of a terrorist martyr.

The shooting of Von Braunmuhl, for example, was carried out by the Faction's Commando "Ingrid Schubert" named after a Baader Meinhof terrorist who committed suicide in jail.

Ernst Zimmerman was killed by the "Patrick O'Hara squad." O'Hara was an IRA hunger-striker.

There are fashions in terrorism as in everything else and one group will certainly copy the method of another if they are successful. But the textbook way in which the new terrorists carry out their operations smack of something more than fashion or coincidence.

I do not suggest that [illegible] plot the details in some [illegible] ground ops room before [illegible] killing, but there must [illegible] consultation on the [illegible] lines of the scheme. [illegible] tion between the Red [illegible] Faction and Action [illegible] has certainly been close.

The French and [illegible] police believe they have [illegible] ried out operations [illegible] other in order to confuse investigators.

Three weeks ago the [illegible] Police arrested the [illegible] ing members of Action [illegible] te's international unit.

It was thought that [illegible] arrests would deal a [illegible] blow to the terrorists [illegible].

But, suddenly, [illegible] General Giorgieri, a [illegible] candidate for the [illegible] murdered according [illegible] Action Directe text [illegible] the British HQ is car[illegible] in a classic Red Army [illegible] anti-NATO attack.

The grim lesson [illegible] every division of the [illegible] national conglomerate [illegible] ternational terror is [illegible] to carry on the "[illegible] offensive".

There is one other [illegible] this alliance which [illegible] examined. The old [illegible] radical but not [illegible] Communist. All the [illegible] are avowedly C[illegible].

The men they kill[illegible] installations they [illegible] all part of NATO's [illegible] against the Soviet [illegible] who ultimately be[illegible] their activities? [illegible] Union.

Wounded

When the bombers [illegible] to attack suppose[illegible] NATO fuel lines [illegible] German Federal [illegible] came convinced that [illegible] was behind the [illegible] tech terrorism. [illegible] however, yet to [illegible] convincing evidence [illegible] involvement.

Nevertheless, the [illegible] authorities are in[illegible] that, in time of [illegible] Communist terrorist [illegible] set up their [illegible] NATO's leadership [illegible] structure, become [illegible] organised Fifth Column [illegible] the Red Army.

So, whether the [illegible] actively behind [illegible] terrorism has become [illegible] the East West conflict [illegible] in Europe and the [illegible] fact is properly [illegible] the safer we will be.

□ *The author is an [illegible] terrorism. His latest [illegible] The Day We Almost [illegible] Moscow and We [illegible]*
Ed.

KIDS' TEST IN TERROR IS BANNED

A SCHOOL test which asked children to pretend to be international terrorists has been banned by shocked education chiefs.

By CLIVE CRICKMER

Pupils aged between 12 and 14 were invited to imagine that they were trying to abandon a new base for bombs.

They then had to write a report on their feelings as they [illegible] "commandos on shore".

The test paper, which was drawn up as part of a competition for young [illegible] England at Dartmouth.

Effect

When [illegible] Conservative [illegible] Derek Spencer saw the papers he [illegible] it to be withdrawn from [illegible] of schools before children took the test.

He said yesterday: "While the scientific problem was sound, the test was lacked judgement."

The children's [illegible] tasks were aimed to [illegible] know the effects of explosives [illegible] a magnetic mine, [illegible] chemical reaction used as a delay [illegible] device.

An official of the Inner London Education Authority, which put up £500 towards the competition, said: We are appalled by the wording of the questions.

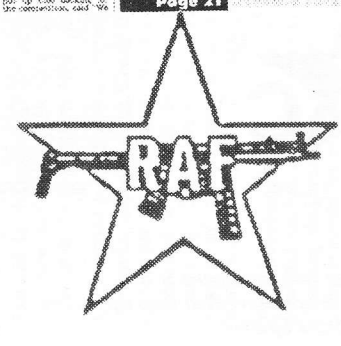
Some teachers originally advised the Nuclear Association of Professional Engineers [illegible] Teachers are [illegible] many ideas about [illegible] recent [illegible] attacks from [illegible] terrorists and [illegible] Ulster.

The controversial paper was devised by Durham's [illegible] physicist, John Trossbond.

He was responsible for [illegible] controversial yesterday.

Mum to marry her daughter

Page 21







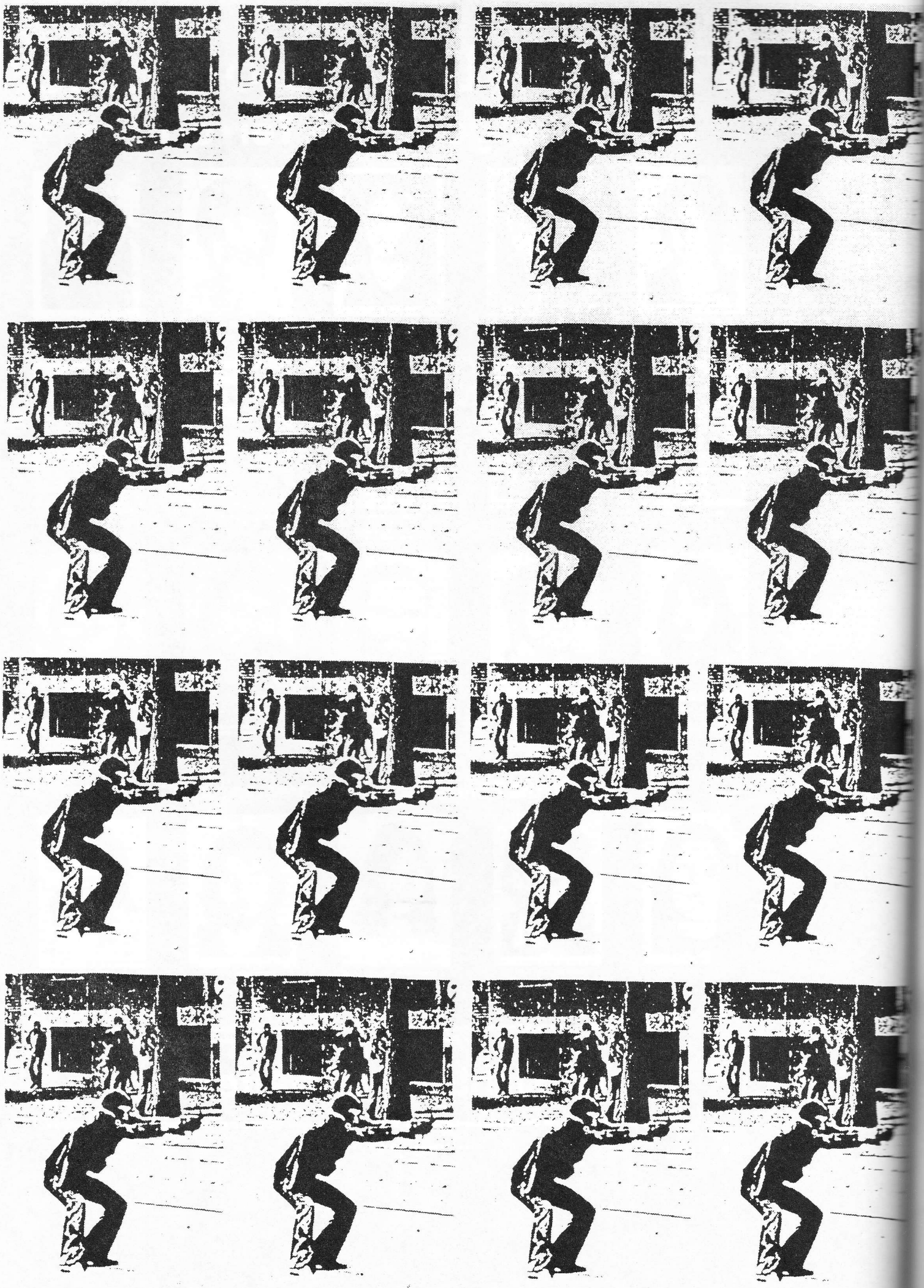
1 Million DM Belohnung

Dringend gesuchte Terroristen



Neu in die Fahndung aufgenommen sind:

Vorsicht Schußwaffen !



SMILE

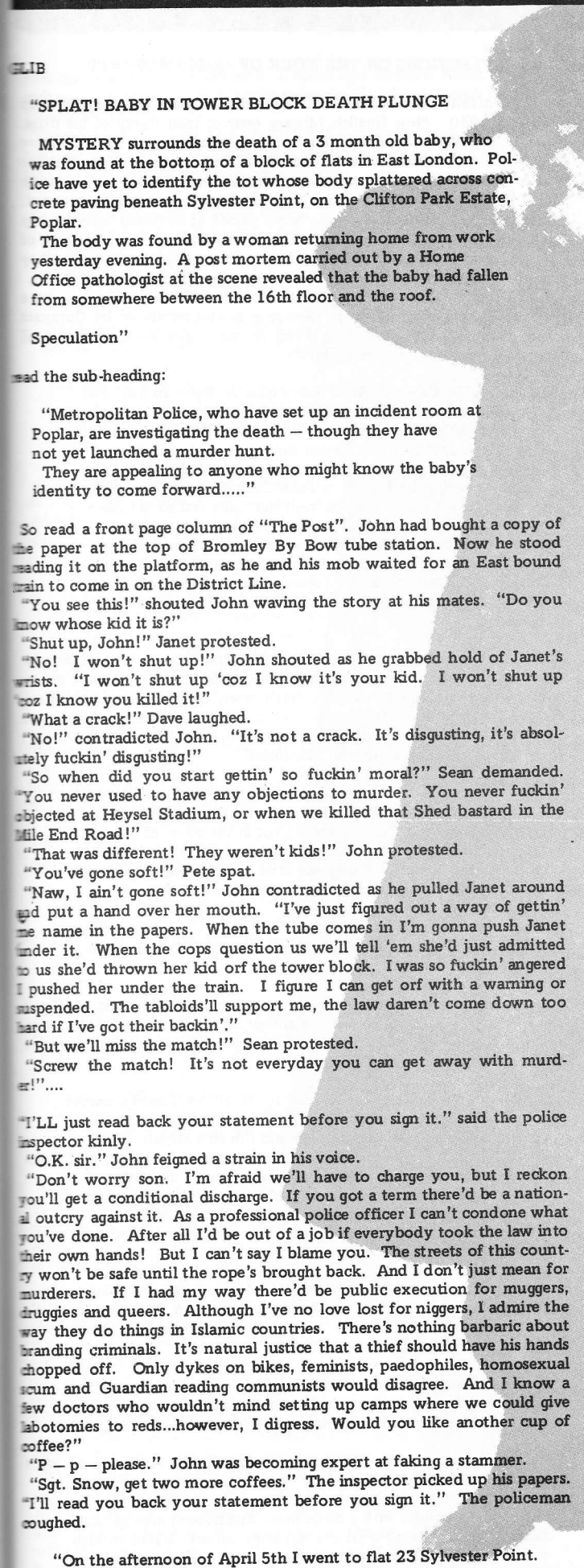


CRETINISATION

LIVE NOW



DIE LATER



ELIB

"SPLAT! BABY IN TOWER BLOCK DEATH PLUNGE

MYSTERY surrounds the death of a 3 month old baby, who was found at the bottom of a block of flats in East London. Police have yet to identify the tot whose body splattered across concrete paving beneath Sylvester Point, on the Clifton Park Estate, Poplar.

The body was found by a woman returning home from work yesterday evening. A post mortem carried out by a Home Office pathologist at the scene revealed that the baby had fallen from somewhere between the 16th floor and the roof.

Speculation"

ead the sub-heading:

"Metropolitan Police, who have set up an incident room at Poplar, are investigating the death — though they have not yet launched a murder hunt.

They are appealing to anyone who might know the baby's identity to come forward....."

So read a front page column of "The Post". John had bought a copy of the paper at the top of Bromley By Bow tube station. Now he stood reading it on the platform, as he and his mob waited for an East bound train to come in on the District Line.

"You see this!" shouted John waving the story at his mates. "Do you know whose kid it is?"

"Shut up, John!" Janet protested.

"No! I won't shut up!" John shouted as he grabbed hold of Janet's wrists. "I won't shut up 'coz I know it's your kid. I won't shut up 'coz I know you killed it!"

"What a crack!" Dave laughed.

"No!" contradicted John. "It's not a crack. It's disgusting, it's absolutely fuckin' disgusting!"

"So when did you start gettin' so fuckin' moral?" Sean demanded. "You never used to have any objections to murder. You never fuckin' objected at Heysel Stadium, or when we killed that Shed bastard in the Mile End Road!"

"That was different! They weren't kids!" John protested.

"You've gone soft!" Pete spat.

"Naw, I ain't gone soft!" John contradicted as he pulled Janet around and put a hand over her mouth. "I've just figured out a way of gettin' me name in the papers. When the tube comes in I'm gonna push Janet under it. When the cops question us we'll tell 'em she'd just admitted to us she'd thrown her kid orf the tower block. I was so fuckin' angered I pushed her under the train. I figure I can get orf with a warning or suspended. The tabloids'll support me, the law daren't come down too hard if I've got their backin'."

"But we'll miss the match!" Sean protested.

"Screw the match! It's not everyday you can get away with murder!"....

"I'LL just read back your statement before you sign it." said the police inspector kinly.

"O.K. sir." John feigned a strain in his voice.

"Don't worry son. I'm afraid we'll have to charge you, but I reckon you'll get a conditional discharge. If you got a term there'd be a national outcry against it. As a professional police officer I can't condone what you've done. After all I'd be out of a job if everybody took the law into their own hands! But I can't say I blame you. The streets of this country won't be safe until the rope's brought back. And I don't just mean for murderers. If I had my way there'd be public execution for muggers, druggies and queers. Although I've no love lost for niggers, I admire the way they do things in Islamic countries. There's nothing barbaric about branding criminals. It's natural justice that a thief should have his hands chopped off. Only dykes on bikes, feminists, paedophiles, homosexual scum and Guardian reading communists would disagree. And I know a few doctors who wouldn't mind setting up camps where we could give labotomies to reds...however, I digress. Would you like another cup of coffee?"

"P — p — please." John was becoming expert at faking a stammer.

"Sgt. Snow, get two more coffees." The inspector picked up his papers. "I'll read you back your statement before you sign it." The policeman coughed.

"On the afternoon of April 5th I went to flat 23 Sylvester Point. I had been contracted by the Clifton Park Estate management team to repair a broken toilet. I was suprised when the door was opened by Janet Smith who I had known during my school days. I repaired the toilet and afterwards asked Miss Smith if she would like to go for a drink that evening, to which she said yes.

Miss Smith's repair was my last of the day and so, after arranging to meet her at 7.30pm, I went home and washed. At the appointed time I met her outside Preston Point, the block of flats in which I live. We walked to the "Fiddlers Arms" on the High Street, where I drank rather more than I am accustomed to.

I am not a promiscuous man but somehow Miss Smith ended up going home with me. The next morning I told her I was going to Upton Park to see the West Ham match. She asked if she could come and I agreed. On our way into Bromley By Bow tube station I bought a copy of the Daily Post. On the platform we met some friends of mine who were also going to the West Ham match.

While we were waiting for the train to come in I began reading the paper I'd bought. On the front page there was a story about a baby being found dead outside Sylvester Point. This made me wonder if Miss Smith's baby was in safe hands. I'd assumed she'd left it with a baby sitter. Since the Clifton Park Estate is plagued with drug addicts, I was worried that the baby might have been left with someone so derranged that they'd thrown him from the tower block.

When I showed Miss Smith the story and asked her if the child was in safe hands she laughed, saying: "The kid's dead. I threw the bastard off the twentieth floor. I only had it so I could get a council flat. I didn't need the brat any more."

This statement so angered me that I pushed Miss Smith under the wheels of an incoming train. After this I panicked, ran to the end of the platform and jumped over a fence. At this point I was in two minds about what to do next. I considered climbing back over the fence and waiting for the arrival of a police officer to arrest me. In a split second I decided against this. I thought some of those who had witnessed Miss Smith's death might attack me. I could hear people coming after me, so I ran to escape from them. Running, I made my way up Violet Road. I was intent on going to Poplar Police Station and giving myself up. But I saw a police car which I flagged down. When the two police constables got out I asked them to arrest me for manslaughter. They were kind enough to oblige."....

"THREE CHEERS FOR JUDGE WHO DISCHARGED MATHEWS"

"A NATION APPLAUDS"

"MORI POLL SHOWS PUBLIC BACK MATHEWS DECISION AND 89% WANT PARLIAMENT TO BRING BACK HANGING"

"THE GLOBE SAYS THE MOORS MURDERERS SHOULD DIE NEXT!"

These were just a few of the headlines which greeted Judge Rupert Windsor-Newton's decision to give John Mathews an unconditional discharge over the manslaughter of Janet Smith. John bought all the papers, cut out the stories and pasted them into his scrap book. He was a national hero. Only the liberal Guardian had a bad word to say about the judge's decision. John figured this didn't make much odds as only an egg-head could understand their high-brow prose. He pasted the Guardian's moralising text next to his favourite story, from the Post:

"JUSTICE IS DONE!"

screamed the banner headline in letters two inches high.

"The British people were cock-a-hoop last night after Judge Windsor-Newton gave an unconditional discharge to have-a-go hero John Mathews.

Mathews had pleaded guilty to pushing murderess Janet Smith under a train split seconds after he'd discovered she'd thrown her baby from the top floor of a tower block. In an exclusive interview with the Post, he told our reporters he was 'over the moon' at the judge's decision."

A doctored photograph accompanied the write up, purportedly showing Mathews spitting on Janet Smith's grave.

"The plucky cockney was carried out of the High Court on the shoulders of jubilant supporters. From there a car, provided by the Post, sped him to a street party in Poplar where thousands waited to congratulate him on the outcome of the case.

In his summing up the Judge said that Britain had "a centuries

old tradition of people's justice. In the middle ages criminals had been locked in stocks so that the general public could pelt them with stones. In those days no one worried if the odd shop-lifter got killed as a result."

Judge Windsor-Newton continued by saying he felt "Mathews was adhering to this ancient custom when he pushed Miss Smith under the train."

The Post fully agrees with the judge, who told us at a press conference after the trial that "until Parliament sees sense, and introduces proper deterents against criminal activities, I welcome the actions of men like Mathews. In a society that allows convicted murderers to lounge about in centrally heated prisons, it is only right that men of character should take the law into their own hands. I would rather be pensioned off early than sentance such men to even the shortest terms of imprisonment."

Turn to the centre pages to see our photo of Judge Windsor-Newton and Mathews shaking hands."....

ART STRIKES

IN his section of the 'Art Into Society/Society Into Art' catalogue (ICA, London 1974), Gustave Metzger issued a call for a three year strike by artists. Metzger believed that if artists acted in solidarity, they could destroy those institutions (such as Cork Street) which had a negative effect on artistic production. Metzger's strike failed because he was unable to mobilise support for it from other artists.

During martial law in Poland, artists refused to exhibit their work in state galleries, leaving the ruling elite without an official culture. For months the art galleries were empty. Eventually some mediocre artists were discovered who were prepared to take advantage of this situation, and their work was shown. The Polish intelligentsia immediately organised an effective boycott of openings, denying the art an audience and the bureaucracy any credibility.

In 1986 the PRAXIS group proposed an art strike for the three years between 1990 and 1993. In 1986 this proposal was extended to a more generalised 'refusal of creativity'. The idea was not to destroy the art world. PRAXIS doubted that enough solidarity existed between artists for such a strategy to work. PRAXIS were interested in how they, and many other 'activists', had created identities based on the supposed 'superiority' of their 'creative' and/or political actions to the leisure and work pursuits of the social majority. This belief in individual superiority was seen as impeding a rigorous critique of the reigning society. Put bluntly, those whose identity is based on 'their opposition' to the world as it is, have a vested interest in maintaining the status quo. To change the world it is necessary to abandon those character traits that aid survival in capitalist society.

MULTIPLE NAMES

MULTIPLE names are 'tags' which the 'avant-garde' of the seventies and eighties have proposed for serial use. These have taken a number of forms, but are most commonly 'invented personal names' which, their proponents claim, anyone can take on as a 'context' or 'identity'. The idea is usually to create a collective body of artistic works using the 'invented identity'.

The first of these 'collective identities', 'Klaos Oldanburg' was propogated by the British mail artists Stefan Kukowski and Adam Czarnowski in mid-seventies. A few years later, the American mail artist David Zack proposed 'Monty Cantsin' as the name of the 'first open pop-star', a name anybody could use. Factional differences between those using the 'Monty Cantsin' tag resulted in the 'rival' contexts of 'No Cantsin' and 'Karen Eliot', both of which emerged in the mid-eighties. A number of individuals and groups have independently 'originated' similar concepts. For example, a group centred around Sam Durrant in Boston (USA) proposed 'Bob Jones' as a multiple identity in the mid-eighties.

There have also been multiple names for magazines ('Smile' originating in England in 1984 is the best known) and pop groups ('White Colours' first proposed in England during the early eighties).

Multiple names are connected to radical theories of play. The idea is to create an 'open situation' for which no one in particular is responsible. Some proponents of the concept also claim that it is a way to 'practically examine, and break down, western philosophic notions of identity, individuality, originality, value and truth'.

SUNSET OVER RICHMOND

the outline of an ice rink
frozen against the sky

SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE WORK OF JAMES MOFFATT

JAMES Moffatt was born in 1922. He wrote at least 38 books between 1965 and 1980. New English Library own at least thirty of his titles. When I sent them a research enquiry about Moffatt they didn't bother replying to my letter. When I pointed out to a member of staff at the British Library that five of the novels Moffatt wrote under the pen name Richard Allen were missing from their catalogues she wasn't interested. I've seen copies of Moffatt's paperbacks priced at anything between 10p and £4 in junk shops and on second hand bookstalls. I've been aware of Moffatt for at least a dozen years. I first came across his books as they circulated under the desks of the secondary school I attended.

The earliest work of Moffatt's that I've been able to track down are a series of eight 'Johnny Canuck' detective novles published by Compact Books (Roberts and Vinter) in 1965 & '66. The back covers of all these books carry the following blurb:

> "Johnny Canuck's hot blood is one quarter Sioux Indian. His grandfather fought with Sitting Bull at the Big Horn. Together they escaped across the boarder to Canada where the mounties treated them well. When Sitting Bull returned to the States, Johnny's grandfather stayed. Because he liked the white Canadians he changed his name to John Canuck — the usual nickname for a Canadian. His son kept the name and so did Johnny. Today, Johnny Canuck has won himself a reputation as a tough, resourceful private eye who gets results where others have failed. And there are quite a few gorgeous dames who agree!.....The inspiration for Johnny Canuck grew from author James Moffatt's own respect and affection for the Canadian Indian (sic)."

The Canuck books are all written in the first person, with a psuedo-transatlantic accent, which makes these novels appear - at least superficially - quite different from Moffatt's later, decidely 'English', prose. However, the choice of themes in the Canuck books is not unfamiliar to fans of Moffatt's later work. This description, from "Terror Go Round", would not disappoint readers of "Skinhead":

> "My companion shuddered and drew closer. She wasn't one of the fragile types — neither did she care for shenanigans of this type. Her arty soul cried out in horror at the scene of wanton terror as the four youths amalgamated their skills and ripped the entire display apart, chanting hot little catch phrases and mouthing their rebellion against a society that tolerated their antics more that I could.
>
> Too many folks stand and watch. But not I — not when creatures from the dark ages decide to mar what had started out as a pleasant afternoon."

These early novels are not overtly racist in the manner of Moffatt's later work. It's amusing to see the author of the 'Skinhead' books writing from a liberal — and not a far right — perspective. "The Blue Line Murder" is a case in point:

> " 'I know,' she said at last. 'I work for Wordlow, I hold membership of the Freedom Front Party and I also shoo-ed the goons in to deal with you. All that Johnny and I'm still Jewish. The Party hates my kind, they also hate negroes, Catholics and Communists. They are a minority group beholden to the Hitler tradition. They aim to get control of this country and turn us all into puppets dancing on their strings. I work for them. I belong to them — but for one reason. To see every one of them in hell."

Despite the 'anti-nazi bias' and the 'racial tolerence', the sexual stereotyping in this early work is no different from that found in Moffatt's later novels, as this extract — also from 'The Blue Line Murder" — shows:

> "I'd met dames like her before. They were boarderlin nymphomaniacs. An attraction triggered a deep-seated craving and they had to keep going until they subjugated the man."

This description isn't very different to one Moffatt would write six years later in his "Justice For A Dead Spy":

> "She was a nympho with a difference. She needed men for her sickness yet she hated what she felt after the act. Hated enough to kill in order to remove the blemish.....Her mouth opened and four-letter words flowed in gushing reminder that here was a woman who wallowed and fed on filth."

From 1970 to 1980, Moffatt wrote for New English Library — under his

own name and the pen names J. J. More and Richard Allen. If he is remembered for anything, it is likely to be the 'Skinhead' novels he wrote as Richard Allen.

The novels NEL (New English Library) published under Moffatt's own name vary in content and quality. "The Court Yard" has nothing to recommend it beyond the back cover blurb:

> "In the upper class riverside area of Hilldale stood The Courtyard — an elite and hitoric block of houses.
> Exclusive? Yes.
> Secluded? Yes.
> Respectable? Undoubtably not!
>
> There were stories, just rumours, about what went on there. Rumours about perversion, orgies, adultery and wife-swapping.
>
> But when a gorgeous young nymphomaniac bursts upon The Courtyard scene and makes shocking allegations against one of the residents, the whole story of depravity and corruption is revealed."

According to the back cover blurb of "The Naked Light", this novel is an "appalling exposure of the soft underside of Hollywood". If the publishers had been more frank they might have described it as an app alling exposure of the fantasies of its readers, but then in pulp that's already taken for granted:

> "Stefenos shuddered as he watched the 'great' Hymie fondle Chloe's ass. The way it was done spoke of bedrooms, naked flesh, uninhibited passions. There was no subtlety. There was no need for any. Hymie was an admitted master of the pornograph touch. In every film he made his hands roamed flesh with all the delicacy of an octopus."

The sex in these novels is animalistic, beastial, and Moffatt delights in this because it lends his 'characters' a 'naturalness' that counters the deep seated alienation felt by both author and audience — an alienation felt in both life generally and more specifically in relation to sex. The depth of this alienation is revealed by the fact that 'natural human sexuality' is depicted as more animalistic than that of animals. Indeed it verges on the 'unnatural' and speaks of hell — or at least the capitalist present. Again, in 'The Naked Light" we find the following description:

> "All around him, grasping exhortations spoke of frenzied partaking. The sensual meeting of flesh on flesh filled the night — and somewhere, the insideous rustle of undergrowth warned of a night creature driven from his lair by their unabated lusts."

This ridiculous and reductionist view of human sexuality is repeated again and again in Moffatt's books. The following is an example from "Skinhead Girls", written under the pen name Richard Allen:

> "Toby grinned and bore deeper. Nobody had to write him a letter to state that this bird was getting the fullest pleasure from his rape. Her every panted exhortation spoke highly of his ability to please."

Rape and threat of rape are featured again and again in Moffatt's books. The victims are generally portrayed as enjoying the experience, a bitter contrast to the realities of rape in our grossly heterosexist society. A society whose norms — stripped of their concrete implications — are recreated in Allen's books. This is a fantasy world where rape is reduced from an unforgiveable crime to 'the return of nature', where 'animal passions boil over' and the personality is liquidated in a complete 'loss of control'. But this is no oridinary loss of control, despite it's 'naturalness', it is a state in which all the inequalities of capitalist society are maintained. While it should be patently obvious to anyone who has reflected on the subject that our sexualities are socially constructed — and that sexual urges are subject to individual and collective control — Moffatt embraces a mystical view of sexuality as an unchanging given. The sooner it is generally realised that all sexualities are subject to redefinition, the sooner Moffatt's views will be revealed as the fraud that they are.

It seems safe to assume that Moffatt considered his Silas Manner's books — "The Sleeping Bomb" and "Justice For A Dead Spy" — his 'real' work, and that he saw the 'Skinhead' novels as no more than a profitable sideline. The 'Richard Allen' books read as though they were knocked out without much thought or effort being put into them. In contrast, the 'Manners' books — with their clipped and 'mannered' prose — appear to have been laboured over. Indeed, Moffatt himself refers very favourably to the 'Manners' books in "Skinhead Girls', published — of course — under the pen name Richard Allen:

> "Anything I knew came from reading books — I had a library card and used it to get books by Harold Robbins and Frank Yerby. I bought paperbacks too. My favourites were Richard Allen's "Skinhead" and "Justice For A Dead Spy" by James Moffatt. That Silas Manners was fifty times better than James Bond."

Although there is a certain black humour in Moffatt's references to himself, it's reasonable to assume that he did consider the 'Manners' books to be his best. A Bond comparison in "The Walk-On Girls" — written under the pen name J. J. More — praises Moffatt's 'Virginia Box' books for their popular appeal, rather than their quality:

> "A leggy receptionist reluctantly advised Mr Coates a Mr John Stanley was in the waiting room and returned to reading a copy of THE GIRL FROM H. A. R. D. No. 3.
> John Stanley grinned. He'd read the book, wondered why the character, Virginia Box, hadn't been made into a movie. In his opinion she was everything James Bond wasn't. And a raver to make some lucky producer a load of money."

The Silas Manners books concern the state of Britain as a nation in the 1970's. In "The Sleeping Bomb" we find the following description:

> "It was all one — the British Army, the hereditary valour had gone by the boards of socialist de-classification. Thank God, he thought, that the Americans had not lost that last vestige of discipline so vital to a regular army. The tide had turned — left-wing appeasement had seen fit to hand over yet another heritage to this ancient 'colony'."

How serious Moffatt is in making these proclaimations is open to conjecture. There is undoubtably an attitude of cynicism running through all his books. All his NEL books are built on stereo-typed plots and characters — which he occassionally undercuts by making them completely ridiculous. For example, in "The Naked Light" he writes:

> "Dick had spent several years in England and swore like a Britisher. His clothing always came direct from Bond Street, as did his shoes and monogrammed nightware. Like so many Californians, Dick was a confirmed Anglophile — more English than the English. But one British habit was not for Dick. He could not abide the taste of scotch. He preferred rye — straight from the Canadian Club bottle. Of course, if beer was the drink, he reverted to his British loves and called heartily for Red Barrel."

The references to aristocratic English tastes, and the sudden bathos of 'Red Barrel', with its reputation as the very worst British beer, can only be interpreted as an insult to the reader. However, one wonders if the joke wasn't ultimately on Moffatt, since it would take an imbecile not to recognise that the Red Barrel reference was out of place.

The cynicism Moffatt displays towards his readers is intensified by the repetition of certain 'ideas' and phrases throughout his books. For instance, the following paragraph appears word for word the same on page 15 of "Skinhead" and page 62 of "Skinhead Girls", both written under the pen name Richard Allen:

> "If air was precious, a sentance spoken without four-letter emphasis was enough to bring a sudden silence, raised eyebrows and get the speaker an award for bravery in the face of obscenity. Even the two barmaids spoke with anatomical descriptiveness and some of their suggestions were physical impossibilities except for a mechanical engineer."

However, what may well be cynicism on the part of the author, actually lends the books some quality — with an unintentional nod in the direction of such 'avant-garde' figures as Willaim Burroughs and Brion Gysin, who deliberately repeat phrases throughout their works. Another example of repetition from "Skinhead Girls":

> "Basically, he had a feeling for violence. That was what had compelled him to take up boxing. The thud of a glove on an enemy's face did something for his 'soul'. The thud of a boot in the groin did more!"

The line about individuals having 'a feeling for violence' appears in several of the books Moffatt wrote under the Richard Allen pen name — most notably "Suedehead" and "Boot Boys". The repetition of this idea adds to the 'animal' quality of his books in a less offensive way than his use of sexuality. Pushed far enough these devices might have made Moffatt a Lautreamont. The idea of sex and violence being mechanical, and as a result somehow 'natural', and without the complications they involve in

'real' life, is repeated throughout Moffatt's books. In "Mod Rule" — written under the Allen pen name:

> "Like an automaton, Joe started swinging, throwing punches, each blow bringing him the greatest satisfaction as the biker's moans of hurt rose above the screaming dancers."

And in "Skinhead Girls":

> "Like an automaton, Peter kept punching...the surging rage bordering on murder.....Nora saw blood trickle down Bill's whitewashed face. The youth was in terrible agony, hands clutching his balls. She loved the 'scent' of blood..."

Another idea repeated in the "Allen' books is that of writers producing copy about youth cults. "Terrace Terrors" contains the following:

> "Reg Peterson pushed his battered typewriter away and lit a cigarette. At thirty-nine, Reg had reached a crossroads in his career. A decisive crossroads. Until recently he had been lauded as "that promising author". No longer. Returns now showed his first three books had not appealed to the public regardless of critical acclaim. His publisher, a businessman interested in profits and literary masterpieces secondly, had made it known he would not contract for another book if this current one failed to make its royalty advances.
>
> On the brink of disaster he had had one of those inspirational flashes common to men of 'genius' — and the near complete result of this lay on his desk.
>
> All he had to do was get some authentic background, insert this into his first draft and "creat" one spectacular incident to make high sales a guarantee, not a faint hope.
>
> He finished his cigarette, lit another and poured a stiff drink. Unlike the majority of writers he did not imbibe steadily. Definately not when working.
>
> His eyes dropped to the partial manuscript. It required a title Closing his eyes he visualised.
>
> SATURDAY'S SKIN..."

While in "Skinhead Girls" Moffatt has this to say on the subject of writers and youth cults:

> "VICTOR CARLYLE pushed his battered typewritter away and lit a cigarette. Lazily reading the finished article he 'felt' the words make their impact and automattically knew he had a winner. Pouring a generous 'Grants' he sloshed ginger ale ontop and tasted the mix...
>
> He finished his drink, poured another.
>
> The article required a title. He stubbed the cigarette in an ashtray, closed his eyes and visualised.
>
> TERRACE TERRORS...
>
> SKINHEADS AT WORK...
>
> SATURDAY'S CHILDREN...
>
> THE HIGH AND THE DEADLY...
>
> At last, in desperation, he drew the typewriter back to his fingers and inserted a fresh sheet of paper. Unwittingly, he gave a name to a cult that had yet to make its debut...
>
> BOOT BOYS TAKE OVER.
>
> He liked that, freshened his glass. He knew just the editor for this masterpiece. His freelance career was off the ground. Only bigger and better successes stood between him and a country home far from this sickening mob..."

These repetitions build into an obscene hobbling rhythm, striking chords familiar to anyone whose worked in a factory, attended school, or experienced daily life under capitalism. Not only are wimmin, blacks, hippeis and 'other' drop outs, presented as stereo-types, but even the author and his readers are no more than cardboard figures in a media spectacle. If Moffatt is a mechanical 'genius' pulling his 'battered typewriter' towards him and pushing it away again as his 'inspiration' ebbs and flows, then the readers are 'workers', mechanical nobodies who are pleased to be a cog in a system which reduces life to 'survival'. "Sorts" is a case in point:

> " 'Don't try to browbeat me, ' she yelled as anger swelled. 'Chrissakes, your lot are nothing compared to skins. At least they bloody work for a living. What do you do? Draw Social Security?' "

and latter:

> "Skins and smooths had faults galore but at least they worked and socialised to an extent. Not so the Jock's and White's. They shunned normal intercourse. They failed, dismally, to accept a shred of responsibility for the society in which they lived. They took without giving anything. They were leech-like, sucking dry the limb that provided."

Moffatt's stereo-types are limited in their source range, but still 'powerful' because they were drawn from the 'mainstream' of English and American history. In his depictions of 'the oriental', one can see the influence of Sax Rohmer's 'leering yellow faces' — and even the pen of De Quincey. Moffatt gives the following, 'classically' bigoted description in "Justice For A Dead Spy":

> "He was one of those inscrutable Chinese. No emotion would ever form a lasting impression on his bland features."

Of course such descriptions do undergo 'modernisation'. This passage comes from the same novel:

> "This would be a one meeting contact. Orders from China were never repeated. Only Chairman Mao's thoughts bore repetition."

This and other 'conventions' make "Justice For A Dead Spy" unmistakeably a post World War II novel. 'Idea' which were abscent from prewar thrillers find elaboration in Moffatt's novels. In the following passage we see the repetition of a cliche that first surfaced in 'pulp' with Mickey Spillane:

> "If the truth were known, sir — Manners, like any other agent, would prefer to let his enemies live on for their eventual span. But he — and they — cannot. It is imperative that men like Symington-Barrett die. The courts are too lenient. The police powerless without cast-iron proof. If we didn't have enforcers like Manners this land would be overrun with agents from every Eastern nation."

Whitehall incompetence is an underlying theme in "Justice For A Dead Spy" — a cliche about red tape, which again echoes Spillane, although obviously within an anglised context:

> " 'C!' He smiled inwardly. To think of Fleming and Bond and 'M'. The public had taken that with a dose of salts. Yet, they in the service knew how damned close Ian had been. Of course, he had been a journalist once. That explained much. Every British journalist worth a by-line knew 'C' and those directly under him. What a laugh! Only the public were kept in ignorance. And for Whitehall purposes. Tradition and the belief that civil servants must never be made to shoulder the blame they so often deserved."

Like Spillane, Moffatt is in all but name a 'left-wing' fascist. Nationalism is the ideology that will save the country, and the present rulers — as much as the communist 'threat' — are a danger. Again, in "Justice For A Dead Spy" there is the following description of Whitehall:

> "Conway never considered that here was his country at its very worst. That here, in their countless — unproductive — thousands were the lack of brains that 'guided' the nations thinking. That these so called protected clases were responsible for all the ills falling on a sinking land.
>
> Conway couldn't consider that. Conway was one of them!"

And again in another passage from the same book:

> "If I'm capable of dying for my land then I'm also highly capable of saying the set up I work for is stinking. Is decaying. Is stagnating in a swelling army of civil servants whose code is toleration and integration."

Naturally, Moffatt's 'left-wing' fascism has a decidedly 'British' taint, as the following extract demonstrates:

> ".....we've got to be hard and ruthless and strong if we're ever going to contain the spread of communistic ideals. We've got to give our young men and women something worth defending. An image of greatness. Put the teeth back in the old bulldog. Tell the so called liberators of Africa and Asia we don't intend to subsidise revolution and the total overthrow of the white race. We've got to return to the era of gunboat diplomacy and show the flag — backed by battalions of regular troops and naval warships. These new nations are semi-savage and know but one thing — force."

Moffatt shows his lighter — but equally offensive — side in the 'Virginia

Box' "Girl From H. A. R. D." books. In Moffatt's novels, a polymorphous perversity is forever threatening to shatter his 'carefully' constructed 'anti-characterisations'. In the 'Virginia Box' books he gets to 'grips' with lesbianism and SM. From "The Girl From H. A. R. D. No. !":

> "Since puberty she had been an avid devotee of illicit affairs. That had been how she met Ian. How she had managed to prevent herself falling utterly for his type of kicks. In the beginning his brand of pleasure had been extraordinarily thrilling. A novelty creating explosive reactions. But, as with too much of any good thing, the desired excitement had begun to take on boredom. She had unwillingly suffered his frenzied flagellations, doing her wifely duty without deriving the utmost satisfaction from their sessions in his 'study'. Only the occassional bit of adultery spiced what she called married patience."

And:

> "A shudder shook Gerda's plumpish frame. Despite her mental abhorence she sensed a reaction favourable to Ima's questioning hands within her betraying flesh. It had been a long time since Willi made love to her, she thought. Slowly, involontarily, she found herself kissing back. Her body yielding to explorations quite beyond her ken."

Moffatt remains on the 'brink'. Lesbianism is presented as the fantasy of voyeuristic males, and the SM is laughable when not actually offensive. But one of the 'problems' for an author presenting repressed sexualities as somehow both 'natural' and uncontrollable', is that unless he is careful the repression might very well be shattered. Moffatt doesn't allow this to happen in his books, but it does occur in the work of other pulp novelists, such as Mick Norman. The following is an extract from Norman's "Angels From Hell":

> "Taking him by the shoulder and pulling him close. Kissing him, thrusting his tongue deep into his mouth. Both mouths slobbered. Horror piled upon horror. The ritual, then the kiss.
> Worse. Something he would never admit to any person, as long as he lived. During the kiss, in the moment of closeness to Vincent, he had felt a stirring in his groin. A swelling of pleasure.
> He had enjoyed it!"

The nearest Moffatt comes to Norman's position is in "Mod Rule", the last book he wrote under the Allen pen name:

> "Joe wanted to bash the bastard. He hated queers with a virile youth's fear of turning into one."

Moffatt's books written under the pen name J. J. More, use as their principal characters journalists, and explore similar territory to the Virginia Box novels. Whatever the 'plot', Moffatt usually gets to treat his favourite themes to a good working over. "The Walk-On Girls" allows him — writing as J. J. More — to explore gay sexualities, a subject that simultaneously attracts and repells him. In this particular book he even allows a gay character to 'speak':

> "Nothing would ever weaken his desire to see homosexuals accepted as 'ordinary' members of the community. That they did not indulge in sex the way married couples did was not the bone of contention. He had often joked about 'campers' and their offbeat roles. Although he honestly believed men as lovers had more than any man—woman relationship could offer, he had to admit that the norm alone could reproduce the species. That 'queers' — a term he loathed — had to take second place to the old-fashioned copulation cycle."

This ridiculous mock 'tolerance' ends up being a foil for the usual Spillanian preoccupations:

> "Anarchy rules the roost. People can't stand on a platform and speak unless they obey the dictates of a bunch of rabble-rousing psuedo-intellectuals. Half the damned teachers supposed to educate our kids spend their time thudding Maoist thoughts into receptive young heads. The other half are too interested in sex to worry. Boots and ass — that's the apex of university training, it seems!"

"Mod Rule" — written in 1980 — took Moffatt's writing 'back' to where it had been in 1970. This final Richard Allen novel, features the bastard offspring of Joe Hawkins — hero of the first book Moffatt wrote under the Allen pen name — "Skinhead". Joe Watson is the 'result' of his fathers rape of Lottie Newman in "Skinhead Escapes". Lottie subsequently married Victor Watson, and her son took Victor's surname — while she had already given him the first name of the man who raped her.

At the age of 13 Joe runs away from home, and finds himself drawn to Plaistow in East London. Although he doesn't know it his father came from this area. He becomes the lodger — and lover — of Aileen Bryce — whose 31 but looks 40. Latter he gets involved with a porn racket and eventually rips off his gay boss. The novel ends with Lottie realising she's lost both the men in her life. Her husband because of the strain a second rape put on their marriage, and her son to his fathers criminal genes.

Moffatt's work shouldn't require a theoretical summing up, once enough of those to whom it appeals understand its attraction we will have superseeded this society.

GROVE ROAD E3

the first flying bomb on london
fell here 13 june 1944

THE INTERNATIONALIST

baltimore

preston

turin

macon

when we dream we travel alone

MILE END

a) district line to victoria

b) bus

c) coach

d) train

MADMAN

ONLY A MADMAN WOULD SIMULATE MADNESS
SIMULATE A MADMAN SIMULATING MADNESS

SPRING

pour water over an unwound coil

MULTIPLE NAMES

History

"We are the White Colours, Slaves of Freedom, Second Coming, Babes On Acid, Flame Thrower Boys, Hip Troup, Jack Off Club, Flat Cap Conspiracy. We refuse to be limited to one name. We are all names and all things. We encourage other pop ensembles to use these names. We want to see a thousand ensembles with the same name. No one owns names. They exist for all to use."
Stewart Home "Towards Nothing" (Manifesto/flyer) 1982.

"Since the discovery that Oslo Kalundburg, the radio station, is an anagram of Klaos Oldanburg, it has become one of BLITZINFORMATION's foremost projects to change everyone's name to Klaos Oldanburg. WE THEREFORE INVITE YOU TO BECOME KLAOS OLDANBURG."
Stefan Kukowski and Adam Czarnowski "Klaos Oldanburgship" 1975.

"From today you will be President of the Christ Society Ltd, and recruit members. You must convince everyone that they too can be Christ, if they wish to be, on payment of fifty marks to your society."
Raoul Hausmann "Courrier Dada" 1920.

HAUSMANN'S remarks place him at a pivotal point in the greatest of the supressed Western traditions. For nearly two millenia assorted 'mystics have claimed to be Christ. These include the 'historical' Christ

whose claim (related in the 'Holy Bible'), of genetic descent from 'God', is not necessarily to be taken literally. Although the custom of claiming to be the (or a) divine being predates the Judaic tradition, it was not until the emergence of the Free Spirit heresy in the eleventh-century that 'Christian' mystics began to refer to the Trinity in terms of a multiple name concept. These assertions of Godhood were of a different order to those of earlier heretics who had claimed to be the sole earthly incarnation of God or Christ. Influenced by Neo-Platonic philosophy, adherents to the Free Spirit proclaimed that all (wo)men were potentially God and that this single identity had already been realised by many adepts. The argument ran that since "all things are One, because whatever is, is God" all (wo)men became God upon making this realisation. Members of the cult claimed that "each one of them was Christ and the Holy Spirit" because the miracle of the Incarnation was being repeated in everyone.

Despite persecution the Free Spirit heresies remained a living tradition for over 600 years. Their uses of the Trinity as a multiple name concept appears for the final time in the literature of the Ranters, a rebellious sect that flourished in seventeenth-century England.

The bourgeois era was marked by the supersession of religon by science and art. Doctors, rather than inquisitors, assumed responsibility for the persecution of those engaged in the use of multiple identities. Christ remained a central concept in these activities, but at times his popularity was surpassed by luminaries auch as Louis XIV and Napoleon. Armed with the category of 'lunacy' the psychologist was better able to suppress multiple name concepts than 'his' precursor the priest. However, not even these bastards were able to eradicate spontaneous (or even organised) refusals of identity.

With Hausmann, the multiple name once more emerged from the subterrainian depths to which it had been excluded by the histories of 'great men'. We have been unable to trace any evidence of the use of multiple names between Hausmann's proposals of 1920 and the re-emergence of their use among correspondence artists in the 1970's.

It is not suprising that Stefan Kukowski and Adam Czarnowski should have been the first mail artists to initiate a multiple name project. They had participated in a late manifestation of Fluxus (David Mayor's Fluxshoe). It had been through the Fluxus movement that mail artists had assimilated the heritage of Dada. Through a postal campaign, Kukowski and Czarnowski (working as Blitzinformation) persuaded a number of people to adopt the name Klaos Oldanburg. Unfortunately we have been unable to obtain enough data on 'Klaos Oldanburgship' to make an evaluation of the project.

In 1977 another correspondence artist, David Zack, initiated a multiple name project. He 'invented' the tag Monty Cantsin and wrote to various 'individuals' asking them to use it. The name did not gain widespread use until the mid-eighties. For five years (1979 – 83) it was the exclusive 'property' of a performance 'artist'. As a result many people identified it with 'The Blood Campaign', a turgid inversion of Steve Paxton's "Intravenous Lecture" of a decade earlier. However, by the time of the '64th Neoist Apartment Festival' in Berlin (December 1st – 7th 1986), documentation was being produced listing the addresses of 99 'individuals' using the Monty Cantsin identity. The perpetrator of 'The Blood Campaign', and his work, disappeared without trace, and the Monty Cantsin context needed no more than the elaboration of a theoretical base to enable it to function effectively.

During the eighties other multiple name projects were initiated. Some independently, and some in conjunction, with those already mentioned. In 1982 Stewart Home (an English punk musician going through an acid phase) proposed that all rock groups should be called White Colours. In 1984, again in England, it was proposed that all magazines should be called 'Smile'. 'Smile' magazines are now being produced in many European and North American cities. The Karen Eliot multiple name was launched in the summer of 1985. It was born of a dissatisfaction in the way certain individuals using the Monty Cantsin tag were actively preventing the development of an experimental base for the context. At the same time a group of individuals in Boston (USA) were, independently, initiating the Bob Jones multiple name project.

Methodology

The name Karen Eliot was launched through written, spoken, and visual, 'propoganda'. The concept of multiple identity was debated with anyone willing to discuss it. Polemics were issued encouraging interested parties to undertake projects using the name Karen Eliot.

The aim of the project was to examine the parameters of 'individuality' and the 'personality'. The methods of research were constantly modified in line with the results of experimental activity. The contexts in which the Karen Eliot name had been used were critically examined, and altered, in line with results. The epistemological base of the project rested on the idea of a 'totality' of 'being' and 'experience'. This was opposed to the separated categories of differentiation, which were viewed as social constructions developed to aid human survival but which no longer served any purpose.

A Summary Of The Results

The first major problem we faced during the course of the multiple name experiment was that of avoiding the over-identification of the context with one or more individuals. Indeed so great was the problem, we were forced to issue a leaflet to counter this tendency. Part of the leaflet read as follows: "Anyone can become Karen Eliot simply by adopting the name, but they are only Karen Eliot for the period in which they adopt the name.....When one becomes Karen Eliot one's previous existence consists of the acts other people have undertaken using the name.....When replying to letters generated by an action/text in which the context has been used it makes sense to continue using that context, ie by replying as Karen Eliot. However, in personal relationships, where one has a personal history other than the acts undertaken by a series of people using the name Karen Eliot, it does not make sense to use the context. If one uses the context in personal life there is a danger that the name Karen Eliot wil become over identified with individual human beings."

It took a year of experimentation to establish the clear theoretical base elaborated in the leaflet from which the preceeding sentances are extracted. Since the concept of property requires the establishment of unique identities, investigating the construction of identity from within a capitalist society requires the overcoming of an enormous amount of conditioning. This difficulty is reflected in the slow pace with which the research has progressed. And progress was often indicated by modifications in the way the experiment was conducted, rather than with 'concrete' answers to specific questions concerning the nature of identity.

The experimental base we established (in which the 'personalities' of the participants were retained outside the multiple name context) may 'appear' less 'radical' than a total subsumption of indentity within the context, but it reflects a realistic approach toward the dismantling of character armour within the context of a capitalist society. Indeed, while it may not be possible to fully realise this deconstruction until the capitalist system has been abolished, such a realisation is central to the abolition of Captial.

One of the most recent shifts in the use of the multiple name context has been a concerted attempt to get the Karen Eliot name used outside cultural contexts. However, while the use of such a name has obvious applications in subversive and criminal pursuits, the very nature of these applications means that they are better left undocumented. Another recent innovation has been the use of several multiple names (such as Klaos Oldanburg, Karen Eliot, and Bob Jones) by an individual researcher. This has obvious advantages in discouraging the over identification of a particular context with a given 'individual'.

An Incomplete Karen Eliot Curriculm Vitae

Artists Strike leaflet – London, England, September 1985.

Smile issue 8 (magazine) – London, England, November 1985.

Smile (unnumbered magazine) – Hampton, England, November 1985.

Karen Eliot Family (print) – Aard Press, London England, December 1985.

Untitled cartoon on Spectacle – in Punk Comix 31, Aard Press, London England, 1985.

I Am A Twentieth Century Artist (group show) – Anteville, France, February 1986.

PRAXIS Performance (live event) – Mass. College of Art, Boston, USA. 21/2/86.

Letter in "60" (booklet) – Aard Press, London, England, April 1986.

"Theses on Mail Art" and "Artists Strike" – in Smile 4 (magazine) Minden, W. Germany, April 1986.

The Business Of Desire (group show) – DIY Gallery, Elephant and Castle, London, England, May 1986.

Multichannel Group Installation – Mass. College of Art, Boston, USA, May 1986.

Newts Fair In Love and Anti-Speciesism – Punk Comix 32, Aard Press, London, England, May 1986.

Orientation For The Use Of A Context (leaflet) – London, England, July 1986.

The Young Ling Master (story) — Monthly Bulletin 43, Berkeley, CA, USA, July 1986.

Rubber Stamp Action (with others) — Basement Cafe, Tate Gallery, London, England, 30/7/86.

Smile 9 (magazine) — London, England, August 1986.

About Neoism (performance) — De Media, Eeklo, Belgium, 30/8/86.

Products (group show) — Steve French Gallery, Dundee, Scotland, September 1986.

Untitled photomontage in "Understains" by Kathy Myers (paperback) — Comedia, London, England, October '86.

Reparation De Possie (group show) — Obscure Gallery, Quebec, Canada, October/November '86.

PRAXIS Performance (live event) — Parachute Club, Aldershot, England, 1/11/86.

64th Neoist Apartment Festival (performances and exhibition of work) — in and around Artcore Gallery, Berlin, W. Germany, 1 - 7 Dec. '86.

Ruins Of Glamour/Glamour Of Ruins (group show and catalogue) — Chisenhale Studios, Mile End, London, England, Dec. '86.

Water Symphony (censored version) as part of 'Glamour Lied To Me' — Chisenhale Dance Space, Mile End, London, England, 13/12/86.

Interview in Smile Vol. 1 issue 6/7 (magazine) — Baltimore, Maryland, USA, December '86.

Ling and The Drag Act Caper (story) — Monthly Bulletin 49, Berkeley, CA, USA, January 1987.

Orientation For The Use Of A Context — reprinted in "Inter" issue 34, Quebec, Canada, Jan. '87.

Short text in 'Coil' (magazine) — R+D Group 28, London, England, Rebruary '87.

The Lie Of The Land (Group Show) — Young Unknowns Gallery, Waterloo, London, England, Feb. '87.

Photo-Day Duets (group show) — Chisenhale Dance Space + Studios, Mile End, London, England, Feb. '87.

Short Introductory Test to "Art In Ruins: New Realism From The Museum Of Ruined Intentions" catalogue — Cimpel Fils, London, England, March '87.

Fragments Of Identity (group show and catalogue) — NADA Gallery, New York, USA, March '87.

Newsletter 3 — Paris, March '87.

Our Wonderful Culture II, Voyage (group show) — Fisherman Studios, Waterloo, London, March/April '87.

Orientation For The Use Of A Context (abridged) — reprinted in Certain Gestures 6, Aldershot, England, April '87.

The Time That Nothing Happened (story) — Monthly Bulletin 52, Berkeley, CA, USA, April '87.

Context For The Negation Of Individuality — Smile 6, Minden, West Germany, April '87.

2 texts, 2 collages — Box Of Water 3, San Francisco, CA, USA, April '87.

Orientation For The Use Of A Context — reprinted in Scrap 4, Scottsdale, Arizona, April '87.

Correspondence in Popular Reality 18 — Ann Arbor, MI, USA, April/May '87.

Desire In Ruins (group show and catalogue) — Transmission Gallery, Glasgow, Scotland, May 1987.

Smile 10 (magazine) — London, England, May '87.

Lecture — John Cass School of Art (City Of London Polytechnic), London, England, 5/6/87.

Various texts in Birk Neark (unnumbered magazine) — San Antonio, Texas, USA, July '87.

Basic Banalities (Appendix to "What Is Situationism?" by Jean Barrot) — Unpopular Books, London, England, July '87.

Various texts in 'Neoism Now' edited M. Cantsin — Artcore Editions, Berlin, W. Germany, September '87.

From The Ruins Of The Old World and other pieces — in Collaborations edited by Routine Art Co., Working Press, London, Nov. '87.

Various texts in "Plagiarism: art as commodity and strategies for its negation edited by S. Home — Aporia Press, London, Nov. '87.

"Karen Eliot — Apocrypha" — Copy Art, Kings Cross, London, Jan/Feb '88.

"Karen Eliot — Humanity In Ruins" — Central Space, Shepherds Bush, London, Feb/March '88.

THE FUNCTION OF POETRY

WHILE self-styled 'poets' speak so as not to be, those proletarians who are not 'poets' but who happen to write poetry, seek to make the 'image' concrete — that is to say, identical with the thing depicted. By doing this they hope to take a few small steps towards the abolition of capitalist separation, a state characterised by the use of 'the image' to divided 'experience' from 'reality'.

There is a distinction to be made here between poetry that is concrete and concrete poetry. Concrete poetry arises from capitalist reification, it is a specific 'art form' mined from the sub-divisions of bourgeois ideology. Poetry that is concrete seeks to disolve capitalist separation and its shimmering signifier — the image — by undermining their content.

An example of a concrete image is the phrase 'the rain fell like water'. This image is concrete because it is a simulation of the conditions which would normally surround an image, but a simulation that avoids reproducing the separation usually existing between the means of depiction and what is depicted. The concrete image represents no more than itself, a series of signifiers.

It is not until poetry has been reduced to this banality that it avoids reification. Poets must disappear but a poetry divested of tragedy will undoubtably be retained.

COMMUNIST LEAGUE OF JUSTICE

Through the streets with firm and heavy steps
Marches a defiant band of fighters
Their fists are iron, their looks threatening
As the workers quarter bore them
They wear no stripes or epaulettes
They come in their workers blouses
Their sign is the black and red flag
The Hundreds of the Workers Army
Look at them now
This is the Red Guard, ready for every struggle
Forcing the way of the Proletariat
To Power and Glory

We are ready as fighters of the Working Class
To fulfil the directives of autonomous self-organisation
To defend the ideal of a stateless society
And communist achievements
At any time
With our weapons in our hands
And to lay down our lives for them
This we swear

THE VOICE OF REASON

when i masered silence
and embraced the void
i abandoned the illusion
i had mastered anything at all

MANOR ROAD N16

the graveyard before me looks beautiful
when seen from my empty room

INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE OF MULTIPLE ORIGINS

MAKING A SPLASH

Tower Bridge

The Thames

WELL STREET AFTER DARK

wind

litter

the plate glass front of a supermarket

VIRGINIA WATER

the lake reflecting in the trees

the park

the sun

the sky

the gardens

SWINGING LONDON

I've trawled this town
one time too often
my face blank
my heart broken

ONE WAY STREET

the cars
on cassland road
are all crawling their way east

RUINS OF GLAMOUR/GLAMOUR OF RUINS

IN the feudal epoch glamour was a 'magic power' the neurotically repressed imagined 'witches' held over them. . Likewise, in the bourgeois era, glamour has always been a projection on the part of the 'straight' adult whose repression as a child has separated them from a conscious knowledge of their own sexuality. In western society the child is both victim and object, desired – and as far as possible – denied any subjective role in the 'sexualisation'. This sexualisation is itself subsumed within the more general repressions of 'socialisation', a process that assumes – while simultaneously attempting to deny – that babies are born with a 'natural' propensity towards polysexuality. That this discipline, which aims at the reduction of sex and sexuality to an orgasmic and penetrative function, should be necessary at all demonstrates the 'naturalness' and extent of paedo(poly)sexuality.

So while repressed polysexual and paedophallic urges form the base of western sexuality, the denial of this 'reality' forms the base level of consciousness in those subjected to such a regime. Thus paedophallocracy comes to express itself by projecting the role of child/victim onto a different, but still subjugated, other. Historically this usually meant wimmin. However, with the rise of 'male' fashion, the greater part of those in western society have now taken on – at least in terms of appearance – the role of the glamorous victim. This could be taken as confirming Camatte's thesis that capital has 'escaped' and is now an autonomous entity that oppresses a universal human class. Equally it could be seen as vindication of Baudrillard's assertion that there is no longer any basic reality, and that the 'meaning' of roles has become banalised by contagious 'hyperreality'. However, Baudrillard's postulate fails to explain the daily 'reality' of sexual oppression, while Camatte fails to resolve the problem of why costums – such as that of the judge – have remained unaffected by fashion/glamour and still effectively operate as the signifier of a dominant role.

Glamour, beauty, sexuality, and truth (it should be remembered here that law is based on precedent), have always been equated with youth. Many children are naturally blonde, all lack underarm hair, and their skin has a smoothness which is aspired to by the 'glamorous' adult. All of this is sufficient to demonstrate that paedo-erotic urges are rechannelled into the cold oppressions of glamour, that the glamorous adult is modelled on an idealised vision of children.

The child is viewed as an innocent and those who imitate their physical appearance acquire by inference an uncorrupted 'nature'. Clamorous individuals who come before the courts are given harsh sentances precisely because they have transgressed these laws of appearance.....

NEOISM

NEOISM was a cultural movement influenced by Futurism, Dada, Fluxus and Punk, which emerged from the Mail Art Network in the late seventies. The initial ideas came from the US mail artists David Zack and Al Ackerman, but the fledgling movement found it's focus in Montreal (Spring 1979). The Montreal group wanted to escape from 'the prison of art' and 'change the world'. With this end in mind, they presented the world with an angst-ridden image of itself. Their activities are typified by Kiki Bonbon's film "Flying Cats". Two men, dressed in white coats, stand ontop of a tower block. They have with them a selection of cats. One at a time the cats are picked up and thrown to their death. Through out the film the protagonists repeat the phrase 'the cat has no choice'.

The neoists tended to use the mediums of video, audio, and live performance. They developed the concept of Apartment Festivals as a way of showing such work. These were week long events based in the living quarters of individual neoists. The first of these was held in Montreal in September 1980. Subsequent Apartment Festivals were held in Baltimore (twice), Toronto, New York, London and Montreal (twice more).

By the summer of 1981, the centre of neoist activity had shifted to Baltimore (Maryland USA) and was focused on Michael Tolson (who worked under the names Tim Ore and tentatively a convenience). Tolson is self-described as a 'mad scientist/d composer/sound thinker/t ho ught collector/as been & not an artist!'. He is best known for his 'Pee Dog/Poop Dog Copyright Violation', which he performed on behalf of the 'Church Of The SubGenius' in September 1983. This event made national news when Baltimore police discovered him stark nnaked beating a dead dog in a railway tunnel, with an audience of 35 people watching.

The Neoist Network held its first European 'training camp' in Wurzburg, West Germany, in June 1982. This brought about the involvement of the Scottish artist Pete Horobin, who went on to organise the 8th Neoist Apartment Festival in London (1984), and the 9th Neoist Festival in Ponte Nossa, Italy (1985). However, after a few years of frantic activity, all the members of the small British group renounced Neoism. The last big Neoist event was the 64th (sic) Apartment Festival in Berlin, organised by Graf Haufen in December 1986. However, with the withdrawl of the British section and apathy on the part of most North Americans, Neoism appears to be a spent force.

PLAGIARISM

PLAGIARISM is the conscious manipulation of pre-existing elements in the creation of 'aesthetic' works. Plagiarism is inherent in all artistic activity, since both pictorial and literary arts function with an inherited language: even when their practitioners aim at overthrowing this received syntax (as happened with modernism and post-modernism).

At the beginning of the twentieth-century, the way in which pre-existing elements were used in artistic productions underwent a quantitative leap with the 'discovery' of collage. This development was pre-figured in the 'writings' of Isidore Ducasse (1846-1870), who is better know by his pen name 'Lautreamont'.

In his "Poems", Ducasse wrote: "Plagiarism is necessary. Progress implies it". This maxim summarises the use to which plagiarism has been put ever since. Two, or more, divergent elements, are brought together to create new meanings. The resulting sum is greater than the individual parts.

The lettristes, and later the situationists, called this process 'detournement' (diversion is a literal translation from the french), but the activity is still popularly known as plagiarism – the term that Lautreamont used.

Plagiarism enriches human language, it is a collective undertaking far removed from post-modern 'theories' of appropriation. Plagiarism implies a sense of history and leads to progressive social transformation. In contrast, the appropriations' of post-modern ideologists are individualistic and alienated. Plagiarism is for life, post-modernism is fixated on death.

THIS mini-issue of Smile was put together specially for Vague. Copies of Smile 9 & 10 are available for 75p each (including postage and packing) from Counter Distribution, 308c Camberwell New Road, London SE5 0RW. Also available from Counter Distribution "Abeizer Coppe: Selected Writings" at £3.50 post paid, 'Filth' by Dermot Todd at £3 post paid and a wide selection of magazines and pamphlets. Write for a free catalogue (please enclose an SAE for this if you are not making an order).

SURFACE

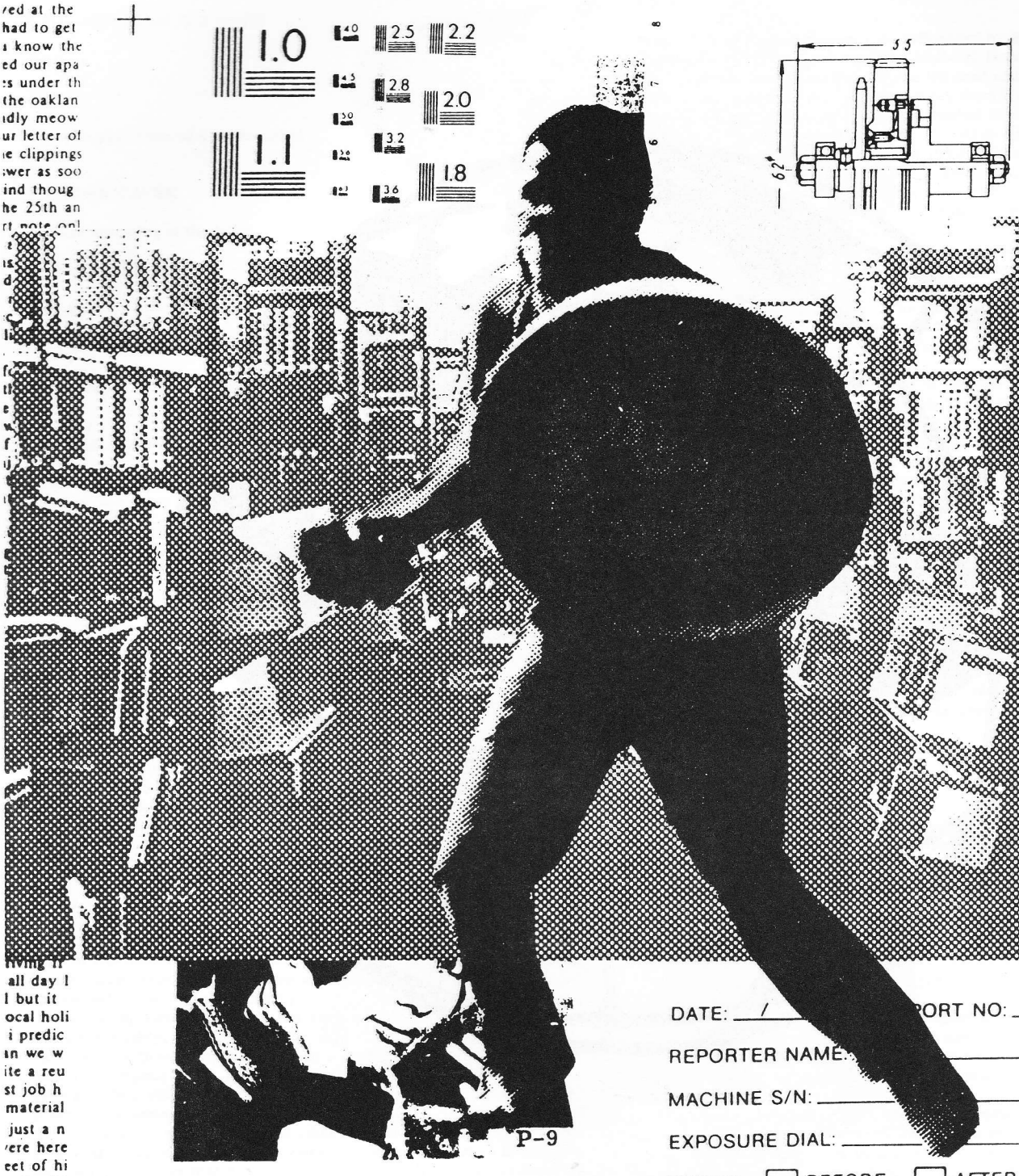


REFLECTION

Minolta

DISASTER

P-1



P-9

DATE: / / REPORT NO: _____

REPORTER NAME: _____

MACHINE S/N: _____

EXPOSURE DIAL: _____

REPAIR: ☐ BEFORE ☐ AFTER

LOVE IS THE INTERNALISED INVERSION OF THE SPECTACLE OF OPPRESSION

P-7 P-10

8F5000A-TCA4

SNIFFIN' RALGEX?...

ALTERNATIVES TO TERRORISM [2] : FOOTBALL.

Even though Mike Tichler never bothered to reply to my letter, the advent of the Football Fanzine - spearheaded by Tichler's excellent *'When Saturday Comes'* - is the most important thing to happen on the *alternative press scene* since the collapse of the *Betta' Badges/ Rough Trade* fanzine empire. To me at any rate. Tichler wasn't to know, when he binned the last 2 *weirdo-vagues*, that they were produced by the Franz Beckenbauer of North Dorset (1974-76) and a minor luminary on the terraces at AFC Bournemouth, alongside the legendary *Kung-Fu Trev, Belcher* and Doug and Den Knox. 10 years of R'n'R can do terrible things to you.

Yet throughout those terrible R'n'R years - and since my finest hour, when I was interviewed for an HTV documentary on football hooligans in 1976 - I never totally lost my passion for the game. I still played for Mere Town F.C. well into PR and now and again in the early 80's we got a *Vague XI* together to take on local rockabillies and the like. However the last game I went to, before last season, was Chelsea/ Everton in 1978 - The famous *battle of Earls Court* one, when we sang Sid's version of *'My Way' - 'And now the end is near...'* after Chelsea responded to being beaten like a gong with ominous chants of *'There's only one way to the station.'*

That sort of thing wasn't really the reason I stopped going. It was the reason I STARTED GOING; In those heady early 70's days, when the Man Utd *Red Army* struck as much, if not more, fear and loathing into the hearts of the citizenry, as the somewhat less street cred. german version. It was all good, clean, anarchic fun; trashing trains, running up and down roads; I dont recall much actual fighting - at any rate, nothing like the nasty scenes I witnessed at early Adam and the Ants gigs.

But in those days you reached your pinnacle as a football hooligan at 16, and by that time I'd finally admitted to myself that I didn't have that crucial edge to make it as a player. So, unfortunately, the only way I could maintain my local celebrity status was to forsake my first love for that loathsome old whore R'n'R: And after the mighty Sham's aborted Punk/ Football cross-over, that was it. Post-punk skinheads took all the character, humour, rebellion, anarchy... Life out of football and it became an embarassment to have ever been into it.

It didn't help being an Everton supporter either - I've stuck with them since the glory days. (That's all I remember of the 60's - West/ Wright/ Labone/ Wilson/ Harvey/ Kendall/ Ball/ Morrissey/ Royle - might come in handy one day, if I'm ever called upon to explain my presence in the Everton end with such an un-scouse accent.) It was hard enough at school in the early 70's, when Everton had a reputation for being as interesting as Arsenal (and no silverware since the 69/70 Championship) and all my mates supported flash clubs like United, Liverpool and Chelsea. I still put my abject failure with girls down to a malignant loser's mentality developed during Everton's wilderness years. (For a far more eloquent, painfully so, retrospective of *'The Gloom at Goodison'*, 1971-83, see *'When Saturday Comes'-6.*)

That Everton finally regained their rightful position as England's finest (disregarding the automatons across the Park) coincided with the final death throes of Rock Music and the end of my purely *nothing better to do* association with it, made me a born-again football fan. Politics, Art and Weirdness never really meant that much to me.

Soon I was playing every sunday up Stamford Hill (albeit with a bunch of hippies) and after not quite 10 years I was back at Stamford Bridge (albeit in the WRONG end - *undercover* in the Shed) to see Everton go back to the top of the league - to stay for the first time since 1970. The buzz we got when the floodlights and cops came into view round the corner of Fulham Rd was better than any gig I've been to since I dont know when. And seeing Peter Reid, Adrian Heath and Neville Southall in action was better than ligging with corny old popstars anyday.

I did have some sympathy for Pat Nevin though, the Rowland S. Howard of Chelsea, who achieved something of a footballing first by waxing articulate on something other than football on *'01 for London'*. Nevin and Richard Jobson should have been given their own show: Nevin could have made football hip again and reversed the ugly, styleless, conservative trend that the likes of Jimmy Hill, Liverpool, Arsenal, Thatcher faves Luton and all the Maxwell teams are suffocating the game with. And it would have stopped Jobson making awful records. They had their chance: But now, thanks to the football fanzine, football's hip again without them. It had to be a grass roots thing afterall.

The phenomena has a precedent in the mid-70's; *'FOUL!';* which was produced by Cambridge Under-graduates Steve Tongue - who went onto be a *proper* sports writer - and Alan Stewart - who ended up getting killed in the Sudan while researching for *'TV Eye'*. Apparently famous mid-70's boy Tony Wilson contributed a piece on Man Utd to one issue - But to be honest I don't remember it. You can check it out for yourself now, in hardback anthology form; *'FOUL! 1972-76'*(Simon and Schuster. £5.95).

Football fanzines owe more to punk fanzines than *'Foul!'* really. They're championed by the *Rough Trade Fanzine Emporium* (180 Talbot Rd, W11), who at the same time have a reason once more to continue as such. I never thought I'd be going in there, buying up a whole bunch of fanzines again; and not just for collecting's sake but to actually read and snortle at on the tube home.

The *Sniffin' Glue* and *Ripped'n'Torn* of football fanzines are *'When Saturday Comes'* and *'Off the Ball'*; Both are typeset and I think I need to emphasise that the standard of writing (in every respect: intellect, wit, eloquence, originality) not only puts latter-day music fanzines to shame - They do still exist, don't they? - but also the garbage churned out in the music weeklys/ fashion monthlys. I'd even go as far as saying that these boys could take sports writing back to the greatness achieved by Hunter S.Thompson and Jack Kerouac before (and during) they took too many drugs.

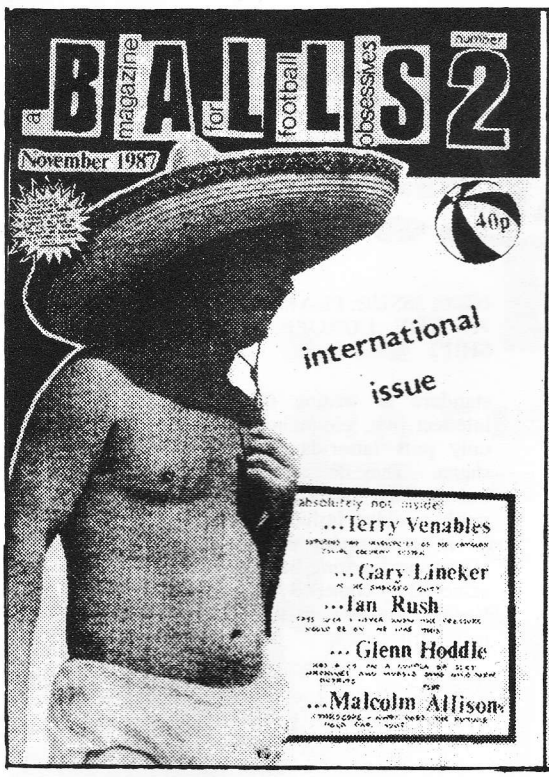
NEXT ISSUE: FEAR AND LOATHING AT THE EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIP?

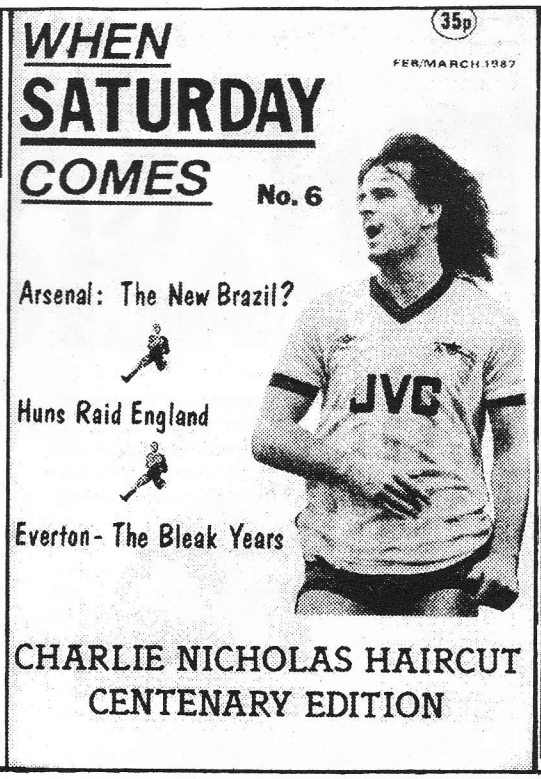
'BALLS', which somehow comes out of (6) Grays Inn Bdgs (Roseberry Ave. EC1) appears to have a photo of Brian Clough in nappies and a sombrero on the cover. I'd chance a guess that *'Balls'* is done by someone who used to do a punk fanzine - The layout isn't a million miles from *'Panache'*.

And finally, surprisingly enough *'The Arsenal Echo Echo'* is alright - When Everton aren't in town and in terms of England's second football city and especially when it comes to North London, I'm very much a Spurs man - Having said that and despite the boring, predictable cheapshots at David Pleat - I quite liked the Kenny Samsom's secret life as an author bit.
Actually I think while we're at it *VIZ* deserves a mention for inspiring a lot of these chaps. Correct me if I'm wrong?

Some gems from *'When Saturday Comes'* and *'Off the Ball'; 'AIDS: A SUPPORTERS GUIDE'(OTB 7) - Avoid AIDS on the terraces - just follow these 5 simple steps.*
** If you must stab someone, ALWAYS use a clean knife.*
** DON'T throw used toilet rolls onto the pitch.*
** DON'T drink champagne from other fans' bottles during the half-time interval.*
** When kissing fellow spectators after your team has scored ALWAYS use a condom.*
** DON'T attend needle matches if they are likely to be dirty.*

Extract from *'Cloggers'* section in the *'Graeme Souness is BAD' OTB 11: 'Sometimes you wonder why they bother with a close season. You sip your Home Ales Bitter and scan the stop-press of the football pink and it's that man again! SOUNESS sent off after 54 minutes for Rangers against Celtic. Try as they may to copy him, none of the aspiring hardmen have Graeme's style.*
'"I know he doesn't want to sign catholics but he doesn't have to kill them off," says the landlord. You have to put him right, don't you? You could never accuse our Graeme of sectarian bias... he's stuck the studs into players of all beliefs, races and persuasions! The equal opportunities clogger for the 80's. We return to our beer with a new sense of purpose. Now that the master has given the signal, the season is really underway...'







20 INTERESTING THINGS YOU NEVER KNEW ABOUT ARSENAL

1) Since the war, Arsenal have lost in either the F.A. Cup or League Cup to: Walsall, York, Swindon (twice), Bradford PA, Northampton, Rotherham (twice) and Peterborough.

2) Arsenal are the only club in the Football League whose name includes the word 'arse'.

3) The only player called Fred to play in a post-war Cup Final played for Arsenal (Freddie Cox in 1950 and 1952).

4) Chesterfield-born Scottish goalkeeper Bob Wilson's middle name is Primrose.

5) Arsenal nearly brought the League Championship to London in 1975-76 by losing to QPR in the penultimate game of the season.

6) Even Arsenal have been laid low by crack European outfits. Who could forget their epic tussles with Winterslag of Belgium in the 1981-82 UEFA Cup?

7) John Hawley, a centre-forward in the fine Arsenal tradition was uncharitably described as "money down a rat-hole" by Brian Glanville.

8) Sammy Nelson set standards in decorum and behaviour, as Arsenal so often do, by baring his bum to the crowd during a match.

9) So impressed were the League with Arsenal's fifth place in Division Two in 1914-15 that they were promoted for the first season after the war — a recognition of what is, after all, their rightful place.

10) Graham Rix played in every single one of England's games in the 1982 World Cup Finals — and nobody noticed!

11) Geoff Barnett is the only goalkeeper ever to play in a Cup Final with an afro.

12) A proud claim is Arsenal's that the man with the shortest name in League history wore their colours — Ian Ure.

13) Arsenal are the only First Division club to have lost at home to Tranmere in the League Cup (1973-74)

14) Throughout the glorious Sixties, Arsenal's average League position was tenth.

15) Arsenal are one of only two British teams who see fit to honour themselves with the prefix "The'. The other is Rangers. Enough said.

16) Highbury's superb pitch is almost as large as Wimbledon's.

17) David Price — er, can't think of anything to say about him.

18) England's 1966 World Cup triumph was astonishingly achieved without a single Arsenal player.

19) The groundsman's cat at Highbury is called "Drake'.

20) Old Arsenal stalwart Denis Compton, on being told that Arsenal had signed Viv Anderson, is said to have responded with the words: "I don't like Darkies "

Well, that was interesting, wasn't it.

Honary mention for Jamie Reid who held his book launch-lig in the directors' box at Craven Cottage. I only went out of respect for the way Fulham fought off the property developers.

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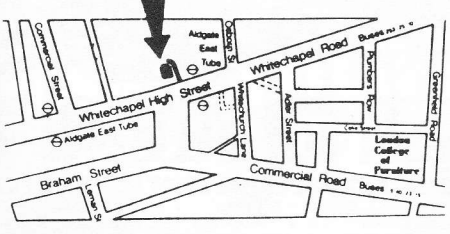
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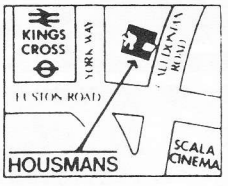
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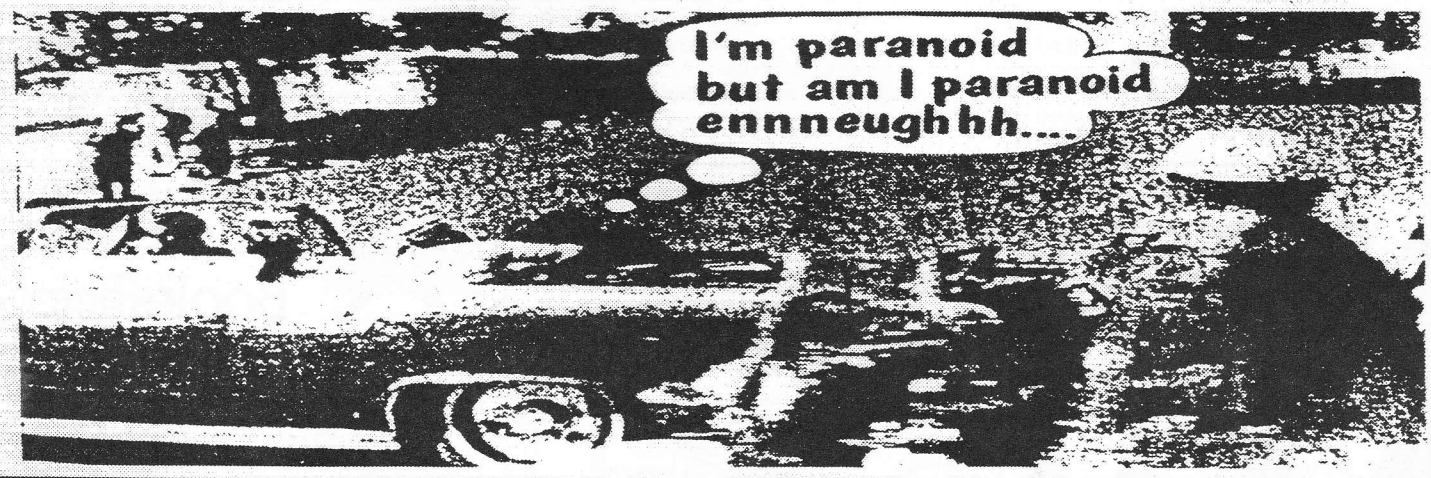
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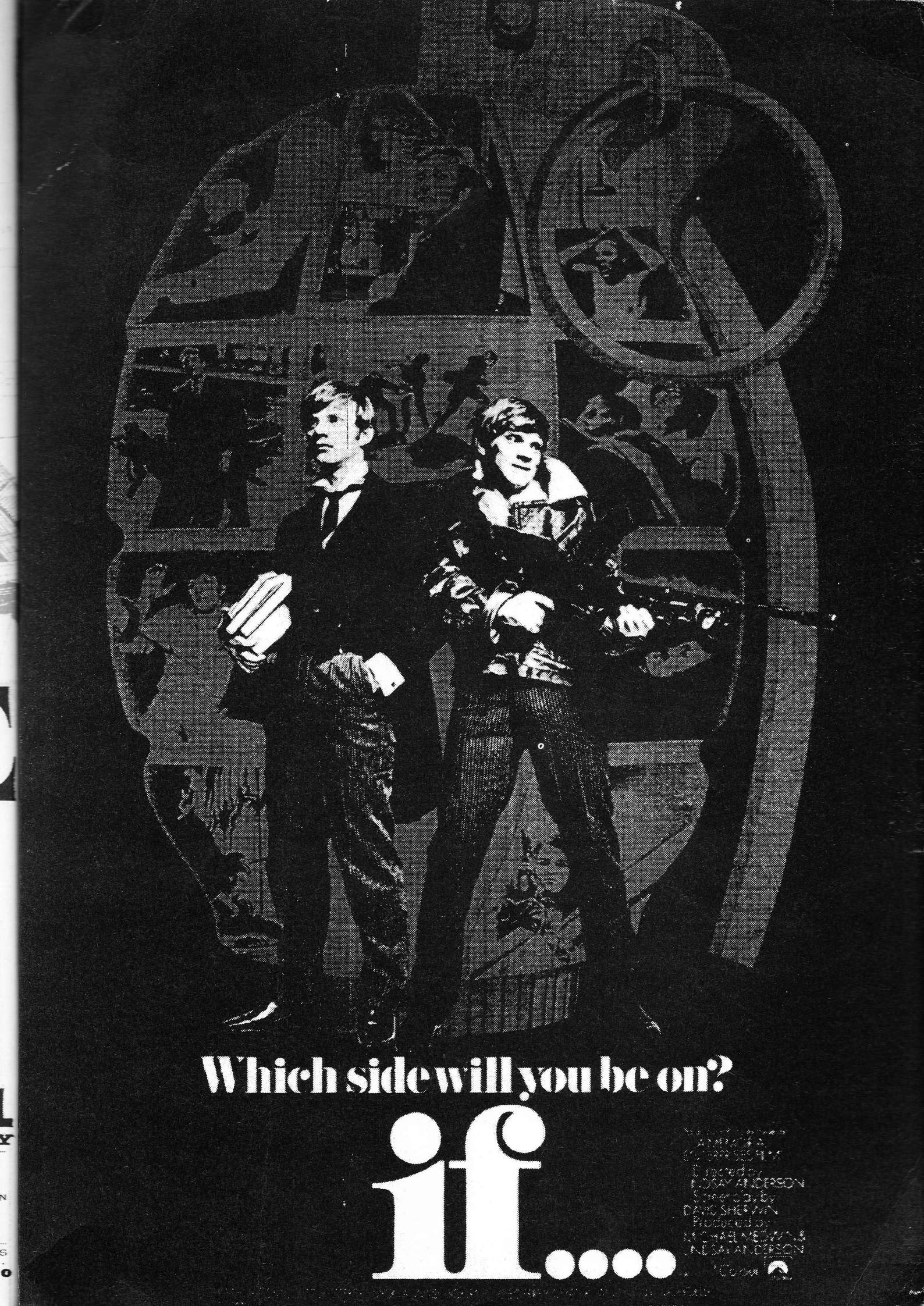


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